SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVIII DECEMBER, 1910 NO. 6

THE BONNET WITH LILACS

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

MARY CAROLINE, my namesake granddaughter, came home from Hyacinth Hall this morning, for her Easter vacation. I can hear her now as she sits in the library, discoursing earnestly with, or rather at, her father. Poor Charles Edward! He has thought to escape his implacable child by barricading himself in that gloomily majestic cell, held inviolate, time out of mind, to his sovereign uses. When that massive door swings shut, the servants tiptoe and whisper. Even my daughter-in-law walks softly by. But stone walls could not a barrier make to Mary Caroline, when she gets her head set. The beleaguered Charles Edward cannot choose but hear. So do I hear, and with unpitying delight. For Mary Caroline's voice is that slow deep mellow croon, that liquid organ tone, like pouring honey, which all punctilious schools for young women instill into their charges nowadays. Mary Caroline bodies forth visibly in every pleading note. She is a big apple-cheeked, solemn-eyed child, captain of her basket-ball team, a famous track champion, "a two-fisted whirlwind with the gloves on," so her young brother Ted avows with reverent pride. She could bowl over Charles Edward, who is a nervous overworked man of forty, with one well-aimed clip of that solid pink-and-white palm. Yet there she kneels beside his chair, deluding him with the identical stratagems which Nausicaa, Princess of Phæacia, undoubtedly employed in beseeching her father Alcinoüs for a new tunic.

"You see, Precious Lamb, I'm not asking anything unreasonable," she cooes, in that deep-throated lyric note forlorn. "Just think. Here I am, seventeen years old, and a Junior at Hyacinth. Yet I've never once owned a car that was really my own. Nothing but hand-me-downs and scrap-iron. It's a burning shame. Next year I'll be a Senior. And I simply cannot go back and snoop around in the other girls' cars, as I've done all year. You don't want me acting such an outsider, Dad."

"No. No. Certainly not." Poor Charles Edward's fretted voice crackles like a harassed live wire. "But what has become of your mother's little runabout? Thought I shipped it down when I bought her the new electric."

"Yes, but it was scrap-iron, I say. So old-fashioned and queer, alongside of the other girls' cars. It was a 1909 model, you know. Then Ted was always teasing for it, so I sent it to Concord in December. So now I'm simply destitute. You order a car for me to-day, Dad, and it will be delivered by July. I'll try to make that do. Four cylinders, and a nice thrilly Gabriel horn, and have the metal work in green bronze, it's so effective. And——"

"In short, you want the best the market affords. Immediately."

I hear Charles Edward's neck creak. Then, a faint anguished groan. Partial suffocation is Mary Caroline's idea of demonstrating filial gratitude.

Copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You're *such* a peach!" murmurs that clinging velvet voice.

"I suppose you'll go, now, and let me finish my papers," gasps Charles Edward, extricating himself.

"Yes, you nice silly. Only"— the exquisite voice implores—"only I'll need new motoring clothes, you know. Coat, and goggles, and so on. All violet, to harmonize with my lovely green-bronze car. Then a bonnet, of course. There's a shirred lilac dream at Celestine's that I positively must have. It's only forty dollars."

"Only forty dollars? For one of those smashed cabbages you call motor bonnets?"

"Oh, Dad, don't chaff so. It's extremely moderate for forty. And it is my dearest earthly hope, and—and you always are extravagant when it comes to me, Dad. Shockingly extravagant. Really."

"Extravagance runs in the family. You're a typical instance, you imp. That reminds me, I remember hearing mother—your grandmother—confess that, once in her life, she actually paid forty-five dollars for a bonnet. It had lilacs on, too. She bought it for her wedding, seems to me. She kept it under lock and key, world without end; we children used to gaze at it with our eyes sticking out. Forty-five dollars sounded like forty-five thousand in those days. Considering that, I can hardly refuse— Here, stop that. You're grinding the collar buttons into my neck. There's a story mixed up with that bonnet; can't remember how it goes, though. Ask your grandmother about it. Now, you young pirate, will you get out of my office? Or shall I have you thrown out?"

There resounds one loud fond parting smack. Then Mary Caroline's step trips ponderously across the hall. She will not come to my veranda chair, and beg me, in that melting amber voice for the tale of the bonnet with lilacs, for she has an engagement somewhere. Probably to golf, or fence, or break wild horses. But it is odd that Charles Edward should remember hearing me tell of that epoch-making bonnet. Rather sweet of him, too. Yet . . . I do wonder how he would feel, could he know that, were I forced to choose between my memories of him, my cherished only son, and my memories of that spendthrift lilac bonnet, I would stand and waver, in a torture of irresolution, not knowing which treasure to hold fast to—and would end by clutching piteously for both!

Like Mary Caroline, I was a Junior at boarding-school when that bonnet with lilacs first swam into my ken. Unlike Mary Caroline, however, my name did not adorn the scroll of a stately Hyacinth Hall. For Hyacinth Halls did not flourish in western Ohio during the fifties. Yet, in its very beginning, my college life was honored by far more splendid observance than my grandchild's can ever achieve. For when Mary Caroline was made ready, even to the seventh huge trunk, there came from Hyacinth a bleak elegant preceptress, and convoyed her ceremoniously thither—much as a little mediæval countess would be led away to take her place in the Queen's household, by a coiffed and brocaded lady-in-waiting. Yet Mary Caroline's impressive chaperon was not the Head; merely an humble lay mistress. While for me, far more exalted, there came the noblest envoy that heart could ask. By wonderful chance, the builder of my college was the one who came to lead me away. The great grave splendid old herald that he was! And on the anniversary of that day of his coming, now half a century past, I waken always in the gray dawn, trembling with a wild eager thrill. For the memory wakes me and stirs me, like the marching tread, half heard, half felt, of a great grave splendid pageant, rolling by.

It was the spring of '52 when father brought us out West to Ohio, all the way from New Ipswich. Six of us—father, my little step-mother, the three small boys, and myself; a great shy awkward girl, with my hands full of blunders and my heart full of dreams. We took up a half-cleared timber tract in Greene County; a glorious tropical place, we children thought, with its dark crowding beech woods, tangled in hazel brush and perfumy wild grape, and its black treacherous swamp, our place of fearful joy. Yet I can never think on its beauty without a bitter ache of resentment, so weary a shadow lay over those splendid untamed acres. For we were not the stuff of true pioneers. A wild young virgin country will yield her strength only to men of strength and daring and youth. While father—poor father!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All his youth and power had been drained from him, drop by drop, through twenty grinding years in a New Ipswich schoolroom. He started West a dull, tired man, spent and disheartened by half a lifetime of drudging failure, yet led on by his curious mirage-hope that somewhere, in that far gleaming West, he should find his own garden at last, his place of dreams. Instead, he found himself yoked to that grand unconquerable wilderness. Under that crushing disappointment, his tired body and his flagging spirit went down to sullen wreck.

Yet all those shadows, all the memories, dear and bitter, cannot cloud that one perfect hour; my own hour, when my college came for me.

It was late September, a stormy blustering day, that dropped to a sunset all raw gold, and gusty with searching chill. I had gone down the ravine with the little boys to hunt a cow that had strayed. Now and then, through the deep woods, we could hear her bell. Then we would scramble uphill through wet thick leaves and lashing briers, certain that the next gully would bring the runaway in sight. But the shrewd creature dodged us at every turn, and it was late dusk when we caught her, away down the branch, and pelted her wrathfully home.

The wind was biting cold, and we were wet and muddy and chilled to the bone. Thomas, the little wee brother, had stubbed his toe and was roaring dismally. I picked him up and carried him, and his yellow curls blew in my face and blinded me, so that at first I did not see the horseman waiting at the cabin door. When I did see him, I dropped Thomas bodily, and stood staring, open-mouthed.

Yet there was nothing alarming about the stranger. He was a tall, well-built old man, dressed in clay-spattered black broadcloth ("town folkth!" little bashful Thomas whispered shrilly). His lean finely cut face was burnt by wind and sun; his body twisted sagging in the saddle, lame from the hard day's ride. But, stranger though he was, his eyes caught me and held me, full of swift kind question, like the eyes of a friend. And as he sat there, the great black welter of cloud in the stormy west parted suddenly, and, wave on wave, the molten gold sunset poured round him, dazzling bright. It was as if the light shone out from the man himself: as if he had brought that last tempestuous glory with him.

He lifted the hat from his thatched white head and leaned to me, smiling.

"This is John Chandler's place, is it? You are Miss Mary Caroline Chandler?"

Never before, in my sixteen years, had living man lifted his hat to me. As for being addressed as Miss Mary Caroline Chandler! I flattened one bare foot over the other and gasped.

"I have ridden over from King's Cross-roads," he went on. "I want to see your father and mother. Squire Mears sent me here. His daughter, Miss Lucinda Mears, told me of you."

Now Lucinda Mears, dimpled and freckled and lisping, was my one idolized girl friend. Miraculously I found my tongue.

"Will you 'light, sir? I'll call the folks and take your horse."

The man bowed again, with quick courteous thanks, and dropped from the saddle. I opened the cabin door for him, then fled to the barn with my news. The wayfaring guest came too frequently to rouse much concern.

"Go build a fire and start some hominy boiling, Mary Caroline. I'll fry the ham as soon as we're through milking," directed my step-mother.

"He'll be soaked through, riding from the crossroads to-day," added father. "Fetch him my dry clothes from the chest, and tell him to hang his in the fireplace. Did he tell his name?"

"He said Squire Mears sent him."

"Tall, and white-haired, and"—Father pondered. "Sounds like the new teacher that's come from Boston to be president at Yellow Springs. They say he's riding all over the country, gathering up students for the college. He didn't need to come out here to teach. He's a famous man, back East. But they say he's bound to build up that school, so everybody can send their children, no matter whether they can pay for their schooling or not. It's the grandest thing that ever came into Ohio. If it's that man— And he's over yonder, in my cabin!" Father straightened: his gaunt face kindled, then dulled again. "No, there's no chance of that. He'd never ride out this far, and just for us."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But father's first thought was right. This was the new teacher from Yellow Springs. And he had ridden all the way out here, and just for us.

That night was an enchanted hour. We sat till midnight around the hearth, our eyes fastened upon our guest as he stood leaning on the high shelf, his straight tall body cut dark and clear against the flames, his splendid eager old face alight. Not one of us spoke a word. Only we listened. Listened, with our souls. For even we children knew that this man spoke as one having authority, that he spoke illumined prophecy. My little step-mother bent forward in her splint rocker, her knitting for once forgotten, her small face rapt. My father stood silent, erect as steel, his grim face set in inscrutable lines. I looked from one to the other. A queer fierce pride burned through me. With a child's unerring sight, I knew that my rough toil-stained father and this splendid gentleman faced each other as equals. That they met here, in our mean cabin, before our failing hearth, eye to eye, man to man.

"It's a hard country, this West." Father spoke out at last, his sombre eyes bent on the fire.

"It is a royal country!" The stranger wheeled on him with blazing challenge. He leaned toward father, shaking his long hand. He seemed to swell and grow tall. The firelight eddied round him, like the very radiance of the man himself. The broad gold light seemed to stream from his flashing eager face, to glow from his upraised hand. "A royal country, I say! Oh, it is hard now, I grant that. But you and I and all our generation are breaking the way. We must turn out of the trodden highways, and cut new paths, and lay them straight and clean. And keep them clean. For I tell you"—the flame burned deeper in his deep eyes: his voice held a stern reverberation—"I tell you, a few more years, and this hard West will be the lap, the granary, the vital core of this nation. You and I will live to see it pour forth wealth in a torrent that will never fail. It is against the menace of that certain wealth that we must fortify ourselves to-day. We must train and warn our children, that they will not be swept beyond their depth by that great flood. We must give them the realities: the wisdom and the understanding that shall fill their hearts, and hold them sane and resolute, that they shall not be tempted to snatch at that perishing riches when it rises round them."

Father laughed out shortly. That was the fall of '57, the year of the great panic. All the perishing riches that he could seize that year, by slaving early and late, had come to thirty-six dollars and forty cents.

"There may be wealth for this country—some day." Father's leaden voice dragged on. "You and I will not live to see it come. As for our children——"

Then all the spirit died from his face. He sat back, stooped and dumb.

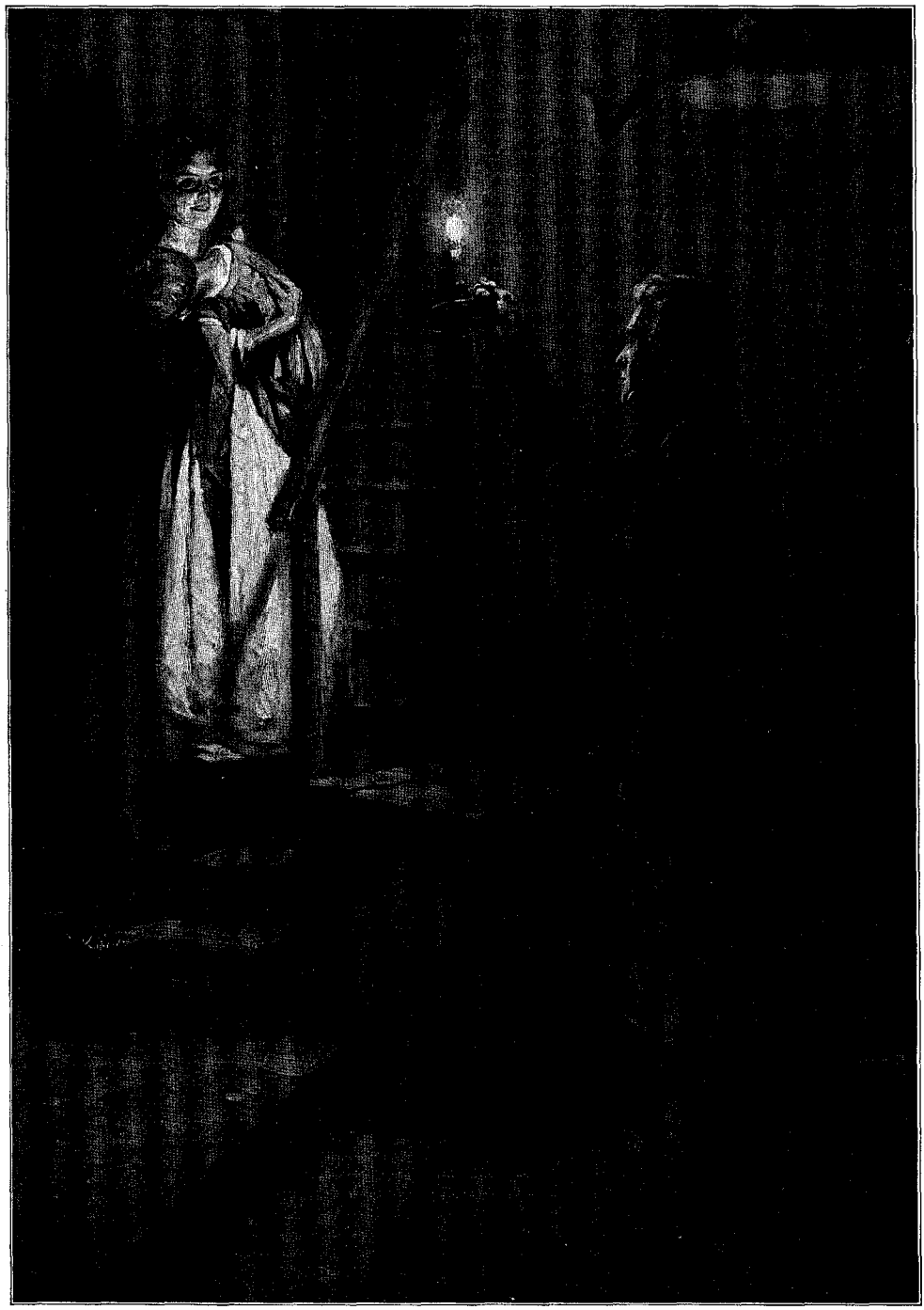
"For the children, then! Wealth or no wealth, give them their chance at life. Look at your four here. There's many a rich man who would give his all for your boys here, or your tall girl. What about your daughter, say?" His flashing glance swept me like a pointing finger. "Surely she deserves all that you can give to her. Send Mary Caroline to us. Give her her chance!"

My heart went pounding to my throat. I turned to father.

Father stood up heavily. His eyes met the eyes of the stranger with a slow defiance. I saw the veins swell dark on his forehead. He drew a hard breath: then he spoke out, for the first time in his grim patient life. In those slow cruel words he bared his scarred soul.

"Look you, then. Look at me. I was a teacher, myself. We were good stock, our folks, but somehow we could never get ahead. I was bound things should be different for my children. So I worked and stinted and saved, dollar by dollar, for twenty years, till I could buy this land. I thought, once I owned the land, even though it did take every cent I had, that I could fight it out, the rest of the way. But now I find, as you say, that it's rich country. But what of that? There must be years on years of labor, clearing and breaking and ploughing, before this land, no matter how rich, will give us more than a bare living. Who will do that work? Look at me, all warped and broken and rusted out. It's all I can do to keep a roof over their heads. They'll have to fight it out for themselves—these babies!" His marred hand groped for little Thomas's drowsy yellow head. "Can't you see what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

And held it high while I climbed the steep garret stairs.—Page 645.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I've done? When I meant to do my best by them, here I was tying a millstone round their necks. They'll be old men, beat out and worthless like me, before this land is conquered. That's what is grinding the soul out of me. I've weighed down their lives, I've ruined all their chances——"

"You have not ruined their chances! You have no right to give up!" The stranger shot the words at him. "What if this is not the opportunity that you had hoped to give your children? Will you hold back every other chance from them, to save your foolish pride?"

Father looked back at him.

"No. You need not say that. If there's any way, any chance at all," he turned his heavy eyes on me, "then one of my children shall have that chance. Mary Caroline shall go."

I do not know what more was said. Not another word reached me. For that marvellous promise, given on father's unfailing word, opened before me vista on vista of misty golden destinies. And all for me. For little sunburnt, red-headed Mary Caroline!

Yet one more picture shines in my thought. And I cherish it from day to day, that not one line shall fade from my eyes.

At last mother bade us light our candles and say good-night. Stumbling, dazed with my dream, little Thomas swung dead asleep over my shoulder, I bent to light mine at the hearth. But with that quick courtesy which was part of the man himself, the stranger took the candle from my hand, lit it, then stood at the door and held it high while I climbed the steep garret stairs. At the head of the stairs I turned and looked back. There he stood. . . . The very picture that I hold so treasured to-day. He held the flickering light high. It streamed back upon his lean erect body, his thatched white head, his tired friendly eyes . . . This, my own memory, is the one true likeness that I have ever known of him, although I have seen many, many portraits of my stranger. Since that the new teacher from Yellow Springs stands now among the builders of his generation. You will find his name held in reverence by all who work and care for little children. You will find his wildest dreams and theories built up into strong towers of service. You will find his statue honoring his great State, his eager gentle face portrayed among the world leaders of his day. Yet no artist, no sculptor, can ever give us his likeness. No one will ever know him, the real Horace Mann, save those who saw him as he strode through his days, his worn body hurrying through its tireless journey, his face uplifted. And, shining high in his grasp, that brave white guiding torch that neither pain nor calumny nor failure could strike down from his tired indomitable hand.

Ah, well! In the course of fabulous adventure, Mary Caroline did go to college. To paint the lily of the miracle, with me went my dear stuttering Lucinda, her every blessed freckle scintillating with pure joy. And when we drove up the long winding turnpike, through the spiced October dusk, and saw our college, that palace of grave splendor, with its lordly red-brick walls, its august pillars, its transcendent worldly "cupola," not Babylon nor Tyre could hold their state before it to our marvelling eyes.

Nowadays I catch myself looking at my little Mary Caroline and at her rampaging brother Ted with a comical pity. Poor innocents! Their pleasures cost them so much tedious complicated effort. While it took so little, so ridiculously little, to make us so superbly happy! Every experience was fire-new; every tiny incident spelled Event. Our lessons, we studied dutifully, not brilliantly, alas. But life at Antioch granted far more vivid interests than those of scholarship alone. There was the college itself, in sybarite magnificence of black walnut and hair-cloth. There were our learned professors, a bit dry and remote, all the more godlike for their rare condescensions. Then—if one must confess all—for each of us, our hero. Lucinda's glance rested with favor upon one Peter D. Hopkins, a solemn, bullet-headed youth whose quarter section joined her father's. But, before my own staid downcast eyes there glinted the face of the one boy in all the college who wore the true insignia of romance, a shadow of mystery. Once more I can feel Lucinda's fingers nip through my delaine sleeve, her shocked delighted whisper in my ear.

"Look, Mary Caroline! There he comes! The new student from Boston that Peter D. Hopkinth was telling us about. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name is Frederic Wentworth, and his folkth used to be the grandest people down Boston way, and his father was an Abolitionist preacher, and he was shot and killed, trying to help three slaves over the Canada border, so this boy hasn't any folkth left, and he's come out here to finish his schooling to be an engineer. And Peter D. Hopkinth told me he'd helped on the Underground, too, just like his father. He's been in prison twice for nigger-stealing. Isn't he genteel? He looks justh like Mith.er Rochester in 'Jane Eyre.'"

My eyes clung studiously to $x \div y$. Yet one flying glance had assured me that the new pupil, for all his bloodthirsty record, bore a striking resemblance not only to the fascinating Mr. Rochester, but to Lord Byron and to Henry Esmond. He was a tall, powerfully built fellow, yet he carried his big body with a curious alertness and ease. His red-bronze hair crested thick above his dark clear-featured face; his steady gray eyes lighted with a queer swift flash as they met my own. My gaze returned in calm abstraction to $x \div y$.

"Looks stuck-up," continued Lucinda dispassionately. "See those straps on his trouserth."

I went on drawing blameless triangles in my Colburn's Mental.

"He doesn't look stuck up one bit," I whispered to a sympathetic hypothenuse. "He looks like—like the Prince in Tennyson's 'Day-Dream.' There, now!"

And the Prince in Tennyson's "Day-Dream" he was to my eyes, from that day on.

Reality jostled hard against our airy fantasies. Antioch knew deeper concerns than thistledown romance. Through the late fifties the whole nation seethed in the ferment of a thousand agitations and reforms. Cult after cult sprang up—impassioned little mushrooms that they were—sprouting overnight in that hot teeming soil of bitterness and disunion, where, in four years more, the great sowing of the dragon's teeth was doomed to rise in armed ranks, stern and terrible. So many new creeds there were, it seemed as if the very air were pregnant, a hot fecund dust. Hardly a day dawned that did not bring its funny bumptious reform, its grim bumptious reformer. Millerite, Grahamite, Phrenologist, Communist, a swarming host, known afar off by their intolerable deal of beard and their plentiful lack of collar, stormed our gates. One and all quartered upon Antioch, näively sure of its broad fellowship and sympathy.

Back of all this surface restlessness throbbed the deep poisoned fever of the nation. We were barely seventy miles from the Ohio River and slave territory. All that district of Ohio was vehemently abolitionist. Underground railway trails ran from hamlet to hamlet, and a guerilla warfare of capture and reprisal went on from day to day under our oblivious noses. One morning we would be called to the chapel to hearken, blandly unconcerned, to the wild-eyed oratory of some millennial seer, chanting the virtues of unleavened bread or seamless garment. By afternoon we would be gathered placidly around a wayfaring "nigger stealer," homeward bound from a desperate race to Sandusky or Cleveland with his frenzied charges: a starved, fagged scarecrow of a man, famished for sleep, reeling from his saddle with exhaustion, yet holding back from rest and food with the stoic zeal of the prophet, till he could pour his message into our happy young careless ears.

In truth, few of these things moved us. Now and then their echoes wakened a vague thrill. But the harsh clamors never sounded real. They were but echoes of the outside world, that dismal grown-up country that lay so far beyond the marches of our happy ken. Actual man-hunts and escapes could never stir our pulses as did the wild enchanting tales that our greedy hands would steal from the college library of nights, and bear away to be rapturously devoured. Father had held fast to his few precious volumes; Plutarch and Shakespeare and Bunyan were tried familiars. But old friends were forgotten before these new delights, these poems and stories written by living flesh-and-blood men. I remember the very feel of those first volumes of Tennyson; the thin blue covers, the cheap paper, the luminous strange words. Then there were long sparkling worldly stories, written by an Englishman named Thackeray, strung out in exasperating serial; and then the hours of tears and chuckles that we spent with "Dombey and Son" and "Oliver

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twist"! Those winter Saturdays, Lucinda and I would curl up on our brick hearth and read the precious daylight through, weaving closer with every page the rainbow curtain of dreams that hung between us and the dull stormy outside world. It was all glowing truth to us. We lived it, every word. We entered into all that Old World glamour as into our lawful heritage. We heard only that far music, the ripple of those enchanted streams. While, day by day, our own mighty and terrible epic rolled on, looming sublime in its very horror, beneath our blank indifferent eyes. And the deep murmur of its tortured voices swelled ever deeper around us; but we could never hear.

Yet the day came at last when we were shaken awake.

From time to time, to our mild curiosity, Frederic Wentworth would disappear from school, sometimes for three or four days together. No one ever spoke to us of these absences. Even his instructors refrained from the mild irony which we others, less favored, would have been accorded in like case. Lucinda and I, it must be owned, wasted many minutes in speculation.

"I'd think he went home, to visit his folkth. Only he hasn't any home. Nor any folkth, either. What do you thuppose, Mary Caroline?"

"I don't suppose anything. Why don't you ask him, straight out?"

"Ask that Stuck-up!" Lucinda bristled. "When he wouldn't come to our taffy pull. Nor go on our coasting party, though we wrote him a note and invited him on my pink paper!"

I pondered. I was forever trying to understand why Frederic Wentworth should refuse our timid little courtesies. His aloofness was the more puzzling because I knew, infallibly, that Frederic Wentworth was not blind to my existence. More than once, as my linsey flounces brushed airily past him on my way to the blackboard, I had caught his swift unconscious movement toward me, his gray flashing glance.

"I think he wanted to go coasting with us. But he didn't quite dare. Maybe—he's bashful," I ventured.

"Bashful fiddlestickth. He's just a conceited Boston dandy, that's all ailth him," snapped Lucinda. And I held my peace, but not my thought.

Now, for an interminable week, Frederic Wentworth had not been seen. The first day his absence meant little. The second day I found unusual difficulties in dealing with *x* and *y*. By the third day I grew tremulous and alert. At sundown, that third day, the grapevine telegraph brought exciting news. A daring Underground raid had just swept northern Kentucky. Eighteen fugitives were now well on their way to Cleveland. However, the Underground had paid dearly for its triumph. Of the seven men who had planned this coup, one was killed and three badly hurt. No; the scout could give no names.

That night, Lucinda slept the sleep of the just and the single-hearted. I know that she did, for I spent the entire night hanging wide-eyed and shivering from my window, and peering down the white starlit road. The next day moved rather heavily. At night Lucinda slept again, in maddening calm, while I cowered on the dew-wet sill.

And the morning hours crept as if each separate minute stumbled in iron chains.

Halfway through our Latin recitation the door opened. Into the room strode Frederic Wentworth.

Æneas and all his crew forgot, the whole school wheeled and gaped at him, pop-eyed with joyful awe. My own eyes were glued virtuously to my text-book: I did not need Lucinda's nipping clutch on my arm, her shocked ecstatic voice in my ear.

"Look at Frederic Wentworth! Isn't he splendid! Isn't he *grand!* Peter D. Hopkinth told me that he helped drive that whole wagon load of fugitive negroes to Cleveland, night before last. And the slave hunters chased them clear to the steamer, and fired, and justh missed killing him. Look at that bullet scratch, ploughed right across his cheek-bone. And hith arm in a sling! Isn't he justh *grand!*"

Then I looked. But only for a moment. Again I met Frederic Wentworth's gray level eyes, blazing now above the bandage that bound his face. I did not look up again. So he was, in truth, the hero that I had silently worshipped! Sometimes even our farthest wildest dreams come true.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And that sense of certainty, that fathomless understanding, was so clear that what came next brought no surprise; only a dearer certainty, a more exquisite truth.

Late that afternoon I met Frederic Wentworth, up the long hill past the Glen. He stopped, with a short greeting word, and took my books for me. In silence he fell into step beside me. On we went, up the lovely hills, all silvered in their brave new green; through wood-paths foaming sweet with wild grape, down warm slopes rosy with anemone. Up the last shining slope we climbed, side by side, with not a word to break the crystal spell. And then——

Oh, I dare say I was a silly young sentimentalist in those days, precisely as I'm a silly old sentimentalist to-day. But, as I walked beside him, it was as if the wind and the leaves and the sunlight went singing it, high and sweet, and the magical petals of words blew eddying round us, an elfin charm. And never shall I see those hills, that white road shining in the sunset, that falling gleam of leaf and light, that I shall not wait and listen for the melody that blows forever through their golden dream.—

"Across the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him."

And the magic rang so true, so clear, that when he stopped at the crest of the last long shining hill, and stood there, his strong face ashen white save for the angry burn, and told me that he loved me, that he had loved me from the first hour his eyes had seen me . . . Why, it was only my own unspoken thought come true. Surely he loved me. I, who had lived my whole life through, to be beloved of him!

Ah, be sure I was a happy princess from that hour! Together we laid our royal plans. Neither of us possessed one penny; a fact which caused us no annoyance whatever. Promptly we both left school. Frederic went to work for a surveying firm, earning a prosperous twenty-five dollars a month, "and found." I was given a winter school, with a dignified salary of fifteen dollars and my board. Five dollars I sent home regularly, for the winter was bitterly hard. The other ten went, every copper, into the fund for our household gear. Each month, Frederic could come for a day with me. The winter fled on sunlit wings.

The new year brought even grander fortune. One April morning Frederic rode up to my school-house, waving a letter. His face was flushed and afire; the red-bronze hair lay wet upon his forehead. Breathless, he poured out his news. Through Antioch College a great opportunity had come to him. He was offered a position with a noted engineering firm in Albany, at a salary beyond our farthest imaginings. Seventy-five dollars a month —think of it! Secure in this prodigious wealth, we could be married at once, instead of waiting the three years that we had planned.

Home we went, post-haste, to share our news with father and my little step-mother. Sometimes, I wonder, whether we two knew any dearer joy than they two found in the vision of our delight.

My little step-mother went straight to her cedar chest and brought out her last treasure, a flowing pale-blue silk, with rose-edged flounces, her own bridal gown, and set tenderly to piecing it down for her tall girl. My father gave me the twenty-five dollars that I had sent home and added twenty more. Every cent of this, he declared magnificently, should be mine to spend for my wedding clothes. The fifty that I had saved should buy household furnishings; thus I should not go to my husband empty-handed. Forty-five dollars, to be squandered in one reckless, glorious day! Anxiously the princess pinched her sunburnt thumbs, to make sure it was not all a dream.

We drove to town together, Frederic and I, to choose my trousseau. First, my wedding bonnet; then a cloak for travelling; then the stuff for the one good dark woolen frock which would make me trim and citified for the long journey to Albany. Soberly practical, I talked of each garment, Frederic sedately assenting. A firm soft merino for gown and coat, dark and durable; a plain straw "poke," with a bit of ribbon, nothing more, "because it must be just neat and plain, Frederic. We can't afford anything fine."

"Certainly not," Frederic approved punctiliously.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And at that moment we reached Miss Eliza Tate's millinery window. And in one dazzling burst of splendor, the bonnet with lilacs dawned upon our sight.

"Oh! Oh!" I sighed.

"Oh, Cricky!" gasped the Prince of Dreams. "Mary Caroline! There's the very bonnet you want! Let's buy it right away."

"Buy that bonnet!" I clung to the picket fence for support. But my charmed eyes clung to the lovely fairy thing, perched breezily on its tall standard, like a great wandering flower. It was of lilac straw, satin-thin and fine. A scarf of cobwebby real lace veiled it; lilac blossoms, so perfect that they were all but fragrant, lilac plumes, heavy yet misty, wreathed it in a broad purple frame; beneath their heaped violet shadows swung a great silken "bridle," of lilac-and-rose shot silk, last touch of earthly pomp. I looked from those lilac plumes to the tossing lilac hedge beneath my hand. Eye could not choose the lovelier.

"We'll buy it this minute, I say. Come along." Frederic's jaw set, iron. "Don't look so scared. You've got to have that bonnet. It's yours. It's *you*."

"But, Frederic, we can't. It's fit for an empress. Think what it must cost!"

"It costs exactly forty-five dollars," said Frederic coolly. "So the card says that's pinned to it. Come along."

"But—but—that's every single penny! We'd meant to buy my travelling dress, and my cloak—everything. I—I daren't!"

"You can travel in that blue dress. In your wedding dress." Frederic's set face did not yield.

"But I'll look so ridiculous! And I wanted you to be proud of me——"

"Proud of you! I'd be proud of you in pink calico. I don't care whether you have a cloak or not. You can wear my great-coat if you're cold. But you must have that bonnet. I won't listen to anything else."

I looked at his unyielding face. I turned back to that apotheosis of a Bonnet. I do confess that, had that bonnet worn wings and a halo, it could not have looked more worshipful to my eyes. Sternly I summoned all my traitorous will.

"We can't have it, Frederic. It isn't possible. We must do without it."

"We won't, either. I'm going straight in——"

"Please, please, dear! We can't. We daren't. *No*."

Frederic looked at me a long minute. Then, sulky as a cross puppy from kingly head to heel, he followed me down the village street.

Inexorably I led the way into the general store and asked for merino—"dark and durable." It was no use. We could not make ourselves look at the hateful stuff: we could not bear to buy. Fruit of Tantalus, that lilac bonnet fluttered its bridle, wafted its seraph plumes before our eyes. It had swept us out of our reckoning. It had broken down all our stolid sensible defences. Heart and soul, we yearned for it together. Silently we read each other's miserable eyes.

"Travelling dress, indeed! Nonsense. I want you in that bonnet. I've set my heart——"

"Frederic, don't. We can't have it, that's all. Let's walk out to the grove and eat our lunch. Then maybe we'll feel differently."

Out to the grove we went, and spread our luncheon on the grass, and picked at it dismally. My little step-mother had put it up with dainty pains. But fried prairie chicken and pound cake and preserves were alike dust and ashes. I sighed. Frederic glowered.

"I wouldn't have such a tantrum over just a bonnet," I derided, adoring the tantrum.

"Very well, young lady. I'll not take you unless you're wearing that bonnet. I'll not marry you without it."

"Then you may as well go pick out somebody else—*Frederic!* Don't you dare!"

Soberly we took our way back to town. But not one pennyworth had we the heart to buy. That distracting bonnet filled our horizon. We walked down the blossoming April lanes, quite silent. Across the fallen bars of sunlight we went, through the sweet windless calm. The soft air hung about us like a bubble of pearl, all iridescent with hurrying nesting wings. So sweet and tranquil, it seemed as if even our hot rebellious thoughts must be stilled beneath its peace.

But as we crossed the little square, we turned to each other in sudden bewilder-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. Inexplicably, that fragrant calm seemed jarred, then shattered before our eyes. I felt myself shuddering as if struck by some mysterious icy wind.

At the post-office door a group of men shuffled and crowded, staring. They looked like men stricken by evil magic. Their good friendly faces gaped at us, blank and gray, drained of wits, drained even of breath. It was as if that sweet air gave them no life. They looked like men smothering under the great pitiless turquoise bell of the sky.

As we came near, that weight of smothering dread fell upon us. We stood there, choked and stunned. We listened to those clattering senseless voices, babbling over and over the crazed preposterous words.

"They've fired on Sumter!". . . "Yes, they have, I tell ye." "No, don't you believe that. They'd never dare!" . . . "They've fired on Sumter!"

We turned away through the little square. Back we went, up the hills, beyond the Glen once more. But now our wonder hills lay bare and lifeless. All that purple glory had faded from their misty heights. For we had crossed our hills of dream, into the cruel barren country of the Real.

"I'll have to go, Mary Caroline."

"Yes."

"It'll mean waiting. . . . Oh, you love, you love!"

"It's lucky I didn't buy that extravagant lilac bonnet!" I sobbed after a while. But Frederic's fingers tightened on my arm.

"No. You're wrong now, Mary Caroline. I wanted you to have that bonnet—then. But I'm determined that you shall have it—now. Hush. We won't say one word more. You're going to put on that lilac bonnet, and that blue dress, your wedding dress, the day that I go away to war—Though the war won't last more than a week or so. We'll settle the whole thing in a fortnight, no doubt. But when I do go, I want to see you wearing that bonnet. I want to dream of you in it, every night that I'm gone. I want to find you wearing it, the day I come back to claim you. *Now*, Mary Caroline!"

Well! We went back and bought that lilac bonnet, for forty-five dollars, every penny of my precious hoard. And we carried it home, in love and laughter and triumph. All that gray formless terror had fled from our thoughts. The war would be over in a fortnight at the least. Had Frederic himself not said it? Flaunting my blue-and-lilac finery, like any princess indeed, I followed the regiment to the little town and waved my prince away.

The fortnight passed. Oddly enough, the war was not yet over. June came. My lilac bonnet was laid away in its flowered bandbox, my Tennyson gathered dust on its shelf. I had no time for make-believe romance. I, who was living romance with every hour! Poetry allured us no longer. Instead, we snatched at the newspapers, great flapping blanket-sheets that they were. We helped pick lint, we rolled bandages. And we wrote letters.

In August, my boy came home for a ten days' furlough. I brought out my trappings and wore them for him every day. Together we forgot the clanging, hurrying real world, and spent those days far away, deep in our kingdom of dreams.

In October I took my winter school again. It began to look as if the war might not be over till cold weather. . . .

Lilac time came again. It brought no furlough for my boy. The summer ripened and waned, the leaves fell. At Christmas time, for four jewel days, Frederic came home to me. He was gaunt and tired, yet beautiful in his worn uniform, with the eagle on his shoulder. The village folk held their breath as he went by, wrapped in glory. They walked pigeon-toed before him, in comical awe. Together we went back to our enchanted hills. But we went back in vain. We could not step foot past those white barriers. For all our vows, our pleas, we could not pass. Terror, formless, prescient, barred the way.

Winter dragged on. Once more it was lilac time; once more June. The weary summer held through month on month of cruel heat. With every parching hour, we listened. With strained eyes, we bent above the long black columns in the papers. Then came Gettysburg. Day after day the papers held nothing save those black margins, those long inexorable lists. . . . And as I stared down the last blurred column, in aching, blinding fear, that name leaped out at me like a flash of steel.

The word brought no great shock. It had been so long dreaded, so foreseen. They were all very tender with me at home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They blundered lovingly about with patient awkward ministries; they tried to hearten me with forlorn meaningless hopes. Only one wish stirred in my dull brain. They would be bringing him home to die. I must go and meet him. I must seize on every moment that I could win with him, my own.

Clumsily I dressed myself in the finery that he so loved—the pale-blue flowing gown, the lilac bonnet. For very pity, they could not say a word. My father left his team in the field, and put on his black clothes, and went with me. As our wagon creaked down the orchard road, little tow-headed Thomas came scuttling to kiss me good-by. He had brought me his best-beloved turtle, to carry along. Out of all that gray whirling day, just one recollection stands out clear—poor little Thomas's sobbing clutch around my neck, his blubbering wrathful face when father said gently that the turtle could not go too.

We drove to the village, then took the railroad cars to Madison. The little town was a Bedlam. Through its streets poured a frenzied crowd, storming, whimpering, exultant. Soldiers, teamsters, camp-followers, negroes; spruce fresh volunteer detachments hurrying down from the North to fill the torn ranks back from Gettysburg; ghastly stumbling hordes, creeping home to the North on the furlough that might heal them—to go back and fight again. Of all that clamoring mob, not one soul had a word to give us. Not one could stop to answer our helpless questions. Singing, shouting, past they fled, like figures in some monstrous carnival.

"We will go to the levee," said father. "They are bringing the wounded men up-river on the steam-boats. There's no telling. . . ."

We picked our way through the turmoil of wagons and ambulances, down to the hot windy river front. A line of great white boats lay panting at Madison landing. But the first north-bound steamer bearing Gettysburg wounded would not reach Madison before ten o'clock that night.

"The *Mattie Lee* will be the first boat to reach here. She's bringing up the worst injured men. Then there'll be steamer load after steamer load," said the officer that we questioned. He put out a grimy hand and touched my pale-blue sleeve. "It is little use, Miss. Among those thousands of wounded men, you'll never find—him. They'd not permit you to go aboard and search, for that matter. It's dead against regulations. You'd best just go home—and wait. There's nothing else you can do."

Father's patient eyes entreated me. But I could not yield. I went with him to the dingy inn, and stayed with him, till at dusk, utterly worn out, he fell asleep. Then I crept out to the streets again.

After a while I found my way back to the landing. There I stood, and strained my eyes against night and fog for the lights of the *Mattie Lee*. But no lights came. Only the yelling, laughing, scolding crowd streamed by and brushed past me, unseeing, as if I had been a wisp of river mist.

After a while a soldier came and sat down on a heap of plank near by. He was hideously ragged and foul: his dirty face was seared and bloodless with exhaustion. In the torch light I watched him try to tighten the bandage on his broken wrist. I went over and re-tied it for him. He stared up at me with his scorched bloodshot eyes.

"What are you waiting here for, I'd like to know?"

"The *Mattie Lee*."

"Lordy, what's the use of that? She's due here to-night, yes. But with all those dyin' men aboard, you can bet she won't make no landing. She'll push on up to Cincinnati, to the Federal Hospital. Only place you could board her would be at Carrollton, on the Kentucky side. She'll stop there an hour, likely, to coal."

"How can I get to Carrollton?"

The man stared. Then he laughed out.

"Get there? You couldn't get there to-night for love nor money. It's ten mile up-river, and there's no packet, no nothin'. Carrollton ain't a town, anyhow. Nothin' but a coal pile. You'd better go on home."

"I've got to get aboard the *Mattie Lee*."

"They wouldn't let you aboard, mind that. She's a Government hospital now—see? They'd order you back ashore the minute you set foot on the plank."

"I'm going somehow." I started blindly away, up the landing.

The man pitched to his feet and followed me, swearing under his breath.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look here, you. Have you got to reach the *Mattie Lee?*"

"Yes."

"Come along, then. I'll find a couple niggers and a skiff. I'll take you to Carrollton myself."

We rowed away up-stream through the wet black smother. It was close on midnight when we reached the dark line of coal barges banked at Carrollton landing. Noiselessly I crept ashore. Without a sound, a ripple, the skiff melted away into the night.

I crouched there shivering till, far down the river, the lights of the *Mattie Lee* flared spectral through the mist. Then I slipped behind a pile of freight and waited, hardly breathing, while the great white ghostly boat swung inshore. I watched my chance. I dared not try to slip aboard the gangplank. But the steamer had backed so close alongside that her fenders rubbed the pier. The top of my sheltering freight pile was almost level with the rail of the passenger deck. Shielded by the darkness, I crept to the top of the pile. Then, clinging to the rail, I swung myself lightly on deck.

No one spoke to me. Nobody glanced my way. Again I might have been invisible, only a figure of the mist.

There I stood, in the midst of that ship of pain. Under the flickering lanterns they lay around me, poor lifeless shapes, ghastly rank on rank, still in their torn stained uniforms; wrenched tortured bodies, ashen boyish faces: the shadowy wreck of the army that had been.

I crossed the long cabin. Deep in a great gilt mirror, I caught my own reflection. The lilac bonnet; the torn blue flounces trailing round me. But the face, old, haggard, strained—I looked at it stupidly. It was the face of a stranger. On I went, never pausing to look nor search, as if swept on by some compelling wind.

I climbed the stairs to the hurricane deck. I crossed it, treading softly past more shattered windrows. Ah, those hundreds of wan drowning faces, those beaten moveless files!

There he lay, my own boy, stretched out on his blanket, at the edge of the sloping deck. Mercifully they had laid him where the faint breeze could blow upon his deathlike face.

I knelt by him, and called his name, and whispered, over and over, the little dear foolish words that only we two knew. After a while his gray face lightened slowly, and he opened his eyes and stared up at me. But there was no greeting in that dull stare, though I pleaded with him to know me, in all the words that my mouth knew to say. He did not remember. He did not care. He could not drag himself past that black shadow of pain.

At last he turned and stretched out one lean hot hand. His fingers touched the rose-and-lilac silken bridle, and there they clung.

"So cool, so cool!" he whispered, fingering it slowly. He drew the broad silk crisping back and forth through his groping hands. He looked up at me once more, and into his vague eyes, deep under gaunt brows like sunken pits of misery, there came a faint far glint of reason, like a light struggling through those deeps of pain.

"So cool, so cool!" he whispered on, in his tired, tired voice. Then his drawn gray mouth began to smile, in mischievous piteous content. "And the lilacs—that lilac bonnet! I bullied her into taking it—my poor little gentle Mary Caroline! And we went back and bought it together. Oh, so cool, so cool! Now I can go to sleep."

Then I took him up in my arms, for my great splendid boy was wasted and broken with fever till I could lift him as I would lift little Thomas. And in my stupid anguish I was clumsy, and my hands slipped, and hurt him cruelly. But he did not seem to care. Through the black fog of the fever, it was as if he could see and know that my cruel clumsy hands were only slow and blundering with love and grief.

And when I had made him easier, he turned in my arms and clutched for the length of shining rose and lilac, and held it tight between his burning wasted hands. And so he fell asleep.

I sat there, holding him. After a while an orderly came past and looked at us doubtfully. But the hollow-eyed surgeon looked up from his work near by and shook his head.

"I reckon the boy's dying right now. Let them alone."

At first it was all one depth of bitter night. Then my heart grew numb, as my breast grew numb beneath his motionless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

He turned in my arms and clutched for the length of shining rose and lilac.—Page 652.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weight. I knew no more joy nor terror. Only I waited. I had gained my will. I had found my lover and he was in my arms. There was nothing more for me to ask. I had come to the end of it all. There I faced that great dim wall of silence. And I was not alone. For all the sorrow of all our women sat by and watched with me.

So the black hours crept on. I heard the creak of the laboring engines, the heavy steps that passed me, the murmur of voices, ebbing, flowing, a weary tide. On went the battered, disabled old boat, fighting her way slowly up-stream, as if the very heart were broken out of her by the load of anguish that she carried. The hot damp air blew out to us from shore. Ahead I watched the stars, like drowned faces, peering up through the black sluggish stream. I shifted the dear weight in my arms. I tried to lift him higher, to hold him as I would hold a child, my child, beloved and dying. But I dared not try to move his long wasted body. I had not dreamed he was so tall. . . .

Then the surgeon came again, and looked down at the face asleep on my arm, and shook his head and went away. And the endless hours crept on and on.

At last, before my dull eyes there came a slow mysterious change. The blackness seemed to melt, to shift in long dim barricades of shadow. Vaguely the face of the water changed from black to gray, from gray to silver. Softly, softly, the dawn wind came drifting down the shore, and stirred the willows, and made them whisper. Then it faltered and was still, with a strange and healing calm. Now there sounded only the throb of the engines and the faint plash of the broken water below. For the blessed hush of sleep lay on all that suffering crew. Even the haggard surgeon slept, flung down on the deck at my feet. Then the dawn wind crossed the ruffling water and laid its soft touch on my eyes.

Then I looked up. All that cloud of night had vanished from the river, so that now, in the first pale dawning, it shone as a river of pearl. And the drowned stars, that had glimmered deep in that horror of night, were gone. I looked up once more. White and far, they shone in the deepening rose of the sky.

Then I felt the beloved weight stir in my arms. Slowly those gaunt eyes opened and met my own. Slowly they smiled up at me, with a grave and wondering contentment, as if, at last, they could see and know. I felt those weak hands tighten on the foolish ribbon of rose and lilac, that they had held fast, all the long night through. Then the pale lips bent, smiling, to form the mischievous braggart words.

"Aha, so you're wearing your bonnet with lilacs! The one that I made you buy. Didn't I tell you so, Mary Caroline? That you'd be wearing that very bonnet when I —when I came back to you——"

But I would not smile nor answer him. Instead, I bent my face, to hush those dear eyes back to sleep. The light that was waking in them had blinded me to a swift wild terror of joy. For I knew that that light meant life.

Yes, it meant life. Wrecked and shattered as he was, starved, broken by disease, yet all the might of his youth was still in him, splendid, unconquerable. Slowly we brought him back to his old strength, his old enduring power. And before the new year came, he could walk beside me, superb in his unshaken force, all the more princely for his scars, to my adoring eyes.

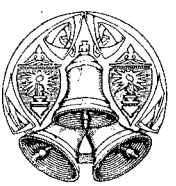
Then all the years of our youth were ours together, a golden measure, heaped up, overflowing. And every year was a life in itself. A fear, a struggle, a triumph. We had to fight for our very bread in those days. For we were poor— Oh, but we were poor! I sometimes think that it is truly providential that Charles Edward and his wife are our children, not our contemporaries. It would have been such a dreadful visitation upon them, to have been forced to associate with us. While by Mary Caroline and that young whiffet, her brother Ted, we would have been referred blandly to the nearest Settlement House as deserving indigents.

But oh, what fun it was, just to be poor together! I wore that bonnet with lilacs to my wedding, after all. I wore it and the pale blue gown to Charles Edward's christening, two years later; and for the first twelve years of our married life, that bonnet was our one social bulwark. Beneath its panoply of plumes, what mattered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faded gingham and patched shoes? Helmeted in its magnificence, serenely I could face a frowning world. Also, I cried like the great goose that I undoubtedly was, when on the thirteenth spring I took it out of its hibernating bandbox to find my darling lilacs faded past recall. Whereat Frederic went straightway and bought me another lilac bonnet, far more splendid, all billowing plumes and flashing buckles, although there were five babies by that time, and crops were none too good, and he ought by rights to have saved that money toward the new barn roof. I scolded him roundly for his extravagance. But, as Charles Edward has said, extravagance always did run in the family.

Ah, me! When I hear them talk of the Heaven that all their wise ethical leaders affect nowadays, I realize sadly what an abject old materialist I really am. For I cannot make myself look forward to gaining a pale, intangible ideal of Heaven within me. I want a real and tangible Heaven, instead—modelled upon western Ohio in the late sixties, if I may have my say. Neither am I orthodox, and old-fashioned, and pining for a visible golden halo. Indeed, I should much prefer just my bonnet with lilacs. Moreover, I don't want to be pestered with riches, and power, and glory. Not I! I'd far rather have the fun of being poor again, the chance to work and scheme and contrive, side by side with my big reckless boy husband. Not Charles Edward's sedate father, nor Mary Caroline's dim-remembered stately grandfather. But the splendid headstrong boy with whom I threw away those golden years; and the brave gay life that we two sinful young spendthrifts won and squandered together. And I am quite convinced that I shall be granted all that I ask, even to the last diamond moment. For, surely as Heaven is Heaven, so surely will it give us back our youth.

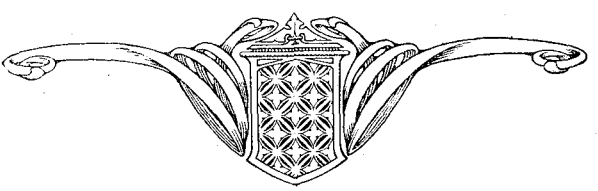


SUPPLIANT

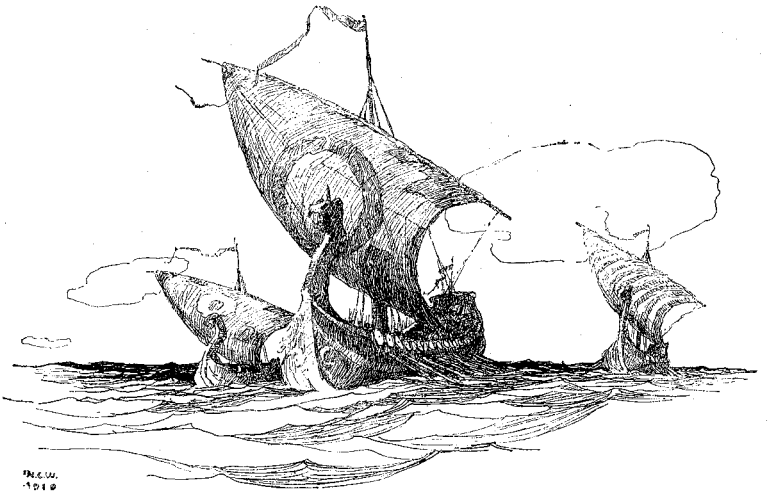
By Alan Sullivan

GRANT me, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,
Clean days of labor, dreamless nights of rest
And that which shall my weariness assoil
The Sanctuary of one beloved breast:

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,
Knowledge to yield, with valor to defend
A faith immutable, and steadfast years
That move unvexed to their mysterious end.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THROUGH THE MISTS

II

THE FIRST CARGO

"Ex ovo omnia"

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

WHEN you left Britain with your Legion, my dear Crassus, I promised that I would write to you from time to time, when a messenger chanced to be going to Rome, and keep you informed as to anything of interest which might occur in this country. Personally, I am very glad that I remained behind when the troops and so many of our citizens left, for though the living is rough and the climate is infernal, still by dint of the three voyages which I have made for amber to the Baltic, and the excellent prices which I obtained for it here, I shall soon be in a position to retire, and to spend my old age under my own fig-tree, or even perhaps to buy a small villa at Baia or Posuoli, where I could get a good sun-bath after the continued fogs of this accursed island. I picture myself on a little farm, and I read the Georgics as a preparation, but when I hear the rain falling and the wind howling, Italy seems very far away.

In my previous letter I let you know how things are going in this country. The poor folk, who had given up all soldiering during the centuries that we guarded them, are now perfectly helpless before these Picts and Scots, tattooed barbarians from the north, who overrun the whole country and do exactly what they please. So long as they kept to the north, the people in the south, who are the most numerous and also the most civilized of the Britons, took no heed of them; but now the rascals have come as far as London, and the lazy folk in these parts have had to wake up. Vortigern, the king, is useless for anything but drink or women, so he sent across to the Baltic to get some of the North Germans, in the hope that they would come over and help him. It is bad enough to have a bear in your house, but it does not seem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to me to mend matters if you call in a pack of ferocious wolves as well. However, nothing better could be devised, so an invitation was sent and very promptly accepted. And it is here that your humble friend appears upon the scene. In the course of my amber-trading I had learned the Saxon speech, and so I was sent down in all haste to the Kentish shore that I might be there when our new allies appeared. I arrived there on the very day when their first vessel appeared ("ceol" they call it, or "keel," exactly as we say "carina") and it is of my adventures that I wish to tell you. It is perfectly clear to me that the landing of these warlike Germans in England will prove to be an event of historical importance, and so your inquisitive mind will not feel wearied if I treat the matter in some detail.

It was, then, upon the day of Mercury, immediately following the Feast of Our Blessed Lord's Ascension, that I found myself upon the south bank of the river Thames, at the point where it opens into a wide estuary. There is an island there named Thanet, which was the spot chosen for the landfall of our visitors. Sure enough, I had no sooner ridden up than there was a great red ship, the first as it seems of three, coming in under full sail. The white horse, which is the ensign of these rovers, was hanging from her top-mast, and she appeared to be crowded with men. The sun was shining brightly, and the great scarlet ship, with snow-white sails, and a line of gleaming shields slung over her side, made as fair a picture on that blue expanse as one would wish to see.

I pushed off at once in a boat, because it had been arranged that none of the Saxons should land until the king had come down to speak with their leaders. Presently I was under the ship, which had a gilded dragon in the bows, and a tier of oars along either side. As I looked up, there was a row of bearded heads looking down at me, and among them I saw, to my great surprise and pleasure, that of Earic the Swart, with whom I do business at Venta every year. He greeted me heartily when I reached the deck, and became at once my guide, friend, and counsellor. This helped me greatly with these barbarians, for it is their nature that they are very cold and aloof unless one of their own number can vouch for you, after which they are very hearty and hospitable. Try as they will, they find it hard, however, to avoid a certain suggestion of condescension, and in the baser sort, of contempt, when they are dealing with a foreigner.

It was a great stroke of luck meeting Earic, for he was able to give me some idea of how things stood before I was shown into the presence of Kenna, the leader of this particular ship. The crew, as I learned from him, was entirely made up of three tribes or families, those of Kenna, of Lanc, and of Hasta. Each of these tribes gets its name by putting the letters "ing" after the name of the chief, so that the people on board would describe themselves as Kennings, Lancings, and Hastings. I observed in the Baltic, that the villages were each named after the families who lived in them, so that I have no doubt if these fellows get a footing on shore, we shall see settlements with names like these rising up among the British towns.

The greater part of the men were sturdy fellows, with red, yellow, or brown hair, mostly the latter. To my surprise, I saw several women among them. Earic, in answer to my question, explained that they always take their women with them so far as they can, and that instead of finding them an incumbrance as our Roman dames would be, they look upon them as helpmates and advisers. Of course, I remembered afterward that our excellent and accurate Tacitus has remarked upon this characteristic of the Germans. All laws in the tribes are decided by votes, and a vote has not yet been given to the women, but many are in favor of it, and it is thought that woman and man will soon have the same power in the state. I observed to Earic that it was fortunate there were several women on board, as they could keep each other company, but he answered that the wives of the chiefs had no desire to know the wives of the inferior officers, and that both of them combined against the more common women, so that any companionship was out of the question. He pointed as he spoke to Editha, the wife of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kenna, a red-faced, elderly woman, who walked among the others with no more notice than if they did not exist.

Whilst I was talking to my friend Earic a sudden altercation broke out upon the deck, and a great number of the men paused in their work and flocked toward the spot, with faces which showed that they were deeply interested in the matter. Earic and I pushed our way among the others, for I was very anxious to see as much as I could of the ways and manners of these barbarians. A quarrel seemed to have broken out about a child, a little fellow with curly yellow hair, who appeared to be greatly amused by the hubbub of which he was the cause. On one side of him stood a white-bearded old man, of very majestic aspect, who signified by his gestures that he claimed the lad for himself; while on the other was a thin, earnest, anxious person, who strongly objected to the boy being taken from him. Earic whispered in my ear that the old man was the tribal high-priest, who was the official sacrificer to their great god Woden, whilst the other was a man who took somewhat different views, not upon Woden, but upon the means by which he should be worshipped. The majority of the crew were on the side of the old priest, but a certain number, who liked greater liberty of worship and to invent their own prayers instead of always repeating the official ones, followed the lead of the younger man. The difference was too great and too old to be healed among the grown men, but each had a great desire to impress his view upon the children. This was the reason why these two were now so furious with each other, and the argument between them ran so high that several of their followers on either side had drawn the short saxes or knives from which their name of Saxon is derived, when suddenly a great, burly, red-headed man pushed his way through the throng, and in a voice of thunder brought the controversy to an end.

"You folk, who argue about the things which no man can know, are more trouble aboard this ship than all the dangers of the sea," he cried. "Can you not be content with worshipping Woden, over which we are all agreed, and not make so much of those small points upon which we differ? If there is all this fuss about the teaching of the children, then I shall forbid either of you to teach them, and they must be content with as much religion as they can learn from their mothers."

The two angry teachers crept away with discontented faces; but Kenna—for it was he who spoke—ordered that a whistle should be sounded and that the crew should assemble. I was pleased with the free bearing of these people, for though this was their greatest chief, they showed none of the exaggerated respect which soldiers of a legion might show to the prætor, but met him on a respectful equality which showed how highly they rated their own manhood.

From our Roman standard, his remarks to his men would seem very wanting in eloquence, for there were no graces or metaphors to be found in them, and yet they were short, strong, and to the point. At any rate, it was very clear that they were to the minds of his hearers. He began by reminding them that they had left their own country because the land was all taken up, and that there was no use returning there, since there was no place where they could dwell as free and independent men. This island of Britain was but sparsely inhabited, and there was a chance that every one of them would be able to found a home of his own. "You, Whitta," he said, addressing some of them by name, "you will found a Whitting hame, and you, Bucka, we shall see you in a Bucking hame, where your children and your children's children will bless you for the broad acres which your valor will have gained for them." There was no word of glory or of honor in his speech, but he said that he was aware that they would do their duty, on which they all struck their swords upon their shields so that the Britons on the beach could hear the clang. Then, his eyes falling upon me, he asked me whether I was the messenger from Vortigern, and on my answering, he bid me follow him into his cabin, where Lanc and Hasta, the other chiefs, were waiting for a council.

Picture me then, my dear Crassus, in a very low-roofed cabin, with these three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

huge barbarians seated round me. Each was clad in some sort of saffron tunic, with chain-mail shirt over it, and helmet, with a horn of the ox on either side, laid upon the table before him. Like most of the Saxon chiefs, their beards were shaved, but they wore their hair long, and their huge light-colored moustaches drooped down to their shoulders. They are gentle, slow, and somewhat heavy in their bearing, but I can well fancy that their fury is the more terrible when it does arise.

Their minds seem to be of a very practical and positive nature, for they at once began to ask me a series of questions upon the numbers of the Britons, the resources of the kingdom, the conditions of its trade, and other such subjects. They then set to work arguing over the information which I had given, and became so absorbed in their own contention that I believe there were times when they forgot my presence. Everything, after due discussion, was always decided between them by vote, the one who found himself in the minority always submitting, though sometimes with a very bad grace—indeed, on one occasion Lanc, who usually differed from the others, threatened to refer the matter to the general vote of the whole crew. There was a constant conflict in the point of view, for whereas Kenna and Hasta were anxious to extend the Saxon power and to make it greater in the eyes of the world, Lanc was of opinion that they should give less thought to conquest and more to the comfort and advancement of their followers. At the same time it seemed to me that really Lanc was the more combative of the three, so much so that even in time of peace he could not forego this contest with his own brethren. Neither of the others seemed very fond of him, for they were each, as was easy to see, proud of his chieftainship and anxious to use his authority, referring continually to those noble ancestors from whom it was derived; while Lanc, though he claimed to be equally well born, took the view of the common men upon every occasion, claiming that the interests of the many were superior to the privileges of the few. In a word, Crassus, if you could imagine a free-booting Gracchus on one side, and two piratical patricians upon the other, you would understand the effect which my companions produced upon me.

There was one peculiarity which I observed in their conversation which soothed me very much. I am fond of these Britons, among whom I have spent so much of my life, and I wish them well. It was very pleasing, therefore, to notice that these men insisted upon it in their conversation that the whole object of their visit was the good of the Islanders. Any prospect of advantage to themselves was pushed into the background. I was not clear that these professions could be made to agree with the speech in which Kenna had promised a hundred hides of land to every man on the ship, but on my making this remark, the three chiefs seemed very surprised and hurt by my suspicions, and explained very plausibly that, as the Britons needed them as a guard, they could not aid them better than by settling on the soil, and so being continually at hand in order to help them. In time, they said, they hoped to raise and train the natives to such a point that they would be able to look after themselves. Lanc spoke with some degree of eloquence upon the nobleness of the mission which they had undertaken, and the others clattered their cups of mead (a jar of that unpleasant drink was on the table) in token of their agreement.

I observed also how much interested, and how very earnest and intolerant, these Barbarians were in the matter of religion. Of Christianity they knew nothing, so that although they were aware that the Britons were Christians, they had not a notion of what their creed really was. Yet without examination they started by taking it for granted that their own worship of Woden was absolutely right, and that therefore this other creed must be absolutely wrong. "This vile religion," "this sad superstition," and "this grievous error" were some among the phrases which they used toward it. Instead of expressing pity for anyone who had been misinformed upon so serious a question, their feelings were those of anger, and they declared most earnestly that they would spare no pains to set the matter right, fingering the hilts of their long broad-swords as they said so.

Well, my dear Crassus, you will have had enough of me and of my Saxons. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have given you a short sketch of these people and their ways. Since I began this letter I have visited the two other ships which have come in, and as I find the same characteristics among the people on board them, I cannot doubt that they lie deeply in the race. For the rest, they are brave, hardy, and very pertinacious in all that they undertake, whereas the Britons, though a great deal more spirited, have not the same steadiness of purpose, their quicker imaginations suggesting always some other course, and their more fiery passions being succeeded by reaction. When I looked from the deck of the first Saxon ship and saw the swaying, excited multitude of Britons on the beach, contrasting them with the latent, silent men who stood beside me, it seemed to me more than ever dangerous to call in such allies. So strongly did I feel it that I turned to Kenna, who was also looking toward the beach.

"You will own this island before you have finished," said I.

His eyes sparkled as he gazed.

"Perhaps," he cried, and then suddenly collecting himself and thinking that he had said too much, he added:

"A temporary occupation—nothing more."

JACQUES-ÉMILE BLANCHE

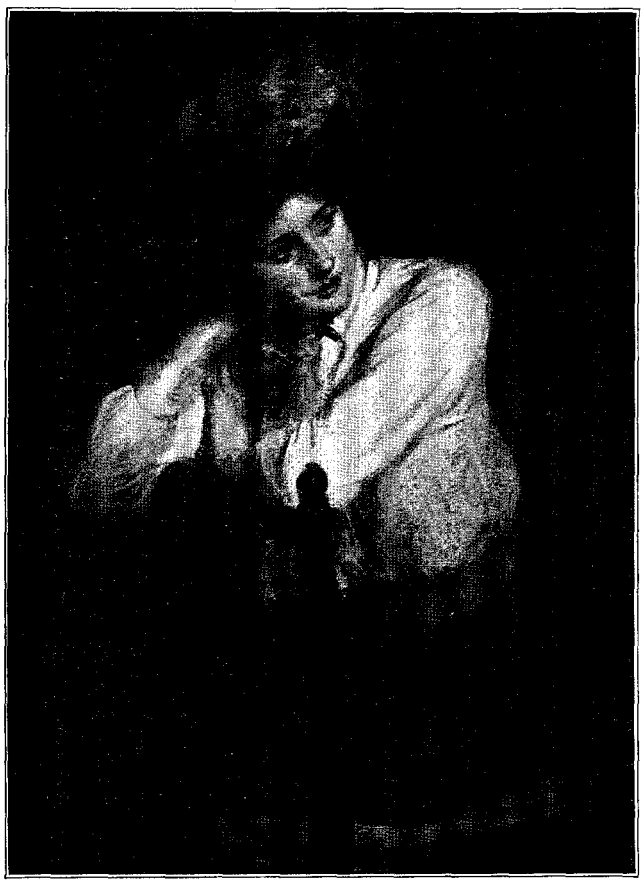
By Christian Brinton

WHEN, just a score of years ago, the great schism took place in the art world of Paris, and the New Salon established itself in the Champ-de-Mars, numerous painters who had hitherto attained but scant recognition forged rapidly to the front. The seceding contingent was on trial before the public at large, and gallant efforts were made to gain an immediate and substantial foothold. The enthusiasm of the leaders of the movement—Puvis de Chavannes, Carrière, Roll, Besnard, and others—was echoed by the younger men, and every member of the Société Nationale, as the organization was proudly christened, made the bravest possible showing. Although, as invariably happens, the points at issue between the New Salon and its parent body have since disappeared, and they to-day hold their exhibitions conjointly under the same vast canopy of steel and glass, the work of these one-time insurgents has by no means been in vain. Casually reviewing the twenty years' career of the Société Nationale, it cannot be claimed that, as an institution, it has contributed anything definitely novel to the sum of current production. Its programme has in no sense proved revolutionary. Its chief mission seems to have consisted in strengthening the personality of its various members, and in this it has been singularly successful. Year by year these men have sent canvases which have been massed in separate groups rather than being lost amid the chaos of practical anonymity. The public has thus acquired the habit of looking for each man's collective work, the effect naturally being stimulating to the painter himself. It is this fostering of the individual note, rather than the actual breaking of fresh ground, which the New Salon has beyond all else accomplished, and which will doubtless prove its most significant legacy to posterity.

Conspicuous among those native-born artists who have season after season been represented at the Société Nationale is Jacques-Émile Blanche, whose achievements, particularly in the domain of portraiture, form one of the most distinctive contributions to contemporary painting. Monsieur Blanche has never suffered from artistic atrophy. He is the student personified. He is constantly seeking to perfect himself, to attack fresh themes and solve new problems. To a singular degree

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he typifies the aims and ideals of the New Salon with which his name has been so long and so prominently associated. His career is the exact reverse of that usually encountered by the aspiring artist. Instead of being obliged to combat opposition and unfavorable conditions, he was forced to overcome circumstances which were all too propitious. From the outset he was pampered by fate, and only through the utmost vigilance and severest self-discipline has he managed to attain that mastery over his art and himself which is to-day manifest in his every brush stroke. The son and grandson of celebrated physicians, Monsieur Blanche was born in 1861, in the famous hospital at Passy which was formerly the château of the Princesse de Lamballe and which still retained much of its eighteenth century grace and elegance, with its beautiful furniture and tapestries, and terraces sloping gently to the Seine. For two generations the house had been the meeting place of the foremost men of letters, musicians, and artists of the day, among the intimate friends of the boy's grandfather and father being such figures as Balzac, Michelet, Renan, Berlioz, Delacroix, and later Corot, Millet, and Manet. It was in this atmosphere that the painter passed his early years, surrounded by every luxury and solicitously cared for by a scientist father and a mother who possessed exceptional artistic ability.



"La Petite Langenegger." (1902.)

On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war the lad was sent to London, where he readily acquired that taste for English life and art which has since become such a characteristic feature of his development. After his return it was his parents' wish that the young élégant, who was already so at home in society, who knew the poetry of the symbolists and the music of Wagner, should prepare himself for a literary or diplomatic career. Acceding, however, to his own well-defined desire to become a painter, he was placed under the guidance of the witty and charming, though superficial Gervex. It must be confessed that the future artist did not, at this period, take either himself or his work with unwonted seriousness, nor was the atmosphere of his companion's studio conducive to such an attitude. On leaving Gervex he from time to time sought the sounder counsels of Degas and Manet, though it cannot be said that he was in any specific sense a pupil of either of these masters. It is necessary, on approaching the varied and supple art of Monsieur Blanche, to bear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait of Paul Adam. Luxembourg Gallery. (Salon, 1902.)

in mind these few significant facts concerning his early training. He was essentially self-taught. His receptive spirit responded in turn to many disparate influences: he was fond of literature, music, and the theatre as well as painting, and he frequented from an early age the most exclusive salons of London and of Paris. While he learned not a little from Degas and Manet, and often crossed the Channel to renew his friendship with Tissot and Fantin-Latour, he confesses that the only serious instruction he ever received was from Whistler, with whom he passed a memorable summer at Dieppe.

It was not because he fancied he had attained artistic maturity, but for the express purpose of measuring his progress, that the young painter began exhibiting when he was scarcely out of his teens. His official début was made in 1882, at the Palais de Champs-Élysées, when he was represented by two canvases, one entitled "On the Yacht," the other, "On the Verandah." Without a single omission he has figured at every Salon since that date, sometimes sending as many as a dozen subjects. In 1890 he left the Old Salon for the New, where, year by year, his work has revealed a more personal accent and an ever increas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing distinction of statement. In addition, he has exhibited regularly at the Pastellistes, at the Société Nouvelle, of which he became a member in 1902, and in London with the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, and the small but always significant displays of the New English Art Club. On occasions he also makes his appearance in Munich, or at the Venice International, and more than once this beautiful, patrician art has found its way overseas to grace for a few brief weeks the walls of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh.

Germaine Ledein, asleep. (1902.)

Although, during a severely exacting career, he acknowledges to having destroyed well-nigh half his finished work, the artistic legacy of Monsieur Blanche is by no means inconsiderable. Best known for his portraits, he has also achieved recognition in the realm of still-life, flowers, and interiors, each of which he paints with kindred ease and fluency. It was not by sudden assault but through unrelaxing devotion to his chosen field that he finally succeeded in capturing his present position in the world of art. The early work was marked by a severity and restraint not usually associated with his customary manner. Never a robust colorist, these likenesses of what may be termed his prentice period were almost achromatic in quality. He was especially fond of black and white effects, and it was not until he outgrew the influence of Manet and surrendered himself to the pictorial eloquence of the Anglo-Saxon tradition that his art attained that translucent clarity which is to-day one of its chief characteristics. He had been educated in England. He was among the earliest to appreciate the subdued elegance of British domestic life, and he was the first in France to paint the modern woman against a poetic background of park landscape and enveloping horizon. It was a new note in the art of his country, and critics who had never as much as seen a Gainsborough or a Romney promptly accused him of snobbism and of slavishly imitating the English eighteenth century masters.

Undaunted by such strictures, just as he had previously ignored the charge of being a mere aristocratic dilettante, Jacques Blanche went his way unmoved. The ini-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dowager Lady Colthurst, London. (1904.)

tial efforts had been outdoor studies, interiors, family groups, and formal portraits, the most notable among the latter being those of Docteur Blanche, Mme. Blanche, and MM. Vincent d'Indy, Maurice Barrès, and Henri de Regnier. At the Salon of 1892 he sought to summarize his knowledge of the various elements of his craft in a single canvas entitled "Saying Grace," a modernized treatment of the well-known Scriptural scene. The picture owed its inception largely to the vogue of Fritz von Uhde, Jean Béraud, and similar popularizers of sacred theme. The painter's family and friends posed for the figures, M. Anquetin impersonating the Saviour, and, while the work was by no means a masterpiece, it marked an epoch in the progress of the artist toward truth and variety of treatment. The succeeding years were signalized by numerous portraits of note and sketches of young folk in the open or freshly painted flower studies. Despite his ceaseless activity and steady advance it was not, however, until four years later, when he exhibited his "Por-

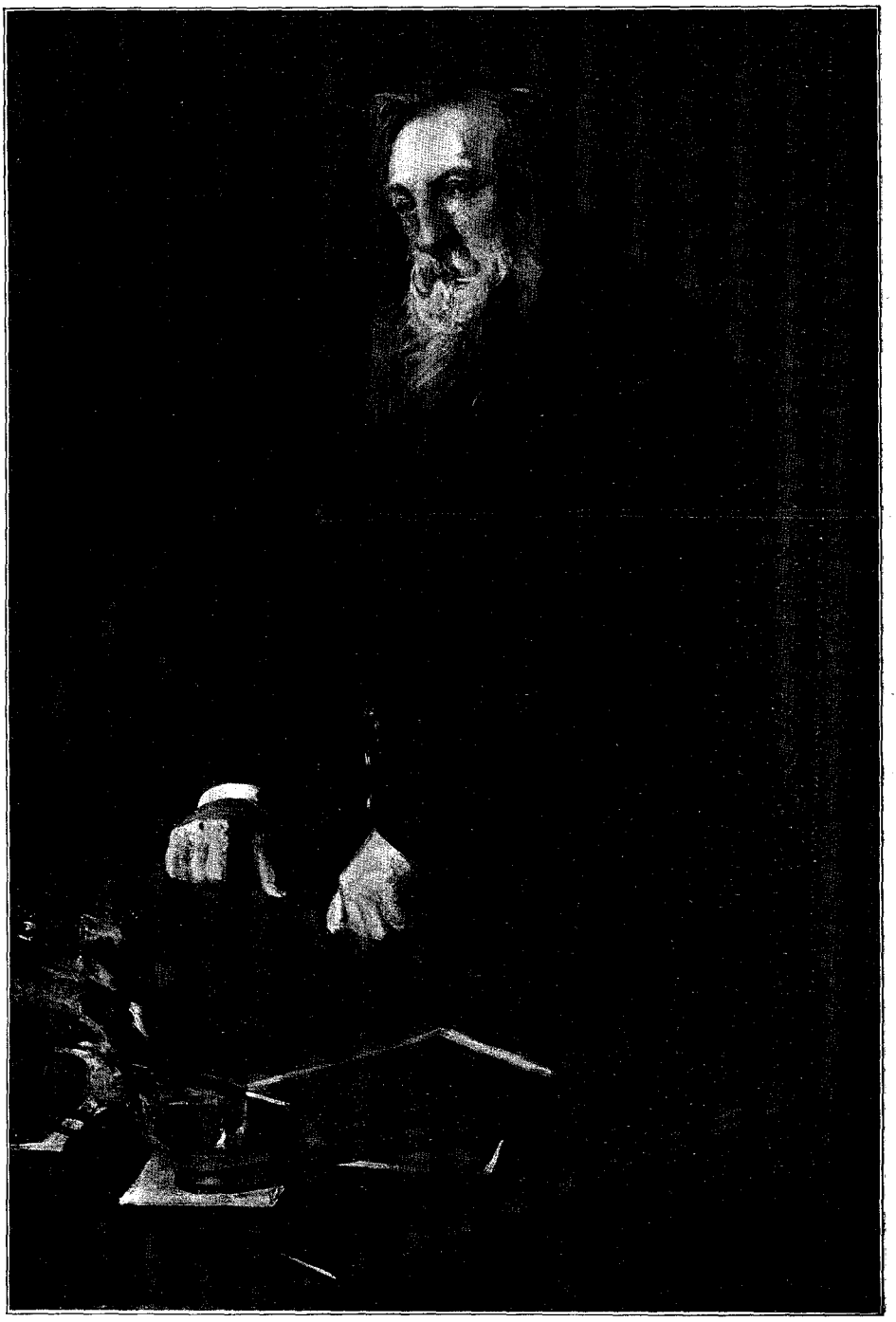
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Chérubin." Municipal Gallery of Rheims. (Salon, 1904.)

trait of Fritz Thaulow and his Family," which now hangs in the Luxembourg, that Monsieur Blanche may be said to have conquered a permanent place in the annals of contemporary art. Fluent in handling, full of suppressed beauty in its color modulations, and felicitous in arrangement, the canvas also breathes not a little of that northern enchantment so appropriate to the subject. Even in the eyes of his persistent detractors the painter was no longer an apprentice. He had at last forestalled criticism and silenced every dissenting voice.

Despite his success, Monsieur Blanche was in no sense satisfied, and applied himself with renewed energy to further problems of technical perfection, particularly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Portrait of Auguste Rodin. (International Society, 1903.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Venetian Glass." (Venice International, 1905.)

in the sphere of draughtsmanship. Memorable portraits of MM. Jules Chéret, Paul Adam, Charles Cottet, Auguste Rodin, and Claude Debussy, together with exquisite family groups, such as that of "M. and Mme. Francis Vielé-Griffin and their Daughters," followed in due course. The likenesses of individual sitters were steadily acquiring more depth and penetration, and the larger canvases revealed corresponding freedom and invention. In 1904 came the much-discussed "Chérubin," which was shortly succeeded by "Venetian Glass," "The Summer Girl," "The Shrimp Girl," and kindred subjects wherein beauty of surface, subdued richness of tone, and supple rhythm of pose well-nigh achieve their consummation. And yet, as though to off-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

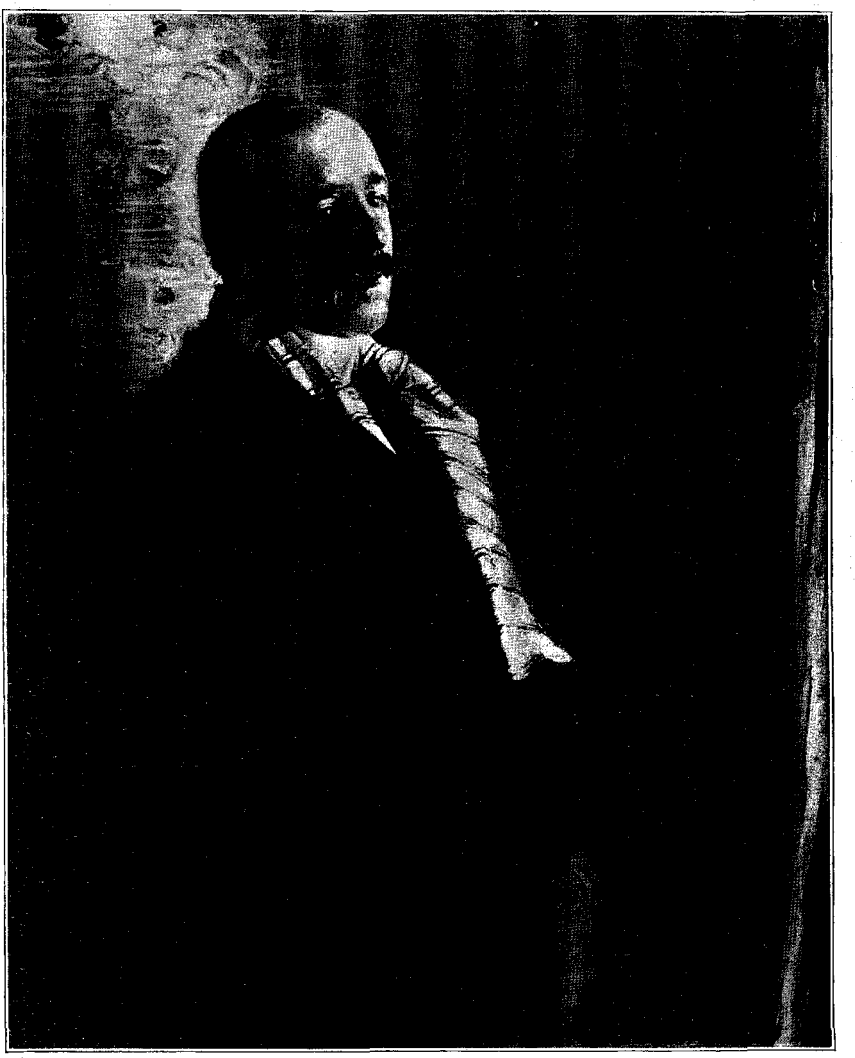
"Columbine." (1906.)

set the discreetly sensuous appeal of such canvases, the painter returned almost immediately to the more exacting province of direct observation, attaining, in his likenesses of Mr. Henry James, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and his own thoughtful, discerning countenance, a vigor of analysis and fidelity of presentment which place him not far from the pinnacle of latter-day portraiture. This year, indeed, has witnessed the crowning of Monsieur Blanche's career, the special exhibition of his works at the current Salon having been one of the artistic successes of the season.

It has been necessary to follow with a certain patience the progressive phases of Monsieur Blanche's development in order to grasp the scope and significance of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work as a whole. Although modern in its psychology, and characteristically flexible in handling, this art, in its more permanent aspect, is essentially conservative. Unlike certain of his colleagues, Jacques Blanche the impressionist school, as his own private collection eloquently testifies, he did not at any stage of his career become an exponent of broken color, nor has he ever evinced sympathy with the extremes of



Portrait of the artist. The Uffizi Gallery, Florence. (Salon, 1909.)

is not an initiator. He believes in evolving new forms out of those which have gone before. He preserves, rather than overturns, precedent, and the esthetic pedigree of these high-bred women, serious-browed writers, painters, and musicians, and fresh-faced children is both distinguished and of appropriate antiquity. While he was one of the first to appreciate divisionism and pointillism. It was to the older masters rather than the intrepid newcomers that he turned for inspiration and guidance, and, in consequence, there clings about these fastidious canvases something of the poise and serenity of the past. It is the continuity of artistic tradition which they conserve in their harmonious tonality, their graceful contours, and their indefin-

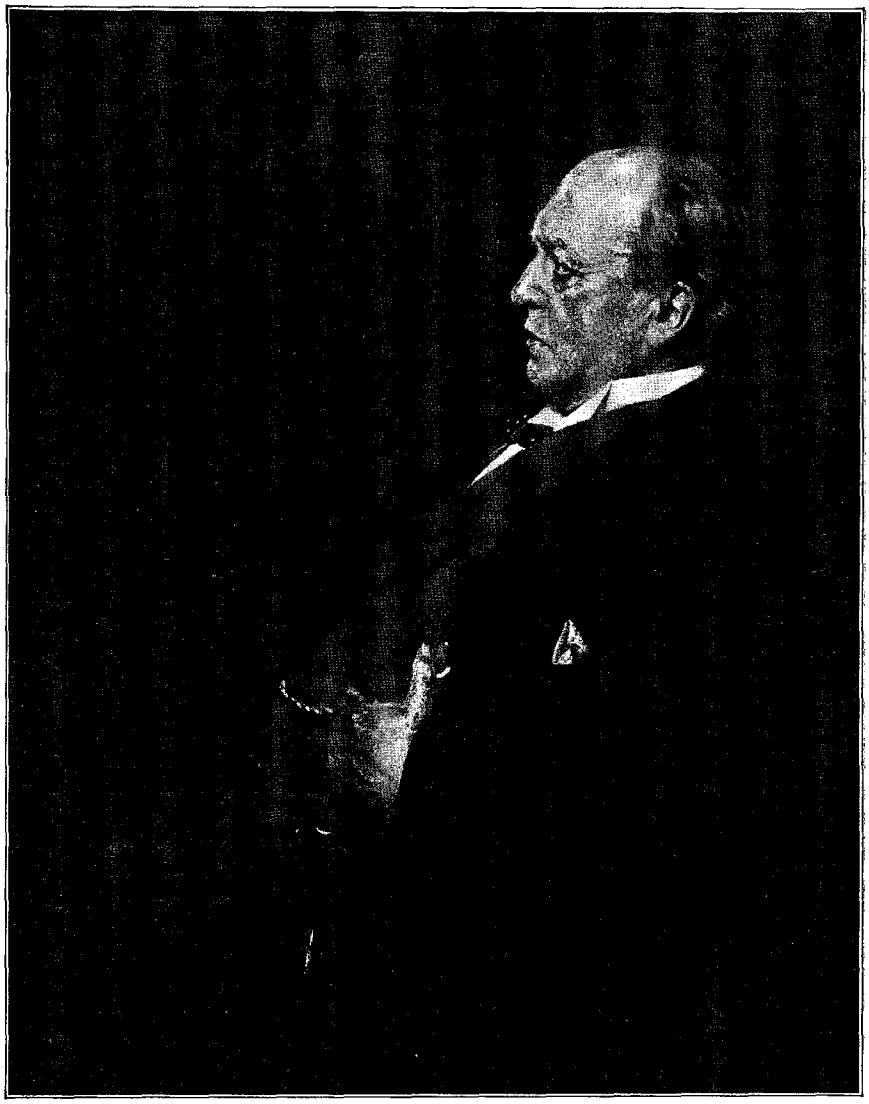
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marjorie, Cynthia, Humphrey, and Marc Noble, the children of Saxton B. Noble, Esq. (Salon, 1908.)

able repose of spirit. The psychological element becomes, it is true, almost pathological in "Chérubin," for example, yet such tendencies are clothed in an esthetic language every accent of which is full of exquisite, rounded symmetry. You can feel, in this art, the quick response of a highly sensitive nervous organism, but its visible expression never fails to achieve a balance which admits no hint of unrest or incompletion.

It is not without a certain curious interest that the foremost Anglo-Saxon as well as the foremost French portrait painter of the day should be the sons of physician fathers and mothers who possessed distinct artistic talent. There are indeed many analogies between the work of John Singer Sargent

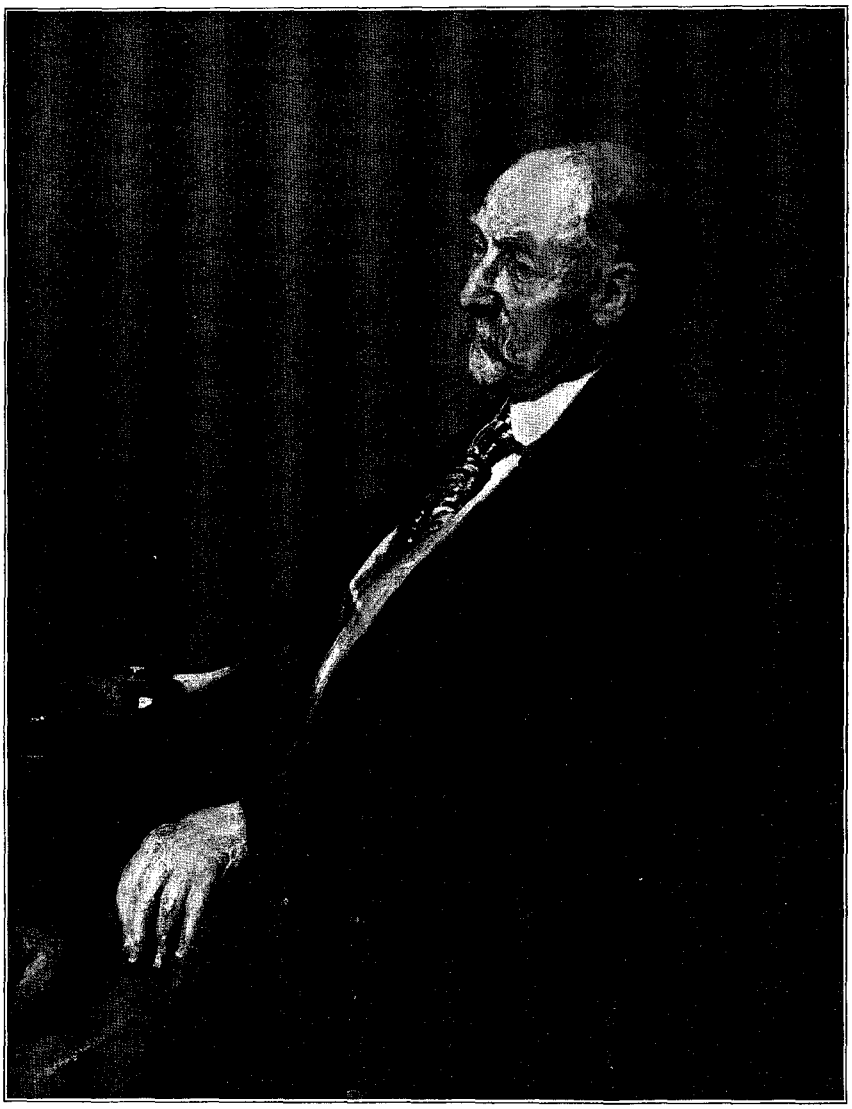
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Portrait of Henry James. (Salon, 1909.)

and that of Jacques-Émile Blanche, especially the Blanche of the diffident, introspective "James" and the brooding, philosophic "Hardy." Both painters share the same love of the specific, both avoid the symbolic and allegorical, both are invariably local in their choice of subject and setting, and yet the fundamental differences of race and temperament manifest themselves none the less unmistakably. There is a restraint in Monsieur Blanche's method which it is impossible to discover in the instantaneous vision and insistent stroke of Mr. Sargent. It virtually resolves itself into a question of relative equilibrium. You are conscious, in the presence of the Frenchman's canvases, of a more finely adjusted mechanism, of the workings of an art process the elements of which are inherently classic. It is this note which gives his portraits their sense of repose despite the fact that the sitters are typically modish in dress and manner. This art expresses in its finest flower the value of tradition, the inestimable advantage of a permanent esthetic patrimony.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Portrait of Thomas Hardy. (Salon, 1909.)

Although represented in the Luxembourg, the Petit Palais, and other leading museums, Jacques Blanche has not been the recipient of notably high honors at the hands of his fellow countrymen. While he has always painted women and children with particular tenderness and perception he is not, as many infer, a mere feminist in art. It is for his portraits of men that he will possibly be best remembered. He has placed on record as no one else the physiognomy of the social and intellectual aristocracy of his generation, yet this same generation has not, thus far, accorded him commensurate recognition. Though by no means complete, his gallery of contemporary likenesses is fast assuming national significance. It already compares favorably with that which Lenbach painted of the Germans of Bismarck's iron régime, or Watts has left us of the pacific but exalted personalities of Victorian days. Innately aloof and exclusive, Monsieur Blanche has never placed himself at the disposal of a curious public or thrust his achievements under the noses of patronizing officials,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and has thus escaped the customary much sought after prizes and distinctions. He has, in compensation, invariably met with cordial appreciation in England, and also figures in numerous state and private collections throughout Belgium, Germany, and Austria.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in finding one's self face to face with this flexible, persuasive art in a foreign land, for there its particular qualities, both racial and individual, are naturally intensified. Wiesbaden possesses the spirited "Misses Capel Having Tea." One of the gems of the admirable collection of Herr Thomas Knorr of Munich is the delightful canvas entitled "Just Awake," showing a young miss barely in her teens seated in a big gilt chair with her arms resting idly behind her head; while the most highly, and most justly, prized picture in the palace of Baron Parisi of Trieste is the pensive "Summer Girl," which a few years since won the painter a gold medal in Budapest. Wherever, indeed, these beautiful, appealing canvases wander they carry with them the same sense of dexterous craftsmanship and the same caressing charm. One and all they reveal a unity which is rare in the art of their day. Every detail has been properly subordinated to the general effect. The flash of jewels, the sheen of silks, the liquid gleam of a mirror, or the mellow glow of a bowl of fruit on the table—all is wooed into a subtle harmony which seldom fails to captivate the most exacting esthetic taste. There is never the faintest over-accentuation. Differences of tone and texture are indicated with discernment but without undue emphasis. This art is strictly impartial. It exhibits no marked preferences. The men are not super-masculine nor are the women feminized, as is often the case, to the point of caricature. There is even, in certain of these slender creatures, a wistful, haunting ambiguity which in itself constitutes an added element of mystery and romance. The painter's success in depicting the earnest, cerebral countenance of the modern intellectual, either French or English, is only comparable to that delicacy with which he enshrines dawning womanhood.

The message which this art brings us has been matured during many years of unremitting effort in the big studio at Passy, amid the sobriety of English home atmosphere, and at the painter's summer residence at Offranville, near Dieppe, where he loves to study the play of morning sunlight in the breakfast room, or the vernal brightness of the garden. This work offers an ever widening panorama of modern social and domestic life. It embraces the extremes of benign old age and vivacious or slumberous babyhood. It is by turns full of subdued, indoor charm and invigorating outdoor radiance. And above all it expresses in its every accent that refinement of spirit which we flatter ourselves is the special legacy of latter-day civilization.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONSUL*

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

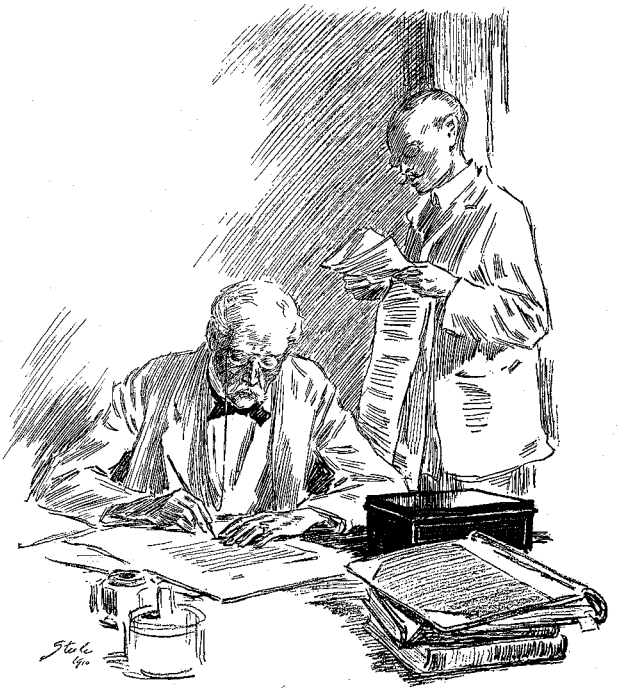
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

FOR over forty years, in one part of the world or another, old man Marshall had served his country as a United States consul. He had been appointed by Lincoln. For a quarter of a century that fact was his distinction. It was now his epitaph. But in former years, as each new administration succeeded the old, it had again and again saved his official head. When victorious and voracious place-hunters, searching the map of the world for spoils, dug out his hiding-place and demanded his consular sign as a reward for a younger and more aggressive party worker, the ghost of the dead President protected him. In the State Department, Marshall had become a tradition. "You can't touch HIM!" the State Department would say; "why, HE was appointed by Lincoln!" Secretly, for this weapon against the hungry head-hunters, the department was infinitely grateful. Old man Marshall was a consul after its own heart. Like a soldier, he was obedient, disciplined; wherever he was sent, there, without question, he would go. Never against exile, against ill-health, against climate did he make complaint. Nor when he was moved on and down to make way for some ne'er-do-well with influence, with a brother-in-law in the Senate, with a cousin owning a newspaper, with rich relatives who desired him to drink himself to death at the expense of the government rather than at their own, did old man Marshall point to his record as a claim

*AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Since the days in which the events described in this story are supposed to have taken place, innumerable reforms have been brought about in the consular service. In consequence, to suggest that the story is a picture of present conditions would be most unfair.

R. H. D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



His official reports, in a quaint, stately hand, were models of English.

for more just treatment. And it had been an excellent record. His official reports, in a quaint, stately hand, were models of English; full of information, intelligent, valuable, well observed. And those few of his countrymen, who stumbled upon him in the out-of-the-world places to which of late he had been banished, wrote of him to the department in terms of admiration and awe. Never had he or his friends petitioned for promotion, until it was at last apparent that, save for his record and the memory of his dead patron, he had no friends. But, still, in the department, the tradition held, and, though he was not advanced, he was not dismissed.

"If that old man's been feeding from the public trough ever since the Civil War," protested a "practical" politician, "it seems to me, Mr. Secretary, that he's about had his share. Ain't it time he give some one else a bite? Some of us that has done the work, that has borne the brunt——"

"This place he now holds," interrupted the Secretary of State suavely, "is one hardly commensurate with services like yours. I can't pronounce the name of it, and I'm not sure just where it is, but I see that, of the last six consuls we sent there, three resigned within a month and the other three died of yellow-fever. Still, if you insist——?"

The practical politician reconsidered hastily. "I'm not the sort," he protested, "to turn out a man appointed by our martyred President. Besides, he's so old now, if the fever don't catch him, he'll die of old age, anyway."

The Secretary coughed uncomfortably. "And they say," he murmured, "republics are ungrateful."

"I didn't quite get that," said the practical politician.

Of Porto Banos, of the Republic of Colombia, where as consul Mr. Marshall was upholding the dignity of the United States, little could be said except that it possessed a sure harbor. When driven from the Caribbean Sea by stress of weather, the largest of ocean tramps, and even battle-ships, could find in its protecting arms of coral a safe shelter. But, as young Mr. Aiken the wireless operator pointed out, unless driven by a hurricane and the fear of death, no one ever visited it. Back of the ancient wharves, that dated from the days when Porto Banos was a receiver of stolen goods for buccaneers and pirates, were rows of thatched huts, streets, according to the season, of dust or mud, a few iron-barred jail-like barracks, custom-houses, municipal buildings, and the whitewashed adobe houses of the consuls. The back yard of the town was a swamp. Through this at five each morning a rusty engine pulled a train of flat cars to the base of the mountains, and, if meanwhile the rails had not disappeared into the swamp, at five in the evening brought back the flat cars laden with odorous coffee-sacks.

In the daily life of Porto Banos, waiting for the return of the train, and betting if it would return, was the chief interest. Each night the consuls, the foreign residents, the wireless operator, the manager

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the rusty railroad met for dinner. There at the head of the long table, by virtue of his years, of his courtesy and distinguished manner, of his office, Mr. Marshall presided. Of the little band of exiles he was the chosen ruler. His rule was gentle. By force of example he had made existence in Porto Banos more possible. For women and children Porto Banos was a death-trap, and before "old man Marshall" came, there had been no influence to remind the enforced bachelors of other days. They had lost interest, had grown lax, irritable, morose. Their white duck was seldom white. Their cheeks were unshaven. When the sun sank into the swamp and the heat still turned Porto Banos into a Turkish bath, they threw dice on the greasy tables of the Bolivar for drinks. The petty gambling led to petty quarrels; the drinks to fever. The coming of Mr. Marshall changed that. His standard of life, his tact, his worldly wisdom, his cheerful courtesy, his fastidious personal neatness, shamed the younger men; the desire to please him, to stand well in his good opinion, brought back pride and self-esteem.

The lieutenant of her Majesty's gunboat *Plover* noted the change.

"Used to be," he exclaimed, "you couldn't get out of the Café Bolivar without some one sticking a knife in you; now it is a debating club. They all sit round a table and listen to an old gentleman talk world politics."

If Henry Marshall brought content to the exiles of Porto Banos, there was little in return that Porto Banos could give to him. Magazines and correspondents in six languages kept him in touch with those foreign lands in which he had represented his country, but of the country he had represented, newspapers and periodicals showed him only too clearly that in forty years it had grown away from him had changed beyond recognition.

When last he had called at the State Department, he had been made to feel he was a man without a country, and when he visited his home town in Vermont, he was looked upon as a Rip Van Winkle. Those of his boyhood friends who were not dead had long thought of him as dead. And the sleepy, pretty village had become a bustling commercial centre. In the lanes where, as a young man, he had walked among wheat-fields, trolley-cars whirled between rows of mills and factories. The children had grown to manhood, with children of their own.

Like a ghost, he searched for house after house, where once he had been made welcome, only to find in its place a towering office building. "All had gone, the old familiar faces." In vain he scanned even the shop fronts for a friendly, home-like name. Whether the fault was his, whether

"Why don't you speak to the senator?" she asked.—Page 680.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then I am to understand," he exclaimed, "that you refuse to carry out the wishes of a United States Senator and of the President of the United States?"—Page 682.

he would better have served his own interests than those of his government, it now was too late to determine. In his own home, he was a stranger among strangers. In the service he had so faithfully followed, he had been dropped, rank by rank, until now, he, who twice had been a consul-general, was an exile, banished to a fever swamp. The great Ship of State had dropped him overside, had "marooned" him, and sailed away.

Twice a day he walked along the shell road to the Café Bolivar, and back again to the consulate. There, as he entered the outer office, José, the Colombian clerk, would rise and bow profoundly.

"Any papers for me to sign, José?" the consul would ask.

"Not to-day, Excellency," the clerk would reply. Then José would return to writing a letter to his ladylove, not that there was anything to tell her, but because writing on the official paper of the consulate gave him importance in his eyes, and in hers. And in the inner office the consul would continue to gaze at the empty harbor, the empty coral reefs, the empty burning sky.

The little band of exiles were at second breakfast, when the wireless man came in late to announce that a Red *D.* boat and the island of Curaçoa had both reported a hurricane coming north. Also, that much concern was felt for the safety of the yacht *Serapis*. Three days before, in advance of her coming, she had sent a wireless to Wilhelmstad, asking the captain of the port to reserve a berth for her. She expected to arrive the following morning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But for forty-eight hours nothing had been heard from her, and it was believed she had been overhauled by the hurricane. Owing to the presence on board of Senator Hanley, the closest friend of the new President, the man who had made him president, much concern was felt at Washington. To try to pick her up by wireless, the gun-boat *Newark* had been ordered from Culebra, the cruiser *Raleigh*, with Admiral Hardy on board, from Colon. It was possible she would seek shelter at Porto Banos. The consul was ordered to report.

As Marshall wrote out his answer, the French consul exclaimed with interest:

"He is of importance, then, this senator?" he asked. "Is it that in your country ships of war are at the service of a senator?"

Aiken, the wireless operator, grinned derisively.

"At the service of *this* senator, they are!" he answered. "They call him the 'king-maker,' the man behind the throne."

"But, in your country," protested the Frenchman, "there is no throne. I thought your president was elected by the people?"

"That's what the people think," answered Aiken. "In God's country," he explained, "the trusts want a rich man in the Senate, with the same interests as their own, to represent them. They chose Hanley. He picked out of the candidates for the presidency the man he thought would help the interests. He nominated him, and the people voted for him. Hanley is what we call a "boss."

The Frenchman looked inquiringly at Marshall.

"The position of the boss is the more dangerous," said Marshall gravely, "because it is unofficial, because there are no laws to curtail his powers. Men like Senator Hanley are a menace to good government. They see in public office only a reward for party workers."

"That's right!" assented Aiken. "Your forty years' service, Mr. Consul, wouldn't count with Hanley. If he wanted your job, he'd throw you out as quick as he would a drunken cook."

Mr. Marshall flushed painfully, and the French consul hastened to interrupt.

"Then, let us pray," he exclaimed, with fervor, "that the hurricane has sunk the *Serapis*, and all on board."

Two hours later, the *Serapis*, showing she had met the hurricane and had come out second best, steamed into the harbor.

Her owner was young Herbert Livingstone, of Washington. He once had been in the diplomatic service, and, as minister to the Hague, wished to return to it. In order to bring this about he had subscribed liberally to the party campaign fund.

With him, among other distinguished persons, was the all-powerful Hanley. The kidnapping of Hanley for the cruise, in itself, demonstrated the ability of Livingstone as a diplomat. It was the opinion of many that it would surely lead to his appointment as a minister plenipotentiary. Livingstone was of the same opinion. He had not lived long in the nation's capital without observing the value of propinquity. How many men he knew were now paymasters, and secretaries of legation, solely because those high in the government met them daily at the Metropolitan Club, and preferred them in almost any other place. And if, after three weeks as his guest on board what the newspapers called his floating palace, the senator could refuse him even the prize legation of Europe, there was no value in modest merit. As yet, Livingstone had not hinted at his ambition. There was no need. To a statesman of Hanley's astuteness, the largeness of Livingstone's contribution to the campaign fund was self-explanatory.

After her wrestling-match with the hurricane, all those on board the *Serapis* seemed to find in land, even in the swamp land of Porto Banos, a compelling attraction. Before the anchors hit the water, they were in the launch. On reaching shore, they made at once for the consulate. There were many cables they wished to start on their way by wireless; cables to friends, to newspapers, to the government.

José, the Colombian clerk, appalled by the unprecedented invasion of visitors, of visitors so distinguished, and Marshall, grateful for a chance to serve his fellow-countrymen, and especially his country-women, were ubiquitous, eager, indispensable. At José's desk the great senator, rolling his cigar between his teeth, was using, to José's ecstasy, José's own pen to write a reassuring message to the White House. At the consul's desk a beautiful creature, all in lace and pearls, was strug-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gling to compress the very low opinion she held of a hurricane into ten words. On his knee, Henry Cairns, the banker, was inditing instructions to his Wall Street office, and upon himself Livingstone had taken the responsibility of replying to the inquiries heaped upon Marshall's desk, from many newspapers.

It was just before sunset, and Marshall produced his tea things, and the young person in pearls and lace, who was Miss Cairns, made tea for the women, and the men mixed gin and limes with tepid water. The consul apologized for proposing a toast in which they could not join. He begged to drink to those who had escaped the perils of the sea. Had they been his oldest and nearest friends, his little speech could not have been more heart-felt and sincere. To his distress, it moved one of the ladies to tears, and, in embarrassment, he turned to the men.

"I regret there is no ice," he said, "but you know the rule of the tropics; as soon as a ship enters port, the ice-machine bursts."

"I'll tell the steward to send you some, sir," said Livingstone, "and as long as we're here——"

The senator showed his concern.

"As long as we're here?" he gasped.

"Not over two days," answered the owner nervously. "The chief says it will take all of that to get her in shape. As you ought to know, Senator, she was pretty badly mauled."

The senator gazed blankly out of the window. Beyond it lay the naked coral reefs, the empty sky, and the ragged palms of Porto Banos.

Livingstone felt that his legation was slipping from him.

"That wireless operator," he continued hastily, "tells me there is a most amusing place a few miles down the coast, Las Bocas, a sort of Coney Island, where the government people go for the summer. There's surf bathing and roulette and cafés chantant. He says there's some Spanish dancers——"

The guests of the *Serapis* exclaimed with interest; the senator smiled. To Marshall the general enthusiasm over the thought of a ride on a merry-go-round suggested that the friends of Mr. Livingstone had found their own society far from satisfying.

Greatly encouraged, Livingstone continued, with enthusiasm:

"And that wireless man said," he added, "that in the launch we can get there in half an hour. We might run down after dinner."

He turned to Marshall.

"Will you join us, Mr. Consul?" he asked, "and dine with us, first?"

Marshall accepted with genuine pleasure. It had been many months since he had sat at table with his own people. But he shook his head doubtfully.

"I was wondering about Las Bocas," he explained, "if your going there might not get you in trouble at the next port. With a yacht, I think it is different, but Las Bocas is under quarantine——"

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"It's not serious," Marshall explained. "There was bubonic plague there, or something like it. You would be in no danger from that. It is only that you might be held up by the regulations. Passenger steamers can't land any one who has been there at any other port of the West Indies. The English are especially strict. The Royal Mail won't even receive any one on board here, without a certificate from the English consul saying he has not visited Las Bocas. For an American they would require the same guarantee from me. But I don't think the regulations extend to yachts. I will inquire. I don't wish to deprive you of any of the many pleasures of Porto Banos," he added, smiling, "but if you were refused a landing at your next port I would blame myself."

"It's all right," declared Livingstone decidedly. "It's as you say; yachts and war-ships are exempt. Besides, I carry my own doctor, and if he won't give us a clean bill of health I'll make him walk the plank. At eight, then, at dinner. I'll send the cutter for you. I can't give you a salute, Mr. Consul, but you shall have all the side boys I can muster."

Those from the yacht parted from their consul in the most friendly spirit.

"I think he's charming!" exclaimed Miss Cairns. "And did you notice his novels? They were in every language. It must be terribly lonely down here, for a man like that."

"He's the first of our consuls we've met on this trip," growled her father, "that we've caught sober."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sober!" exclaimed his wife indignantly. "He's one of the Marshalls of Vermont. I asked him."

"I wonder," mused Hanley, "how much the place is worth? Hamilton, one of the new senators, has been devilling the life out of me to send his son somewhere. Says if he stays in Washington he'll disgrace the family. I should think this place would drive any man to drink himself to death in three months, and young Hamilton, from what I've seen of him, ought to be able to do it in a week. That would leave the place open for the next man.

"There's a postmaster in my State thinks he carried it." The senator smiled grimly. "He has consumption, and wants us to give him a consulship in the tropics. I'll tell him I've seen Porto Banos, and that it's just the place for him."

The senator's pleasantry was not well received. But Miss Cairns alone had the temerity to speak of what the others were thinking.

"What would become of Mr. Marshall?" she asked.

The senator smiled tolerantly.

"I don't know that I was thinking of Mr. Marshall," he said. "I can't recall anything he has done for this administration. You see, Miss Cairns," he explained, in the tone of one addressing a small child, "Marshall has been abroad now for forty years, at the expense of the taxpayers. Some of us think, men who have lived that long on their fellow-countrymen had better come home and get to work."

Livingstone nodded solemnly in assent. He did not wish a post abroad at the expense of the taxpayers. He was willing to pay for it. And then, with "ex-Minister" on his visiting cards, and a sense of duty well performed, for the rest of his life he could join the other expatriates in Paris.

Just before dinner, the cruiser *Raleigh* having discovered the whereabouts of the *Serapis* by wireless, entered the harbor, and Admiral Hardy came to the yacht to call upon the senator, in whose behalf he had been scouring the Caribbean Seas. Having paid his respects to that personage, the admiral fell boisterously upon Marshall.

The two old gentlemen were friends of many years. They had met, officially and unofficially, in many strange parts of the world. To each the chance reunion was a piece of tremendous good fortune. And throughout dinner the guests of Livingstone, already bored with each other, found in them and their talk of former days new and delightful entertainment. So much so that when, Marshall having assured them that the local quarantine regulations did not extend to a yacht, the men departed for Las Bocas, the women insisted that he and the admiral remain behind.

It was for Marshall a wondrous evening. To forgather with his old friend, whom he had known since Hardy was a mad midshipman, to sit at the feet of his own charming countrywomen, to listen to their soft, modulated laughter, to note how quickly they saw that to him the evening was a great event, and with what tact each contributed to make it the more memorable; all served to wipe out the months of bitter loneliness, the stigma of failure, the sense of undeserved neglect. In the moonlight, on the cool quarter-deck, they sat, in a half circle, each of the two friends telling tales out of school, tales of which the other was the hero or the victim, "inside" stories of great occasions, ceremonies, bombardments, unrecorded "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy.

Hardy had helped open the Suez Canal. Marshall had helped the Queen of Madagascar escape from the French invaders. On the Barbary Coast Hardy had chased pirates. In Edinburgh Marshall had played chess with Carlyle. He had seen Paris in mourning in the days of the siege, and Paris in terror in the days of the Commune; he had known Garibaldi, Gambetta, the younger Dumas, the creator of Pickwick.

"Do you remember that time in Tangier," the admiral urged, "when I was a midshipman, and got into the bashaw's harem?"

"Do you remember how I got you out?" Marshall replied grimly.

"And," demanded Hardy, "do you remember when Adelina Patti paid a visit to the *Kearsarge* at Marseilles in '65—George Dewey was our second officer, and you were bowing and backing away from her, and you backed into an open hatch, and she said—my French isn't up to it—what was it she said?"

"I didn't hear it," said Marshall, "I was too far down the hatch."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do you mean the old *Kearsarge?*" asked Mrs. Cairns. "Were you in the service then, Mr. Marshall?"

With loyal pride in his friend, the admiral answered for him:

"He was our consul-general at Marseilles!"

There was an uncomfortable moment. Even those denied imagination could not escape the contrast, could see in their mind's eye the great harbor of Marseilles, crowded with the shipping of the world, surrounding it the beautiful city, the rival of Paris to the north, and on the battle-ship the young consul-general making his bow to the young Empress of Song. And now, before their actual eyes, they saw the village of Porto Banos, a black streak in the night, a row of mud shacks, at the end of the wharf a single lantern burning yellow in the clear moonlight.

Later in the evening, Miss Cairns led the admiral to one side.

"Admiral," she began eagerly, "tell me about your friend. Why is he here? Why don't they give him a place worthy of him? I've seen many of our representatives abroad, and I know we cannot afford to waste men like that." The girl exclaimed indignantly: "He's one of the most interesting men I've ever met! He's lived everywhere, known every one. He's a distinguished man, a cultivated man; even I can see he knows his work, that he's a diplomat, born, trained, that he's——"

The admiral interrupted with a growl.

"You don't have to tell ME about Henry," he protested. I've known Henry twenty-five years. If Henry got his deserts," he exclaimed hotly, "he wouldn't be a consul on this coral reef; he'd be a minister in Europe. Look at me! We're the same age. We started together. When Lincoln sent him to Morocco as consul, he signed my commission as a midshipman. Now I'm an admiral. Henry has twice my brains, and he's twice been a consul general, and he's *here*, back at the foot of the ladder!"

"Why?" demanded the girl.

"Because the navy is a service, and the consular service isn't a service. Men like Senator Hanley use it to pay their debts. While Henry's been serving his country abroad, he's lost his friends, lost his 'pull.' Those politicians up at Washington have no use for him. They don't consider that a consul like Henry can make a million dollars for his countrymen. He can keep them from shipping goods where there's no market, show them where there IS a market. The admiral snorted contemptuously. "You don't have to tell ME the value of a good consul. But those politicians don't consider that. They only see that he has a job worth a few hundred dollars, and they want it, and if he hasn't other politicians to protect him, they'll take it."

The girl raised her head.

"Why don't you speak to the senator?" she asked. "Tell him you've known him for years, that——"

"Glad to do it!" exclaimed the admiral, heartily. "It won't be the first time. But Henry mustn't know. He's too confoundedly touchy. He hates the *idea* of influence, hates men like Hanley, who abuse it. If he thought anything was given him except on his merits, he wouldn't take it."

"Then we won't tell him," said the girl. For a moment she hesitated.

"If I spoke to Mr. Hanley," she asked, "told him what I learned to-night of Mr. Marshall, would it have any effect?"

"Don't know how it will effect Hanley," said the sailor, "but if you asked *me* to make anybody a consul-general, I'd make him an ambassador."

Later in the evening Hanley and Livingstone were seated alone on deck. The visit to Las Bocas had not proved amusing, but, much to Livingstone's relief, his honored guest was now in good-humor. He took his cigar from his lips, only to sip at a long cool drink. He was in a mood flatteringly confidential and communicative.

"People have the strangest idea of what I can do for them," he laughed. It was his pose to pretend he was without authority. "They believe I've only to wave a wand, and get them anything they want. I thought I'd be safe from them on board a yacht."

Livingstone, in ignorance of what was coming, squirmed apprehensively.

"But it seems," the senator went on, "I'm at the mercy of a conspiracy. The women folk want me to do something for this fellow Marshall. If they had their way, they'd send him to the Court of St. James. And old Hardy, too, tackled me about him. So did Miss Cairns. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then, Marshall himself got me behind the wheel-house, and I thought he was going to tell me how good he was, too! But he didn't."

As though the joke were on himself, the senator laughed appreciatively.

"Told me, instead, that Hardy ought to be a vice-admiral."

Livingstone, also, laughed, with the satisfied air of one who cannot be tricked.

"They fixed it up between them," he explained, "each was to put in a good word for the other." He nodded eagerly. "That's what *I* think."

There were moments during the cruise when Senator Hanley would have found relief in dropping his host overboard. With mock deference, the older man inclined his head.

"That's what you think, is it?" he asked. "Livingstone," he added, "you certainly are a great judge of men."

The next morning, old man Marshall woke with a lightness at his heart that had been long absent. For a moment, conscious only that he was happy, he lay between sleep and waking, frowning up at his canopy of mosquito net, trying to realize what change had come to him. Then he remembered. His old friend had returned. New friends had come into his life and welcomed him kindly. He was no longer lonely. As eager as a boy, he ran to the window. He had not been dreaming. In the harbor, lay the pretty yacht, the stately, white-hulled war-ship. The flag that drooped from the stern of each caused his throat to tighten, brought warm tears to his eyes, fresh resolve to his discouraged, troubled spirit. When he knelt beside his bed, his heart poured out his thanks in gratitude and gladness.

While he was dressing, a bluejacket brought a note from the admiral. It invited him to tea on board the war-ship, with the guests of the *Serapis*. His old friend added that he was coming to lunch with his consul, and wanted time reserved for a long talk. The consul agreed gladly. He was in holiday humor. The day promised to repeat the good moments of the night previous.

At nine o'clock, through the open door of the consulate, Marshall saw Aiken, the wireless operator, signalling from the wharf excitedly to the yacht, and a boat leave the ship and return. Almost immediately the launch, carrying several passengers, again made the trip shoreward.

Half an hour later, Senator Hanley, Miss Cairns, and Livingstone came up the water front, and entering the consulate, seated themselves around Marshall's desk. Livingstone was sunk in melancholy. The senator, on the contrary, was smiling broadly. His manner was one of distinct relief. He greeted the consul with hearty good-humor.

"I'm ordered home!" he announced gleefully. Then, remembering the presence of Livingstone, he hastened to add: "I needn't say how sorry I am to give up my yachting trip, but orders are orders. The President," he explained to Marshall, "cables me this morning to come back and take my coat off."

The prospect, as a change from playing bridge on a pleasure boat, seemed far from depressing him.

"Those filibusters in the Senate," he continued genially, "are making trouble again. They think they've got me out of the way for another month, but they'll find they're wrong. When that bill comes up, they'll find me at the old stand and ready for business!" Marshall did not attempt to conceal his personal disappointment.

"I am so sorry you are leaving," he said; "selfishly sorry, I mean I'd hoped you all would be here for several days."

He looked inquiringly toward Livingstone.

"I understood the *Serapis* was disabled," he explained.

"She is," answered Hanley. "So's the *Raleigh*. At a pinch, the admiral might have stretched the regulations and carried me to Jamaica, but the *Raleigh's* engines are knocked about too. I've *got* to reach Kingston Thursday. The German boat leaves there Thursday for New York. At first it looked as though I couldn't do it, but we find that the Royal Mail is due to-day, and she can get me to Kingston Wednesday night. It's a great piece of luck. I wouldn't bother you with my troubles," the senator explained pleasantly, "but the agent of the Royal Mail here won't sell me a ticket until you've put your seal to this."

He extended a piece of printed paper.

As Hanley had been talking, the face of the consul had grown grave. He accepted the paper, but did not look at it. Instead,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he regarded the senator with troubled eyes. When he spoke, his tone was one of genuine concern.

"It is most unfortunate," he said. "But I am afraid the Royal Mail will not take you on board. Because of Las Bocas," he explained. "If we had only known!" he added remorsefully. "It is *most* unfortunate."

"Because of Las Bocas!" echoed Hanley. "You don't mean they'll refuse to take me to Jamaica because I spent half an hour at the end of a wharf, listening to a squeaky gramophone?"

"The trouble," explained Marshall, "is this: if they carried you, all the other passengers would be held in quarantine for ten days, and there are fines to pay, and there would be difficulties over the mails. But," he added hopefully, "maybe the regulations have been altered. I will see her captain, and tell him——"

"See her captain!" objected Hanley. "Why see the captain? He doesn't know I've been to that place. Why tell *him?* All I need is a clean bill of health from you. That's all HE wants. You have only to sign that paper."

Marshall regarded the senator with surprise.

"But I can't," he said.

"You can't? Why not?"

"Because it certifies to the fact that you have not visited Las Bocas. Unfortunately, you have visited Las Bocas."

The senator had been walking up and down the room. Now he seated himself, and stared at Marshall curiously.

"It's like this, Mr. Marshall," he began quietly. "The President desires my presence in Washington, thinks that I can be of some use to him there in helping carry out certain party measures—measures to which he pledged himself before his election. Down here, a British steamship line has laid down local rules which, in my case anyway, are ridiculous. The question is, are you going to be bound by the red tape of a ha'penny British colony, or by your oath to the President of the United States?"

The sophistry amused Marshall. He smiled good-naturedly, and shook his head.

"I'm afraid, Senator," he said, "that way of putting it is hardly fair. Unfortunately, the question is one of fact. I will explain to the captain——"

"You will explain nothing to the captain!" interrupted Hanley. "This is a matter which concerns no one but our two selves. I am not asking favors of steamboat captains. I am asking an American consul to assist an American citizen in trouble, and," he added, with heavy sarcasm, "incidentally, to carry out the wishes of his president."

Marshall regarded the senator with an expression of both surprise and disbelief.

"Are you asking me to put my name to what is not so?" he said. "Are you serious?"

"That paper, Mr. Marshall," returned Hanley steadily, "is a mere form, a piece of red tape. There's no more danger of my carrying the plague to Jamaica than of my carrying a dynamite bomb. You *know* that."

"I *do* know that," assented Marshall heartily. "I appreciate your position, and I regret it exceedingly. You are the innocent victim of a regulation which is a wise regulation, but which is most unfair to you. My own position," he added, "is not important, but you can believe me, it is not easy. It is certainly no pleasure for me, to be unable to help you."

Hanley was leaning forward, his hands on his knees, his eyes watching Marshall closely.

"Then you refuse?" he said. "Why?"

Marshall regarded the senator steadily. His manner was untroubled. The look he turned upon Hanley was one of grave disapproval.

"You know why," he answered quietly. "It is impossible."

In sudden anger Hanley rose. Marshall, who had been seated behind his desk, also rose. For a moment, in silence, the two men confronted each other. When Hanley spoke, his tone was harsh and threatening.

"Then I am to understand," he exclaimed, "that you refuse to carry out the wishes of a United States Senator and of the President of the United States?"

In front of Marshall, on his desk, was the little iron stamp of the consulate. Protectingly, almost caressingly, he laid his hand upon it.

"I refuse," he corrected, "to place the seal of this consulate on a lie."

There was a moment's pause. Miss Cairns, unwilling to remain, and unable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to withdraw, clasped her hands unhappily and stared at the floor. Livingstone exclaimed in indignant protest. Hanley moved a step nearer and, to emphasize what he said, tapped his knuckles on the desk. With the air of one confident of his advantage, he spoke slowly and softly.

"Do you appreciate," he asked, "that, while you may be of some importance down here in this fever-swamp, in Washington I am supposed to carry some weight? Do you appreciate that I am a senator from a State that numbers four millions of people, and that you are preventing me from serving those people?"

Marshall inclined his head gravely and politely.

"And I want you to appreciate," he said, "that while I have no weight at Washington, in this fever-swamp I have the honor to represent eighty millions of people, and as long as that consular sign is over my door I don't intend to prostitute it for *you*, or the President of the United States, or any one of those eighty millions."

Of the two men, the first to lower his eyes was Hanley. He laughed shortly, and walked to the door. There he turned, and indifferently, as though the incident no longer interested him, drew out his watch.

"Mr. Marshall," he said, "if the cable is working, I'll take your tin sign away from you by sunset."

For one of Marshall's traditions, to such a speech there was no answer save silence. He bowed and, apparently serene and undismayed, resumed his seat. From the contest, judging from the manner of each, it was Marshall, not Hanley, who had emerged victorious.

But Miss Cairns was not deceived. Under the unexpected blow, Marshall had turned older. His clear blue eyes had grown less alert, his broad shoulders seemed to stoop. In sympathy, her own eyes filled with sudden tears.

"What will you do?" she whispered.

"I don't know what I shall do," said Marshall simply. "I should have liked to have resigned. It's a prettier finish. After forty years—to be dismissed by cable is—it's a poor way of ending it."

Miss Cairns rose and walked to the door. There she turned and looked back.

"I am sorry," she said. And both understood that in saying no more than that she had best shown her sympathy.

An hour later the sympathy of Admiral Hardy was expressed more directly.

"If he comes on board my ship," roared that gentleman, "I'll push him down an ammunition hoist and break his damned neck!"

Marshall laughed delightedly. The loyalty of his old friend was never so welcome.

"You'll treat him with every courtesy," he said. "The only satisfaction he gets out of this is to see that he has hurt me. We will not give him that satisfaction."

But Marshall found that to conceal his wound was more difficult than he had anticipated. When, at tea time, on the deck of the war-ship, he again met Senator Hanley and the guests of the *Serapis*, he could not forget that his career had come to an end. There was much to remind him that this was so. He was made aware of it by the sad, sympathetic glances of the women; by their tactful courtesies; by the fact that Livingstone, anxious to propitiate Hanley, treated him rudely; by the sight of the young officers, each just starting upon a career of honor, and possible glory, as his career ended in humiliation; and by the big war-ship herself, that recalled certain crises when he had only to press a button and war-ships had flown to his aid.

At five o'clock there was an awkward moment. The Royal Mail boat, having taken on her cargo, pulled out of the harbor on her way to Jamaica, and dipped her colors. Senator Hanley, abandoned to his fate, observed her departure in silence.

Livingstone, hovering at his side, asked sympathetically:

"Have they answered your cable, sir?"

"They have," said Hanley gruffly.

"Was it—was it satisfactory?" pursued the diplomat.

"It *was*" said the senator, with emphasis.

Far from discouraged, Livingstone continued his inquiries.

"And when," he asked eagerly, "are you going to tell him?"

"Now!" said the senator.

The guests were leaving the ship. When all were seated in the admiral's steam launch, the admiral descended the accommodation ladder and himself picked up the tiller ropes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mr. Marshall," he called, "when I bring the launch broadside to the ship and stop her, you will stand ready to receive the consul's salute."

Involuntarily, Marshall uttered an exclamation of protest. He had forgotten that on leaving the war-ship, as consul, he was entitled to seven guns. Had he remembered, he would have insisted that the ceremony be omitted. He knew that the admiral wished to show his loyalty, knew that his old friend was now paying him this honor only as a rebuke to Hanley. But the ceremony was no longer an honor. Hanley had made of it a mockery. It served only to emphasize what had been taken from him. But, without a scene, it now was too late to avoid it. The first of the seven guns had roared from the bow, and, as often he had stood before, as never he would so stand again, Marshall took his place at the gangway of the launch. His eyes were fixed on the flag, his gray head was uncovered, his hat was pressed above his heart.

For the first time since Hanley had left the consulate, he fell into a sudden terror lest he might give way to his emotions. Indignant at the thought, he held himself erect. His face was set like a mask, his eyes were untroubled. He was determined they should not see that he was suffering.

Another gun spat out a burst of white smoke, a stab of flame. There was an echoing roar. Another and another followed. Marshall counted seven, and then, with a bow to the admiral, backed from the gangway.

And then another gun shattered the hot, heavy silence. Marshall, confused, embarrassed, assuming he had counted wrong, hastily returned to his place. But again before he could leave it, in savage haste a ninth gun roared out its greeting. He could not still be mistaken. He turned appealingly to his friend. The eyes of the admiral were fixed upon the war-ship. Again a gun shattered the silence. Was it a jest? Were they laughing at him? Marshall flushed miserably. He gave a swift glance toward the others. They were smiling. Then it *was* a jest. Behind his back, something of which they all were cognizant was going forward. The face of Livingstone alone betrayed a like bewilderment to his own. But the others, who knew, were mocking him.

For the thirteenth time a gun shook the brooding swamp land of Porto Banos. And then, and not until then, did the flag crawl slowly from the mast-head. Mary Cairns broke the tenseness by bursting into tears. But Marshall saw that every one else, save she and Livingstone, were still smiling. Even the bluejackets in charge of the launch were grinning at him. He was beset by smiling faces. And then from the war-ship, unchecked, came, against all regulations, three long, splendid cheers.

Marshall felt his lips quivering, the warm tears forcing their way to his eyes. He turned beseechingly to his friend. His voice trembled.

"Charles," he begged, "are they laughing at me?"

Eagerly, before the other could answer, Senator Hanley tossed his cigar into the water and, scrambling forward, seized Marshall by the hand.

"Mr. Marshall," he cried, "our President has great faith in Abraham Lincoln's judgment of men. And this salute means that this morning he appointed you our new minister to the Hague. I'm one of those politicians who keeps his word. I TOLD you I'd take your tin sign away from you by sunset. I've done it!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STRANGER'S PEW

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATION BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THE church-bells were ringing loudly, and the bells of St. ——'s Church were giving forth a particularly deep and resonant tone, which set the frosty morning air to throbbing. It was a fine chime, and the parishioners were justly proud of it. The tune the bells rang now was, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The broad street on which the church faced was full of shining vehicles: automobiles, with fur-clad chauffeurs, and carriages with well-groomed horses prancing in the chill air. The sidewalks, which in the sunshine were covered with a sort of slush from the now melting snow, were alive with well-dressed men and richly dressed ladies who moved decorously toward the handsome stone portal, above which carven saints, who had lived holy lives, stood in stony repose. With solemn mien the worshippers entered, exchanging salutations or bits of news with acquaintances, bowing to the bowing vergers, who obsequiously showed them up the dim aisles to their seats in cushioned pews, where they settled themselves with an air of satisfaction. Each pew contained a plate or card engraved with the name of the owner.

As the congregation passed in, off to one side, in a shadow beneath the gargoyles, which, with satanic rage graved in their stone faces, appeared as if trying to spring down from the eaves on the heads of the church-goers, stood a person gravely observing those who entered the church. His garb was poor and he was manifestly a stranger in that section. He had come immediately from the lower part of the town where, a little while before, he might have been found in a group about a rusty street-preacher, whose husky voice, as he tried to tell the throng about him of heaven and the kingdom of God, appeared to excite their amusement. Oaths and foul language were freely passed among them; yet when the preacher ended, a few of them moved off with serious faces, and one or two of them stopped and offered their pennies to a blind beggar working at a wheezy accordion. The stranger joined the preacher and walked away with him as if they had been friends, and when he left him he turned toward St. ——'s, whose bells were just beginning to peal. He accosted one of the passers-by and inquired, "Whose church is this?" "This is Doctor ———'s church," said the gentleman as he passed on. The stranger moved a little away—out of the shadow to where the sunlight fell, and looked long and curiously at the building. Another person

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he passed him and followed his glance said, "A fine church. It's the finest in the city." The stranger, however, did not appear to hear. He only shivered slightly. His worn clothing was so thin as to appear wholly unsuitable to the winter temperature, and his shoes showed his bare feet through their gaping sides. His face was grave, and marked is if by want or sorrow. His eyes, deep sunken as with care, were habitually cast down, and his shoulders stooped as though he had long borne heavy burdens. He might, but for his gentle expression, have been a workman out of work, who had known better days, but his countenance, as he talked to some little children who had stopped by him, was kind and gentle, and had something childlike in it. As he stood talking with and enjoying them, a number of the church-goers observed him and, after a consultation, one turned back and said something to the children in a commanding voice, at which they started and ran off, looking back, now at the stranger and now at the gentleman, who still remained in sight as if to see that his orders were obeyed. The stranger too gazed after the children, as if in a sort of pleasant dream. From this he was aroused by another church-goer with an official mien, who, after a casual glance at him, paused at the threshold and then turned back. In his gloved hand he carried a small gold-headed cane, as fine as a reed, with which he pointed at the stranger as he approached him, and called in a tone of authority, "Don't hang around the church— Go on." So the stranger kept on until he had crossed the street when he turned just in time to see the gentleman enter the church. As the latter passed a bowing usher he paused to say, "I am expecting friends in my pew today—Lord and Lady —— (the name was lost), so do not show any strangers to it". The usher bowed. Close on his heels came another who said, "No strangers in my pew, they annoy me." "Yes, sir," bowed the usher. At that moment a poor woman, dressed like a widow, in a thin, shabby, black dress, long worn threadbare, and with shoes old and broken, passed by, and entering the church stood in the aisle just within the door, timidly waiting to be allowed to sit down in one of the empty pews. The official-looking gentleman passed her, apparently without looking at her; but as he passed a verger he said to him, with a jerk of the head, "Give her a seat; don't let people block up the aisles." The verger turned back and said to the woman, in the same tone the other had used, "Sit there, and don't block up the aisle." He indicated a seat in a pew near the door, and she sat down coughing. Her cough was bad, and it appeared to irritate the verger. Every time he returned from showing someone to his pew he kept looking at her with an expression of disapproval, and presently he walked up to her and said, "You had better sit in that side-pew. Perhaps you will not cough so much there." He pointed to the first pew at the side, under a gallery. The widow thanked him, and, trying to stifle her cough, moved to the other seat.

A little later the sound of the processional came through the closed door, and the stranger, outside, returned to the church, and, as if half-timidly, entered the vestibule by a door beside the main entrance. The vestibule was empty. He stopped long enough to read the inscription on a memorial tablet, declaring that the church was erected to the glory of God, and in memory of someone whose name was almost indecipherable. Then he glanced at the list of pew-holders, in a gilded frame, containing many names, though there was still room for others. He tried to open the heavy middle door, but it appeared to have caught fast; for a drop of blood trickled down as he stopped and gazed around. Finally, after some apparent irresolution, he entered the church by a small door at the side of the vestibule. The church was a large one and very richly ornamented. The fine, stained-glass windows represented a number of scenes taken from Bible history, most of them, indeed, from the life of our Lord—there was the annunciation; the scene in the stable at Bethlehem; the healing of Jairus's daughter; the raising of Lazarus; and over the high altar, on which burned brightly a number of candles, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. The church was so large that even with the congregation that had entered, many of the pews were yet unoccupied. In one or two of them was a card bearing the word, "Reserved." The congregation was praying as he entered—at least, some were; the priest was reading a confession, and they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

following the words, some as they gazed around, others with bowed heads. Near the door in pews were a few shabbily-dressed persons.

After a glance of interest at the windows, followed by a moment of irresolution, the stranger moved up to where gaped a number of empty pews; but even in the dusk of the church the eye of a verger was too sharp for him, and as he started to take his seat the verger, with a gesture and a low word, halted him. "These pews are all taken—you must stand till after the second lesson." He indicated the open space near the door, and the stranger, as if abashed, moved haltingly back. It was the first time he had showed a lameness. He stood near the door while the service proceeded, and listened to the fine choir singing and chanting to the strains of a great organ, wonderfully played. Once or twice vergers came silently down the aisle, when some one of the congregation entered late, and rather scowled at him for standing in the way. But when the "second lesson" was ended, the verger either forgot the stranger, or missed him; so he continued to stand, though from his expression he appeared to suffer from pain, and now and then shifted his pose wearily. Only once he smiled. It was when, after a telling notice of the needs of the parish by the white-robed priest, and a high tribute to the generosity of the people, a company of gentlemen in kid gloves passed down the aisles, with large silver platters, and took up the offertory, while the well-trained choir sang a voluntary of much intricacy—a part of which ran, "How beautiful are the feet of them who bring the glad tidings!" and as one of the collectors passed near him, the old woman in black, with the bad cough, tremblingly put in two cents. The collector wore a set and solemn expression of severe virtue, quite as he had done outside the church when he had ordered the little children off. But the stranger smiled at the old widow. The old woman caught his eye upon her and, moving up a little, made a place beside her which he took with a smile of thanks. As he passed the collector he reached out his hand over the plate, but whatever he put in it fell so softly as to make no sound. The collector turned without looking at him and placed his hand mechanically over the plate to press down the loose notes. Just then the choir ceased singing, the collectors formed in line and marched up the aisle, standing in a line while the collection was poured jingling from one plate into another. Then the priest received it, turned and marched to the altar, and while he held it aloft the congregation sang, "All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee." The old woman stood up, but could not sing; she only coughed.

When the service was over the congregation, fur-clad and cheery, poured out of the church, greeting each other with words or smiles somewhat measured, entered their luxurious vehicles, and drove off. The stranger in the pew near the door, with a smile of thanks as the poor widow, with her racking cough, passed quietly out, followed her and crossing the way stood for a moment in the shadow, as if observing the congregation; then, as the vestryman who had ordered him off before the service appeared, he turned and disappeared in the direction which the widow had taken toward the poorer part of the city. She was picking her way slowly along the sidewalk when she heard his voice, offering to help her along. Her shoes were old and worn in holes, and let in the icy water; but she appeared not to mind it. Her interest was in the stranger.

"Why, you are almost barefooted!" she exclaimed in a pitying voice.

"Not any more than you," he smiled.

"Why, your feet are actually bleeding!" she argued.

"Old hurts," he answered her. "The church was cold."

"Yes, it was cold near the door," she coughed. "You must come in and let me see what I can do for you."

He smiled his thanks.

"You must come in and let me make you a cup of hot—something, I will make up my fire at once." She was going to say "hot tea," but she remembered she was out of tea.

"A cup of water would do for me," said the stranger.

She was at her door now, and her hands were cold as she fumbled at the lock, and as she turned after entering to call him in, he had disappeared. She made her way up to her little, cold, back room and sat down, shivering and quite out of breath. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coal was out, so she could not make a fire, but she wrapped herself up as well as she could and presently forgot her cold and hunger in sleep.

As the official-looking man lifted his hand on his way home his wife said, "Why, your hand has blood on it!" He glanced at it with annoyance. "It must have come from that money. I thought that person's hand was bleeding."

"Whose?" demanded his wife.

"Oh, a stranger who was hanging around the church."

It was not long afterward that, in the poor part of the little town, in a very small and dingy house, and in a little back bedroom of that house, a sick woman lay dying. The doctor who had attended her, sent by a charity organization connected possibly with St. ——'s, had just left her side and stood on a little dark landing outside the door, which was slightly ajar, speaking in a professional tone to a white-habited nurse, who also had been furnished by the charity organization.

"Well, there is nothing further to be done," he said as he drew on his right glove.

"No, sir."

"How long did you say the coma has lasted?"

"All day."

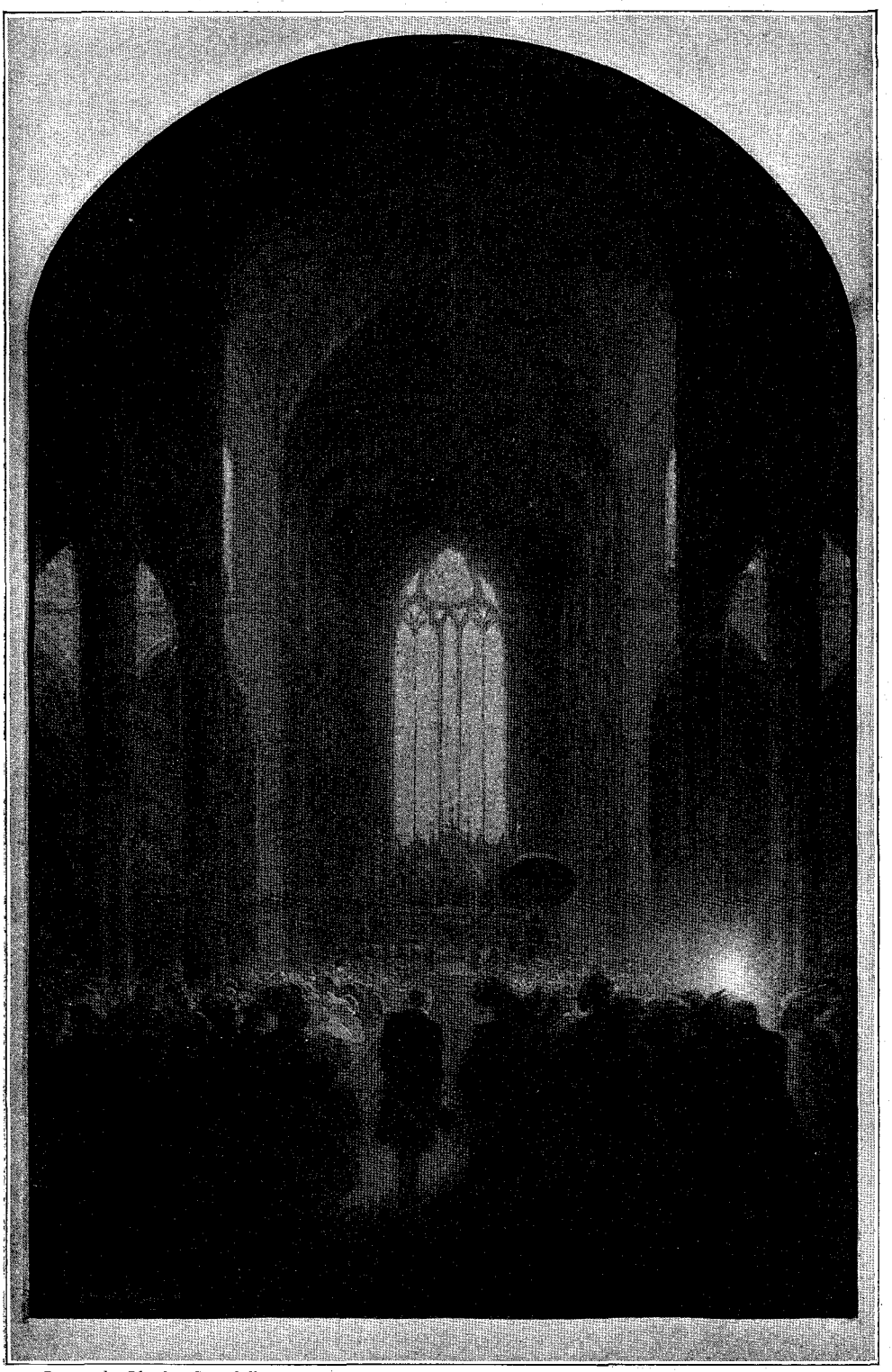
"She will not rally again; you know what to do when it is over?"

"Yes, sir." It was all professionally kind.

Just then a murmur came from the dying woman within, and the nurse, moved by professional instinct, stepped softly back to the bedside. Some change had taken place in the patient. Her worn face had changed. A new light had fallen on it. "He is coming!" she murmured. "Oh, the glory!—You!" she exclaimed. "You! —Lord— It was nothing— How beautiful are the feet!"

Her head turned slightly on the pillow, and a subtle smoothing came over her face. The doctor instinctively laid his hand on her. "She is gone," he said, "I knew she would." But he little knew how.

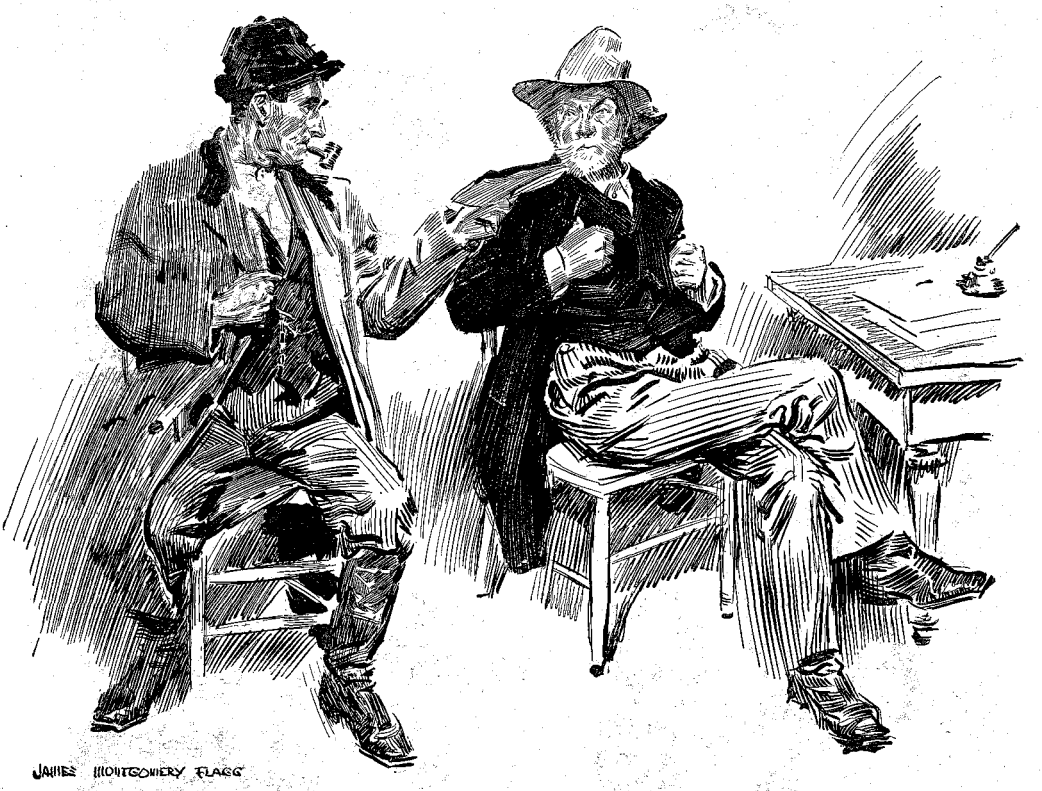
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Blendon Campbell.

The Stranger.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Is it good now?" he asked.

CHRISTMAS FOR BIG AME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE badge of office shone like a jewel in the hollow of his hand and ex-Marshal Hawkins was marshal again. His fingers trembled as he pinned it to the lapel of his coat, for it was the fortune of politics and no dereliction of duty that had wrested it from him. Indeed, during his previous term he had left but one duty and only one undone. He had tried hard, but Big Ame had winged him through the shoulder and had escaped. During the term of the marshal's successor, the giant moonshiner had been at liberty in the hills and it was characteristic of the marshal now that those fingers should at once pull forth from under the badge a time-stained warrant that was yet unserved.

"Is it good now?" he asked. The deputy collector smiled:

"Perfectly."

It was also characteristic of Marshal Hawkins that he should at once turn without a word, saddle his horse, and within half an hour be on his way to the fastnesses wherein the big moonshiner had found safety so long. Against Big Ame he had no personal animosity at all. It had been his duty to bring the law-breaker to justice—it had been the law-breaker's privilege to resist; and, moreover, it had been an open fight between the two and Big Ame had sought no mean advantage, but when he had the marshal at his mercy had not only gone his way but had sent his prostrate foe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assistance from the nearest house. The whole matter had been business pure and simple, and, therefore, during the marshal's temporary retirement from office he had left the mountaineer alone, and his successor, by the way, had for different reasons followed his example with the utmost care: and thus it was that the marshal knew not whether the mountaineer was alive or dead. But that mattered not, for the marshal knew with his own eyes Big Ame's guilt, a duty was undone, and the statute of limitations played no part. On the first day Marshal Hawkins learned that Big Ame was very much alive. He asked no question except where the mountaineer was, and then he started for him. At dusk of the second day he was lost in a snow-storm taking a short cut through some fastnesses, and he simply got off his horse and went downward, stumbling, falling, cursing, until a light shone from a little cabin on the bank of a little creek, inhabited by a one-armed mountaineer and his big, soft-voiced, kind-faced wife. An hour later he had his horse in a stable, his belly full of beans and bacon, a pipe in his mouth, his feet to a huge fire, and the old woman was talking:

"I can show ye ter-morrow right from the door thar the smoke a-quilin' from Big Ame's house," she said—and then Marshal Hawkins's eye fell on the front page of the county paper and on the date thereon and he stared. Then he smiled rather grimly. That night was Christmas eve and next day the marshal and Big Ame would, one or the other, make one or the other a Christmas present of himself.

II

On and on the old woman talked:

"Melisse, ye know, was Jim Phillips's gal. Ole Jim kept store down at the cross-roads on Hog Branch o' Little River—as hard-fisted a ole feller as ever you see, but he did give *one* big dance. Thar was a whole passel o' boys an' gals thar, an' a drummer-man was a-stayin' all night at Jim's an' of co'se he was thar too. Thar wasn't no gal thar like Melisse an' the boys was a-swarmin' aroun' her like bees on a tree full o' apple blossoms, an' Big Ame was a-takin' her fust from one feller an' then from another, an' Melisse was a-throwin' them snappin' black eyes o' hers right an' left an' a-stirrin' up all the devilment she could. By an' by that drummer-man begun to shake his foot some. Thar wasn't nobody who could ever tech Melisse in these mountains when hit come to dancin', an' the drummer-man, they tell me, cut powerful pigeon wings hisself. At any rate hit wasn't long afore he had all the boys a-glowerin' at him an' Big Ame a-grittin' his teeth an' a-sulkin' and cussin' in a corner, an' if hit hadn't 'a' been fer ole Jim I reckon Big Ame would 'a' jumped that drummer-man that very night, an'," said the old woman calmly, "I wish to God he had!"

Marshal Hawkins began to recall that while he was wounded in bed he had heard of that dance in connection with Big Ame, but, on account of the fever, doubtless, his memory was now vague. He was interested straightway, but he had no need to ask questions. The old woman went on:

"Well, atter everybody had gone, the drummer-man sot up with Melisse a while and ole Jim, who was a-doin' a lot o' business with the feller, let 'em alone. An' the drummer-man tol' Melisse he'd never seed sech dancin' as Melisse done that night, an' that hit was a sin an' shame fer her to be a-wastin' her life up thar in the mountains when she could go down to Norfolk an' he'd git her some dancin' to do an' she'd make mebby twenty dollars a month. An' Melisse naturely got all flustered an' says:

"'But I hain't got the means,' an' the drummer-man says:

"'Don't you bother about that. You just meet me at the cross-roads at crack o' day an' I'll take ye down to the railroad in my hack.'

"Well, Melisse wasn't at home all next day. She didn't come home to dinner ner supper an' ole Jim jes thought she was a-stayin' all night with her married sister, but the next mornin' he got uneasy an' rid down an' Melisse hadn't been thar! Well, sir, she didn't come home that night ner the next ner the next, an' everybody was out a-sarchin' fer her, a-seinin' the cricks, an' a-lookin' to see if she had fell off a cliff somewhar or had got lost in the woods, but no Melisse nowhar! Big Ame was most distracted, an' when he couldn't find Melisse he got to droopin' an' drinkin' an' laid quiled up blind drunk in a fence corner fer a week jes a-gnashin' his teeth an' a-clenchin' his fists. By an' by the mail-carrier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He marched straight up to ole Jim's porch, still holdin' the baby."—Page 693.

brung back word that he'd seen Melisse down in the Big Settlement jes as she was gittin' on a train—with the drummer-man! Well, thar was a powerful lot o' talk an' yit Big Ame nuver spoke nary a word to nobody; but purty soon it was norated aroun' that he had sold his pa'r of steers an' his still an' a little passel of sheep he was pasturin' on top o' the mountain, an' the fust thing we knowed Big Ame was gone, too, aimin', he said, nuver to come back hisself ontil he'd found Melisse an' brought her back home."

The old woman rose to put a fresh stick of wood on the fire. Marshal Hawkins said nothing but he was puffing more and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more fiercely on his pipe as the story went on. His predecessor had not lied then, as he suspected, when he claimed that he could not find Big Ame because the latter had left for parts unknown; but of one fact the marshal still felt sure: that predecessor was glad Big Ame was gone and he had never tried to learn if the moonshiner had ever come back again.

"Of co'se," the old woman went on, "some folks lowed as how he was a-leavin' on account o' shootin' a low-down revenue named Hawkins, but I knowed better'n that." The marshal started so suddenly that the old woman looked around, but, subduing a chuckle, he recovered himself quickly.

"Did he fetch her back?" he asked.

The old woman poked the fire, lit her own clay pipe with a living coal, spat once into the ashes, and sat down. "Well, sir, nobody ever heerd a word o' Melisse or Big Ame fer nigh on to a year, an' then one day a letter come from Big Ame hisself signed with his mark. Big Ame had found Melisse. He found her in one o' them horspitals down in Norfolk. He never said nothin' bout the drummer-man, but one o' them unfortunate accidents as sometimes happens to young women had happened to Melisse an' Big Ame allowed in his letter that he was aimin' to bring Melisse an' her baby home! Well, mebby tongues didn't wag! Ole Jim, Melisse's daddy, 'lowed as how she'd ma le her bed an' now she could lay on it, an' one feller said one thing an t'other another, some agin Melisse an' some fer her, while hit looked like all the women folks was plum' agin her all around.

"Well, they come, an' might' nigh the whole country, I reckon, was down thar at ole Jim's store to see that hack come in. An' when it come thar was Melisse a-settin' in it, puny, pale-like, an' her eyes deepsot an' big an' onnatural, an' thar was Big Ame with the baby in his arms! An' Big Ame got out an' he marched straight up to ole Jim's porch, still holdin' the baby an' Melisse follerin' him, an' he says to ole Jim:

"'You air goin' to take keer of 'em fer a spell—hit won't be long.' An' ole Jim was so plum' flustered he couldn't open his mouth, an' Big Ame handed Melisse the baby an' started straight fer that ole tumbledown shanty down thar in the holler whar he used to live. He never said nothin' to nobody, but from sunup to sundown I could heer his axe a-choppin' an' his hammer a-goin' an' every night folks seed Melisse on ole Jim's porch an' Big Ame a-settin' by her with that baby in his arms. Seemed like Big Ame was a-losin' his self-respect an' all shame, an' one day I meets him in the road an' I says:

"'Big Ame, do you mean to tell me you air goin' to take up with that—' I didn't get no furder fer Big Ame's blazin' eyes made my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, as the Scripture says—right then and thar.

"'Miz Bolton,' he says, 'don't—you—say—nary—one—word—agin—Melisse!' An' he was so solemn I was plum' skeered to death. 'I gives warnin', he says, 'to every human in these mountains never to say one word agin that gal; an' ef thar's even a woman or child that opens his mouth, I'm a-goin' fer that child's daddy or that woman's husband, an' one of us two has got to die. I've never loved nobody but Melisse I love her jes the same now, and I'd ruther see the rest of the world dead an' buried than any more harm a-comin' to Melisse. Tain't her fault and tain't her baby's, an' *I'm a-goin' to marry Melisse.*'

"Well, sir, my tongue was stuck tight fer the fust time in my life, but I didn't lose no time spreadin' them words o' Big Ame's aroun', an' the fust thing I heerd was as how somebody heerd the squire a-sayin' to Big Ame: 'Thar ain't no law agin your marryin' Melisse ner agin her marryin' you. You go git a pa'r o' licenses an' I'll stand behind ye.' An' then hit wasn't long before I heerd as how this man an' that was a-sneakin' down to help Big Ame fix up his house, an' as how Melisse's daddy said he reckoned, atter all, hit was the best way outen it. Then the fust thing I knowed some folks was a-goin' fer ole Jim fer lookin' at it that a-way. An' I got to studyin' an' studyin', an' afore I knowed what I was a-doin' I was up in the loft pullin' out a feather tick an' a-wonderin' if I couldn't git along with two cheers less, seein' as my children was all married an' 'twasn't likely no more would be comin' along. So I took 'em all down to Big Ame's, an' purty soon this woman an' that sent fust one thing an' then another, an' by the time the day come

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He pulled from his coat pocket the time-stained warrant, slowly tore it into bits, and tossed them to the wind.—Page 695.

fer the weddin' that ole shack o' Big Ame's was chuck full o' as many things as I ever knowed any couple in these mountains to git.

"Well, sir, the infair come an' ever'body come, an' Melisse couldn't do nothin' but cry. She throwed her arms aroun' my neck an' wept, she even throwed her arms aroun' that ole cat Miz Sallie Bond's neck, an' every woman thar was a-blubberin' like a passel o' children, ontil one o' the men jes ups an' says:

"'Here, folks, this ain't no funeral—this is a weddin'!' An' he pulled out a bot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tle an' most everybody took a dram—men and women. An' then I tell ye thar was dancin' an' my, what a time!"

The old woman paused and put her apron to her eyes. The marshal's pipe had gone out. He coughed and, rising, knocked the ashes from it and aimlessly sat down again.

"Yes, sir, they be about as happy as any two people I ever see. Big Ame has been workin' like a dog ever since. Ole Jim got ashamed o' hisself an' give him a little passel o' sheep. One man sent him a steer an' tol' him he could pay fer him when he got damned good an' ready—them was his very words, an' Big Ame got him another steer somehow an' he swore an oath that he would never make another drop o' moonshine as long as he lived. Melisse got stout an' healthy an' rosy an' smilin' right away, an' any time ye go by thar atter Big Ame's day's work is done, ye can see him settin' in the porch with that baby in his arms an' Melisse inside gittin supper fer him. Ye never would know that that baby wasn't Big Ame's own child, an' I reckon it won't be long afore Big Ame does have one o' his own. Thar's plenty o' time. I never seed sech a change in a man as thar is in Big Ame. Folks goes to him now to settle their quarrels, an' ef they could I do reckon folks 'ud make him presidint."

It was time to "lay down." Through the falling snow Marshal Hawkins went down to the stable to see his horse. When he got back to the porch, he turned to look down into the cove. For a moment, the moon, floating through a clear space between two flying clouds, lit the world as with a flashing smile from on high and he could see the smoke rising from Big Ame's cabin. As he threw back the lapel of his coat, the door opened behind him and the old woman's startled eyes caught the badge shining on his waistcoat.

"It's all right, mother," he said gently, and he pulled from his coat pocket the time-stained warrant, slowly tore it into bits, and tossed them to the wind. And Big Ame's Christmas sped down with the feathery flakes toward the cabin in the snowy depths below.

THE RHYTHM

By G. E. Woodberry

THE rhythm of beauty beat in my blood all day;
The rhythm of passion beat in my blood all night;
The morning came, and it seemed the end of the world.

Day, thou wast so beautiful I held my breath from song!
Night, how passion-wild thy throb, how voiceless, O how strong!
The night was not more lonely than the day;—
But death-deep was the glimmer of the snow-dawn far away.

I remember the throb of beauty that caught my throat from song,
And the wilder throb when passion held me voiceless the night long;
And life with speed gone silent swept to its seas untold;—
But O, the death-white glory on the pale height far and cold!

When passion gives beauty yet one day more the rapture of my breath,
Ever a luminous silence comes dawn, and the chill more cold than death;
But rhythm to rhythm, deep unto deep, through the years my spirit is hurled,
As when that morning on Etna came, and it seemed the end of the world.

This is it to be immortal, O Life found death after death,
From the deep of passion and beauty to draw the infinite breath,
To be borne through the throb and the throe and the sinking heart of strife,
And to find in the trough one more billow of thy infinite rhythm, O Life!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DICKENS'S CHILDREN

FOUR DRAWINGS

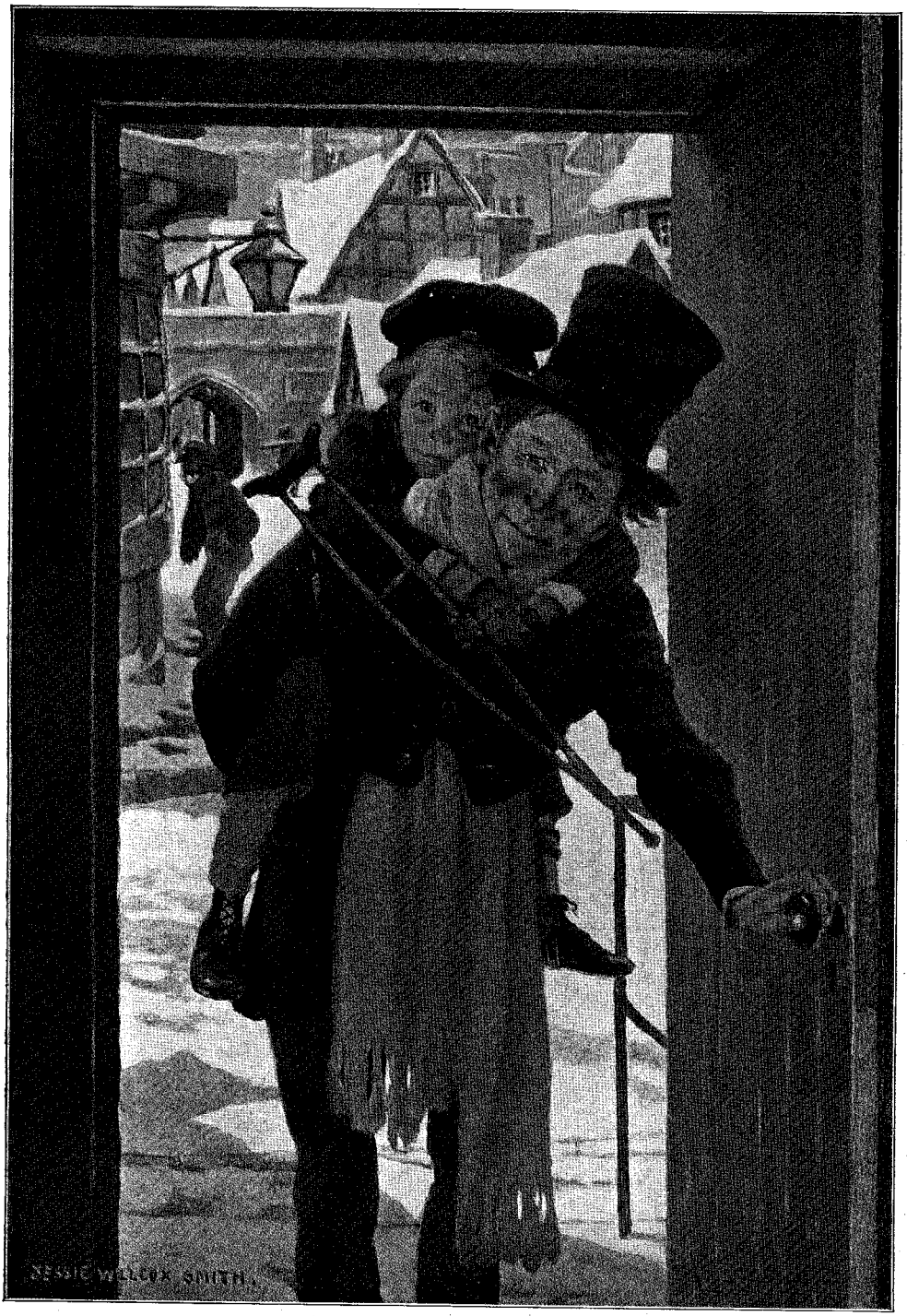
BY

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

TINY TIM AND BOB CRATCHIT ON CHRISTMAS DAY

In came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND PEGGOTTY BY THE PARLOUR FIRE

"Peggotty," says I, suddenly, "were you ever married?"

"Lord, Master Davy," replied Peggotty, "what put marriage in your head?"

She answered with such a start that it quite woke me. . . .

"But *were* you ever married, Peggotty?" says I. "You are a very handsome woman, an't you?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAUL DOMBEY AND FLORENCE ON THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON

His favourite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER AT MRS. JARLEY'S

"Set 'em out near the hind wheels, child, that's the best place"—said their friend superintending the arrangements from above. "And now hand up the teapot for a little more hot water, and a pinch of fresh tea, and then both of you eat and drink as much as you can, and don't spare anything; that's all I ask of you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

But it was the Colonel who took possession of her when she reached the floor of the great hall.—Page 708.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

III

MOORLANDS was ablaze!

From the great entrance gate flanked by moss-stained brick posts capped with stone balls, up the avenue of oaks to the wide portico leading to the great hall and spacious rooms, was one continuous glare of light. All along the great driveway, between the tree-trunks, crackled torches of pine knots, the flare of their curling flames bringing into high relief the black faces of innumerable field-hands from the Rutter and neighboring plantations, lined up on either side of the gravel road—teeth and eyeballs flashing white against the blackness of the night. On the porches hung festoons of lanterns of every conceivable form and color, while inside the wide baronial hall, and in the great drawing-room with the apartments beyond, the light of countless candles, clustered together in silver candelabra, shed a soft glow over the groups of waiting guests.

To-night Colonel Talbot Rutter of Moorlands direct descendant of the house of De Ruyters, with an ancestry dating back to the Spanish Invasion, was to bid official welcome to a daughter of the house of Seymour, equally distinguished by flood and field in the service of its king. These two—God be thanked—loved each other, and now that the young heir to Moorlands was to bring home his affianced bride, soon to become his wedded wife, no honor could be too great, no expense be too lavish, no welcome too joyful.

Moreover, that this young princess of the blood might be accorded all the honors due her birth, lineage, and rank, the colonel's own coach-and-four, with two postilions and old Matthew on the box—twenty years in the service—his whip tied with forget-me-nots, the horses' ears streaming with white ribbons—each flank as smooth as satin and each panel bright as a mirror—had been trundled off to Kennedy Square, there to receive the fairest of all her daughters, together with such other members of her royal suite—including His Supreme Excellency the Honorable Prim—not forgetting, of course, Kate's old black mammy, Henny, who was as much a part of the fair lady's belongings when she went afield, as her ostrich plume fan, her white gloves, or the wee slippers which covered her enchanting feet.

Every detail of harness, wheel, and brake—even the horn itself—had passed under the colonel's personal supervision; Matthew on the box straight as a hitching post and bursting with pride, reins gathered, whip balanced, the leaders steady and the wheel horses in line. Then the word had been given, and away they had swept round the circle and so on down the long avenue to the outer gate and Kennedy Square. Ten miles an hour were the colonel's orders and ten miles an hour must Matthew make, including the loading and unloading of his fair passenger and her companions, or there would be the devil to pay on his return.

And the inside of the house presented no less a welcome. Drawn up in the wide hall, under the direct command of old Alec, were the house servants;—mulatto maids in caps—snuff-colored second butlers in livery, jet black mammies in new bandannas and white aprons—all in a flutter of excitement, and each one determined to get the first glimpse of Marse Harry's young lady, no matter at what risk.

Old Alec was a veritable joy to look upon. Marse Harry was the apple of his eye, and had been ever since the day of his birth. He had carried him on his back when a boy—had taught him to fish and hunt and to ride to hounds; had nursed him when he fell ill at the University in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

college days, and would gladly have laid down his life for him had any such necessity arisen. To-night, in honor of the occasion, he wore a new bottle-green coat with shiny brass buttons, white waistcoat, white gloves three sizes too big for him, and a huge white cravat flaring out almost to the tips of his ears. Nothing was too good for Alec—so his mistress thought. Not only was he the ideal servant of the old school, but he was the pivot on which the whole establishment moved. If a particular brand or vintage was needed, or a key was missing, or had a hair trunk, or a pair of spurs, or last week's Miscellany, gone astray—or even had his mistress's spectacles been mislaid—Alec could put his hand upon each and every item in so short a space of time that the loser was convinced the old man had hidden them on purpose, to enjoy their refinding. Moorlands without old Alec would have been a wheel without a hub. About him everything revolved.

Furthermore,—and this was the best part of the programme,—Harry was to meet Kate at the outer gate (was there already—had been for an hour, so impatient was he)—supported by half a dozen of his young friends and hers—Dr. Teackle, Mark Gilbert, Langdon Willits, and one or two others—while Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Cheston, Mrs. Richard Horn, and a bevy of younger women and girls, were to welcome her with open arms the moment her dainty feet cleared the coach's step. This was the way princesses of the blood had been welcomed from time immemorial to palaces and castles high, and this was the way their beloved Kate was to make entry into the home of her lord.

Soon the flash of the coach lamps was seen outside the outer gates. Then there came the wind of a horn—a rollicking, rolling, gladsome sound, and in the wink of an eyelid every one was out on the portico straining their eyes, listening eagerly: never had Moorlands been so stirred. A joyous shout went up from the negroes lining the fences; from the groups about the steps and along the driveway.

"Here she comes!"

The leaders now pranced into view as they cleared the gate posts. There came a sudden pull-up; a postilion vaulted down, threw wide the coach door, and a young man sprang in. It was Harry! Snap!! Crack!! Toot—toot!!—and they were off again, heading straight for the waiting group. Another prolonged, winding note—louder—nearer—one of triumph this time!—a circling dash toward the porch crowded with guests—the reining in of panting leaders—the sudden gathering up of the wheel horses, back on their haunches—the coach door swung wide and out Kate steps—Harry's hand in hers, her old mammy behind, her father last of all.

"Oh, such a lovely drive!" she cried, "and it was so kind of you, dear colonel, to send for me!" She had come as a royal princess, but she was still our Kate. "Oh, it was splendid! And Matthew galloped most all the way. And you are all out here to meet me!" Here she kissed Harry's mother—"and you too, Uncle George—and Sue—Oh, how fine you all look!"—and with a courtesy and a joyous laugh she bent her beautiful head and stepped into the wide hall under the blaze of the clustered candles.

It was then that they caught their breaths, for certain it was that no such vision of beauty had ever before stood in the wide hall of Moorlands: her eyes shining like two stars above the rosy hue of her cheek; her skin like a shell, her throat and neck a lily in color and curves. And her poise—her gladsomeness, her joy at being alive and at finding everybody else alive; the way she moved and laughed and bent her pretty head; the ripples of gay laughter and the low-pitched tone of the warm greetings that fell from her lips!

No wonder Harry was bursting with pride—no wonder Langdon Willits heaved a deep sigh when he caught the glance that Kate flashed at Harry and went out on the porch to get a breath of fresh air; no wonder St. George's heart throbbed as he watched them both and thought how near all this happiness had come to being wrecked; no wonder the servants tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get a view of her face and gown, and no wonder, too, that the proud, haughty old colonel who ruled his house with a rod of iron, determined for the first time in his life to lay down the sceptre and let Kate and Harry have their way, no matter what they might take it into their two silly young heads to do.

And our young Lochinvar was fully her match in bearing, dress, and manners,—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every inch a prince and every inch a Rutter,—and with such grace of movement as he stepped beside her, that even punctilious, outspoken old Mrs. Cheston—who had forgiven him his escapade, and who was always laughing at what she called the pump-handle shakes of some of the underdone aristocrats about her, had to whisper to the nearest guest—"Watch Harry, my dear, if you would see how a thoroughbred manages his legs and arms when he wishes to do honor to a woman. Admirable!—charming! No young man of my time ever did better." And Mrs. Cheston knew, for she had hobnobbed with kings and queens, her husband having represented his government at the Court of St. James—a fact, however, which never prevented her from calling a spade a spade; nor was she ever very particular as to what the spade unearthed.

Yes—a very gallant and handsome young man was our prince as he handed Kate up the stairs on her way to the dressing-room, and looked it in his pearl-gray coat with buttons of silver, fluffy white silk scarf, high dog-eared collar, ivory white waistcoat, and tight-fitting trousers of nankeen yellow, held close to the pumps with invisible straps. And a very gallant and handsome young fellow he felt himself to be on this night of his triumph, and so thought Kate—in fact she had fallen in love with him over again—and so too did every one of the young girls who crowded about them, as well as the dominating, erect aristocrat of a father, and the anxious gentle mother, who worshipped the ground on which he walked.

Kate had noted every expression that crossed his face, absorbing him in one comprehensive glance as he stood in the full blaze of the candles, her gaze lingering on his mouth and laughing eyes and the soft sheen of his brown hair, its ends brushing the high velvet collar of his coat—and so on down his shapely body to his shapely feet. Never had she seen him so adorable—and he was all her own, and for life—that was the best of it! Was there ever such joy!

As for St. George Temple, who had never taken his eyes off them, he thought they were the goodliest pair the stars ever shone upon, and this his happiest night. There would be no more stumbling. Kate had the bridle well in hand—all she needed was a clear road, and that was ahead of both horse and rider.

"Makes your blood jump in your veins, just to look at them, doesn't it Talbot?" cried St. George to Harry's father when Kate disappeared—laying his hand as he spoke on the shoulder of the man with whom he had grown up from a boy. "Is there anything so good as the love of a good woman—the wise old prophet places her beyond the price of rubies."

"Only one thing, St. George—the love of a good man—one like yourself, you dear old fellow. And why the devil you haven't found that out years ago is more than I can understand. Here you are my age, and you might have had a Kate and Harry of your own by this time, and yet you live a stupid old——"

"No, I won't hear you talk so, colonel!" cried a bride of a year. "Uncle George is never stupid, and he couldn't be old. What would all these young girls do—what would I have done?" (another love affair with St. George as healer and mender!) "what would anybody have done without him? Come Miss Lavinia—do you hear the colonel abusing Uncle George because he isn't married? Speak up for him—it's wicked of you, colonel, to talk so."

Miss Lavinia Clendenning, who was one of St. George's very own, in spite of her forty-odd years—threw back her head until the feathers in her slightly gray hair shook defiantly:

"No—I won't say a word for him, Sue. I've given him up forever. He's a disgrace to everybody who knows him."

"Oh, you renegade!" exclaimed St. George in mock alarm.

"Yes—a positive disgrace! He'll never marry anybody, Sue, until he marries me. I've begged him on my knees until I'm tired, to name the day, and he won't! Just like all you shiftless Virginians, sir—never know when to make up your minds."

"But you threw me over, Lavinia, and broke my heart," laughed Temple with a low bow, both hands on his waistcoat in assumed humility.

"When?"

"Oh, twenty years ago."

"Oh, my goodness gracious! Of course I threw you over then;—you were just a baby in arms and I was old enough to be your mother—but now it's different. I'm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dying to get married and nobody wants me. If you were a Marylander instead of a worthless Virginian, you would have asked me a hundred times and kept on asking until I gave in. Now it's too late. I always intended to give in, but you were so stupid you couldn't or wouldn't understand."

"It's never too late to mend, Lavinia," he pleaded with hands extended.

"It's too late to mend you, St. George! You are cracked all over, and as for me—I'm ready to fall to pieces any minute. I'm all tied up now with corset laces and stays and goodness knows what else. No—I'm done with you."

While this merry badinage was going on, the young people crowding the closer so as not to lose a word, or making room for the constant stream of fresh arrivals on their way toward the dressing-rooms above, their eyes now and then searching the top of the stairs in the hope of getting the first glimpse of Kate, our heroine was receiving the final touches from her old black mammy. It took many minutes—the curl must be adjusted, the full skirts pulled out or shaken loose, the rare jewels arranged before she was dismissed with—"Dah, honey chile, now go-long. Ain't nary one on 'em ain't pizen hongry for ye—an' mos' on 'em 'll drown derselves fo' mawnin' becos they can't git ye."

She is ready now, Harry beside her, her lace scarf embroidered with pink rosebuds floating from her lovely shoulders, her satin skirt held in both hands that she might step the freer, her dainty silk stockings with the ribbons crossed about her ankles showing below its edge.

But it was the colonel who took possession of her when she reached the floor of the great hall, and not her father nor her lover.

"No, Harry—stand aside, sir. Out with you! Kate goes in with me! Seymour, please give your arm to Mrs. Rutter." And with the manner of a courtier leading a princess into the presence of her sovereign, the two passed into the spacious drawing-room already crowded with guests.

It was a great ball and it was a great ball-room—in spaciousness, color, and appointments. No one had ever dreamed of its possibilities before, although everybody knew it was the largest in the county. The gentle hostess, with old Alec as head of the pulling-out-and-moving-off-department, had wrought the change. All the chairs, tables, sofas, and screens, little and big, had either been spirited away or pushed back against the wall for tired dancers. Over the wide floor was stretched a linen crash; from the ceiling and bracketed against the white walls, relieved here and there by long, silken curtains of gold-yellow, blazed clusters of candles, looking for all the world like so many bursting sky-rockets, while at one end, behind a mass of flowering plants, sat a quartette of musicians, led by an old darky with a cotton-batting head, who had come all the way from Philadelphia a-purpose.

Nor had the inner man been forgotten: bowls of hot apple toddy steamed away in the dining-room; bowls of eggnog were to be found in the library; ladlings of punch, and the contents of several old cut glass decanters, flanked by companies of pipe-stem glasses, were being served in the dressing-rooms; while relays of hot terrapin, canvas-back duck, sizzling hot; olio, cold joints;—together with every conceivable treatment and condition of oysters—in scallop shells, on silver platters and in wooden plates — raw, roasted, fried, broiled, baked, and stewed—everything in fact that could carry out the colonel's watchword—"Eat, drink, and be merry," were within the beck and call of each and every guest.

And there were to be no interludes of hunger and thirst if the host could help it. No dull pauses nor recesses, but one continued round lasting until midnight at which hour the final banquet in the dining-room was to be served, and the great surprise of the evening reached—the formal announcement of Harry and Kate's engagement, followed by the opening of the celebrated bottle of the Jefferson 1800 Monticello Madeira, recorked at his birth.

And there *were* no interludes. The fun began at once, a long line of merry talk and laughter following the wake of the procession, led by the host and Kate, the colonel signalling at last to the cotton-batting with the goggle spectacles, who at once struck up a polka and away they all went, Harry and Kate in the lead, the whole room in a whirl.

This over and the dancers out of breath, Goggles announced a quadrille—the colonel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and St. George helping to form the sets—then there had followed the schottische, then another polka until everybody was tired out, and then with one accord the young couples rushed from the hot room, hazy with the dust of lint from the linen crash, and stampeded for the cool wide stairs that led from the great hall. In summer the shadows on the vine-covered porch swallowed the lovers, but in winter the stairs were generally the trysting-place—and the top step the one most sought—because there was nobody behind to see. This was the roost for which Kate and Harry scampered, and there they intended to sit until the music struck up again.

"Oh, Kate, you precious darling, how lovely you look!" burst out Harry for the hundredth time when she had nestled down beside him—"and what a wonderful gown! I never saw that one before, did I?"

"No—you never have," she panted, her breath gone from her dance and the dash for the staircase. "It's my dear mother's dress, and her scarf too. I had very little done to it—only the skirt made wider. Isn't it soft and rich? Grandpa used to bring these satins from China."

"And the pearls—are they the ones you told me about?" He was adjusting them to her throat as he spoke—somehow he could not keep his hands from her.

"Yes—mother's jewels. Father got them out of his strong box for me this morning. He wanted me to wear them to-night. He says I can have them all now. She must have been very beautiful, Harry—and just think, dear—she was only a few years older than I am when she died. Sometimes when I wear her things and get to thinking about her, and remember how young and beautiful she was and how unhappy her life, it seems as if I must be unhappy myself—somehow as if it were not right to have all this happiness when she had none." There was a note of infinite pathos in her voice—a note one always heard when she spoke of her mother. Had Harry looked deeper into her eyes he would have found the edges of two tears trembling on their lids.

"She never was as beautiful as you, my darling—nobody ever was—nobody ever could be!" he cried, ignoring all allusion to her mother. Nothing else counted with the young fellow to-night—all he knew and cared for was that Kate was his very own, and that all the world would soon know it.

"That's because you love me, Harry. You have only to look at her portrait in father's room to see how exquisite she was. I can never be like her—never so gracious—so patient, no matter how hard I try."

He put his fingers on her lips: "I won't have you say it," he protested, devouring her with his eyes. "I won't let anybody say it. I could hardly speak when I saw you in the full light of the hall. It was so dark in the coach I didn't know how you looked, and I didn't care; I was so glad to get hold of you. But when your cloak slipped from your shoulders and you—Oh!—you darling Kate!" His eye caught the round of her throat and the taper of her lovely arm—"I am going to kiss you right here—I will—I don't care who——"

She threw up her hands with a little laugh. She liked him the better for daring, although she was afraid to succumb.

"No—*no*—Harry! They will see us—don't—you mustn't!"

"Mustn't what! I tell you, Kate, I am going to kiss you—I don't care what you say or who sees me. It's been a year since I kissed you in the coach—forty years—now you precious Kate—what difference does it make? I will, I tell you—no—don't turn your head away."

She was struggling feebly, her elbow across her face as a shield, meaning all the time to raise her lips to his, when her eyes fell on the figure of a young man making his way toward them. Instantly her back straightened.

"There's Langdon Willits, at the bottom of the stairs talking to Mark Gilbert," she whispered in dismay. "I wonder what he wants. See—he is coming up."

Harry gathered himself together and his face clouded. "I wish he was at the bottom of the sea," he echoed in a disappointed tone. "I don't like Willits—I never did. Neither does Uncle George. Besides, he's in love with you, and he always has been."

"What nonsense, Harry," she answered opening her fan and waving it slowly. She knew her lover was right—knew more indeed than her lover could ever know: she had used all the arts of which she was mistress to keep Willits from proposing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But he *is* in love with you," Harry insisted stiffly. "Won't he be fighting mad, though, when he hears father announce our engagement at supper?" Then some tone in her voice recalled that night on the sofa when she still held out against his pleading, and with it came the thought that while she could be persuaded she could never be driven. Instantly his voice changed to its most coaxing tones: "You won't dance with him, will you Kate darling? I can't bear to see you in anybody else's arms but my own."

She laid her hand on his wrist with a certain meaning in the pressure.

"Now don't be a goose, Harry. I must be polite to everybody, especially to-night—and you wouldn't have me otherwise."

"Yes, but not to him."

"But what difference does it make? You are too sensible not to understand, and I am too happy, anyway, to want to be rude to anybody. And then you should never be jealous of Langdon Willits."

"Well then, not a round dance, please, Kate." He dare not oppose her further. "I couldn't stand a round dance. I won't have his arm touch you, my darling." And he bent his cheek close to hers.

She looked at him from under her shadowed lids as she had looked at St. George when she greeted him at the foot of the stairs; a gleam of coquetry, of allurement, of joy shining through her glances like delicate antennæ searching to feel where her power lay. Should she venture, as her Uncle George had suggested, to take the reins in her own hands and guide this restive, mettlesome thoroughbred, or should she surrender to him? Then a certain mischievous coquetry possessed her. With a light, bubbling laugh she drew her cheek away.

"Yes, any kind of a dance that he or anybody else wants that I can give him," she burst out with a coquettish twist of her head, her eyes brimming with fun.

"But I'm on your card for every single dance," he demanded, his eyes again flashing. "Look at it—I filled it up myself," and he held up his own bit of pasteboard so she could read the list. "I tell you I won't have his arm around you!"

"Well, then, he shan't touch even the tips of my fingers, you dreadful Mr. Bluebeard." She had surrendered now. He was never so compelling as when determined to have his own way. Then her whole manner changed; she was again the sweetheart: "Don't let us bother about cards, my darling, or dances, or anything. Let us talk of how lovely it is to be together again. Don't you think so, Harry?" and she snuggled the closer to his arm, laying her soft cheek against his coat.

Before Harry could answer young Willits, who had been edging his way up the stairs two steps at a time, avoiding the skirts of the girls, reaching over the knees of the men as he clung to the hand-rail, stood before them.

"It's my next dance, Miss Kate, isn't it?" he asked eagerly, scanning her face—wondering why she looked so happy.

"What is it to be, Mr. Willits?" she rejoined in perfunctory tones, glancing at her own blank card hanging to her wrist: he was the last man in the world she wanted to see at this moment.

"The schottische, I think—yes, the schottische," he replied nervously, noticing her lack of warmth and not understanding the cause.

"Oh, I'm all out of breath—if you don't mind," she continued evasively, "we'll wait for the next one." She dared not invite him to sit down, knowing it would make Harry furious—and then again she couldn't stand one discordant note to-night—she was too blissfully happy.

"But the next one is mine," exclaimed Harry suddenly, examining his own dancing card. He had not shifted his position a hair's breadth, nor did he intend to—although he had been outwardly polite to the intruder.

"Yes—they'd all be yours, Harry, if you had your way," Willits remarked in a thin, dry tone—"but you mustn't forget that Miss Kate's free, white, and twenty-one, and she can do as she pleases."

Harry's lips straightened. He did not like Willits's manner and he was somewhat shocked at his expression; it seemed to smack more of the cabin than of the boudoir of a princess—especially a princess like his precious Kate. He noticed, too, that the young man's face was flushed and his utterance unusually rapid, and he knew what had caused it.

"They will be just what Miss Seymour wants them to be, Willits." The words

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came in hard, gritting tones through half-closed lips, and the tightening of his throat muscles. This phase of the Rutter blood was dangerous.

Kate was startled. Harry must not lose his self-control. There must be no misunderstanding on this the happiest night of her life.

"Yes," she said sweetly, with a gracious bend of her head—"but I do want to dance with Mr. Willits, only I don't know which one to give him."

"Then give me the Virginia reel, Miss Kate, the one that comes just before supper, and we can go all in together—you too, Harry," Willits insisted eagerly. "See, Miss Kate—your card is still empty," and he turned toward her the face of the one hanging to her wrist.

"No, never the reel, Kate, that is mine!" burst out Harry determinedly, as a final dismissal to Willits. He lowered his voice, and in a beseeching tone said—"Father's set his heart on our dancing the reel together—please don't give him the reel!"

Kate, intent on restoring harmony, arched her neck coyly, and said in her most bewitching tones—the notes of a robin after a shower: "Well, I can't tell yet, Mr. Willits, but you shall have one or the other; just leave it to me—either the reel or the schottische. We will talk it over when I come down."

"Then it's the reel, Miss Kate, is it not?" he cried ignoring Harry completely, backing away as he retraced his steps, a look of triumph on his face.

She shook her head at him but she did not answer. She wanted to get rid of him as quickly as possible. Willits had spoilt everything. She was so happy before he came, and Harry was so adorable. She wished now she had not drawn away her cheek when he tried to kiss her.

"Don't be angry, Harry dear," she pleaded coaxingly, determined to get her lover back once more. "He didn't mean anything—he only wanted to be polite."

"He didn't want to be polite," he retorted with some heat. "He meant to force himself in between us; that is what he meant, and he's always at it, every chance he gets. He tried it at Mrs. Cheston's the other night until I put a stop to it, but there's one thing certain—he'll stop it when our engagement is announced after supper, or I'll know the reason why."

Kate caught her breath. A new disturbing thought entered her mind. It was at Mrs. Cheston's that both Willits and Harry had misbehaved themselves and it was Harry's part in the sequel which she had forgiven. The least said about that night the better.

"But he is your guest, Harry," she urged at last, still determined to divert his thoughts from Willits and the loss of the dance—"*our* guest," she went on—"so is everybody else here to-night and we must do what everybody wants us to, not be selfish about it. Now, my darling—you couldn't be impolite to anybody—don't you know you couldn't? Mrs. Cheston calls you 'My Lord Chesterfield'—I heard her say so to-night."

"Yes, I know, Kate"—he softened—"that's what father said—but all the same I didn't want Willits invited, and it's only because father insisted that he's here. Of course, I'm going to be just as polite to him as I can, but even father would feel differently about him if he had heard what he said to you a minute ago."

"What did he say?" She knew, but she loved to hear him defend her. This, too, was a way out—in a minute he would be her old Harry again.

"I won't even repeat it," he answered doggedly.

"You mean about my being twenty-one? That was rather ungallant, wasn't it?"

Again that long look from under her eyelids—he would have succumbed at once could he have seen it.

"No, the other part of it. That's not the way to speak to a lady. That's what I dislike him for. He never was born a gentleman. He isn't a gentleman and never can be a gentleman."

Kate drew herself up—the unreasonableness of the objection jarred upon her: He had touched one of her tender spots—pride of birth was something she detested.

"Don't talk nonsense, Harry," she replied in a slightly impatient voice. Mood changes with our Kate were as unexpected as April showers. "What difference should it make to you or anybody else whether Langdon Willits's grandmother was a countess or a country girl, so she was honest and a lady?" Her head went up with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toss as she spoke, for this was one of Kate's pet theories.

"But he's not of my class, Kate, and he shouldn't be here. I told father so."

"Then make him one of your class," she answered stoutly, "if only for to-night, by being extra polite and courteous to him and never letting him feel that he is outside of what you call 'your class.' I like Mr. Willits, and have always liked him. He is invariably polite to me, and he can be very kind and sympathetic at times. Listen! they are calling us, and there goes the music —come along, darling—it's a schottische and we'll dance it together."

Harry sprang up, slipped his arm around Kate's waist, lifted her to her feet, and kissed her squarely on the mouth.

"There, you darling! and another one—two—three! Oh, you precious Kate! What do I care about Willits or any other red-headed lower county man that ever lived? He can have fifty grandmothers if he pleases and I won't say a word—kiss me again, my darling. Quick now, or we'll lose the dance," and, utterly oblivious as to whether any one had seen them or not, the two raced down the wide stairs.

IV

While all this gayety was going on in the ball-room another and equally joyous gathering was besieging the serving tables in the colonel's private den leading out of the larger supper room, where he kept his guns and shooting togs, and which had been pressed into service for this one night.

These thirsty gentlemen were of all ages, from the young men just entering society to the few wrinkled bald-pates whose legs had given out and who, therefore, preferred the colonel's Madeira and terrapin to the lighter pleasures of the dance.

In and out of the groups, his ruddy, handsome face radiant with the joy that welled up in his heart, moved St. George Temple. Never had he been in finer form or feather—never had he looked so well—(not all the clothes that Poole cut came to Moorlands). Something of the same glow filtered through him that he had felt on the night when the two lovers had settled their difficulties and he had swung back through the park at peace with all the world.

All this could be seen in the way he threw back his head smiling right and left; the way he moved his hands—using them as some men do words or their eyebrows—now uplifting them in surprise at the first glimpse of some unexpected face, his long delicate fingers outspread in exclamations of delight; now closing them tight when he had those of the new arrival in his grasp—now curving them, palms up, as he lifted to his lips the fingers of a *grande dame*. "Keep your eyes on St. George," whispered Mrs. Cheston, who never missed a point in friend or foe and whose fun at a festivity often lay in commenting on her neighbors, praise or blame being impartially mixed as her fancy was touched. "And by all means watch his hands, my dear. They are like the baton of an orchestra leader and tell the whole story. Only men whose blood and lineage, my dear, have earned them freedom from toil, or men whose brains throb clear to their finger tips, have such hands. Yes! St. George is very happy to-night, and I know why. He has something on his mind that he means to tell us later on."

Mrs. Cheston was right: she generally was—St. George did have something on his mind—something very particular on his mind—a little speech really which was a dead secret to everybody except prying Mr. Cheston—one which was to precede the uncorking of that wonderful old Madeira, and the final announcement of the engagement—a little speech in which he meant to refer to their two dear mothers when they were girls, recalling traits and episodes forgotten by most, but which from their loveliness had always lingered in his heart and memory.

Before this important event took place, however, there were some matters which he intended to look after himself, one of them being the bowl of punch and its contiguous beverages in the colonel's den. This seemed to be the storm centre to-night, and here he determined even at the risk of offending his host, to set up danger signals at the first puff of wind. The old fellows, if they chose, might empty innumerable ladles full of apple toddy or compounds of Santa Cruz rum and pineapples into their own persons, but not the younger bloods. His beloved Kate had suffered enough because of these roysterers. There should be one ball around Kennedy Square

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which everybody would behave themselves, and he did not intend to mince his words when the time came. He had discussed the matter with the colonel when the ball opened, but little encouragement came from that quarter.

"So far as these young sprigs are concerned, St. George," Rutter had flashed back, "they must look out for themselves. I can't curtail my hospitality to suit their babyships. As for Harry, you're only wasting your time. He is made of different stuff—it's not in his blood and couldn't be. Whatever else he may become he will never be a sot. Let him have his fling: once a Rutter, always a Rutter," and then with a ring in his voice, "when my son ceases to be a gentleman, St. George, I will show him the door, but drink will never do it."

Dr. Teackle had also been on the alert. He was a young physician just coming into practice, many of the younger set being his patients, and he often acted as a curb when they broke loose. He, with St. George's whispered caution in his ears, had also tried to frame a word of protest to the colonel, suggesting in the mildest way that that particular bowl of apple toddy be not replenished—but the Lord of the Manor had silenced him with a withering glance before he had completed his sentence. In this dilemma he had again sought out St. George.

"Look out for Willits, Uncle George. He'll be staggering in among the ladies if he gets another crack at that toddy. It's an infernal shame to bring these relays of punch in here. I tried to warn the colonel but he came near eating me up. Willits has had very little experience in this sort of thing and is mixing his eggnog with everything within his reach. That will split his head wide open in the morning."

"Go and find him, Teackle, and bring him to me," cried St. George; "I'll stay here until you get him. Tell him I want to see him—and Alec"—this to the old butler who was skimming past, his hands laden with dishes—"don't you bring another drop of punch into this room until you see me."

"But de colonel say dat——"

"—I don't care what the colonel says, if he wants to know why, tell him I ordered it. I'm not going to have this night spoiled by any tomfoolery of Talbot's, I don't care what he says. You hear me, Alec? Not a drop. Take out those half-empty bowls and don't you serve another thimbleful of anything until I say so." Here he turned to the young doctor who seemed rather surprised at St. George's dictatorial air—one rarely seen in him. "Yes—brutal, I know Teackle, and perhaps a little ill-mannered, this interfering with another man's hospitality, but if you knew how Kate has suffered over this same stupidity you would say I was right. Talbot never thinks—never cares. Because he's got a head like a town clock and can put away a bottle of port without winking an eyelid, he believes anybody else can do the same. I tell you this sort of thing has got to stop or sooner or later these young bloods will break the hearts of half the girls in town. . . . Steady! here comes Willits—not another word. . . . Oh, Mr. Willits, here you are! thank you for coming. I want to talk to you about that mare of yours—is she still for sale?" His nonchalance was delightful.

"No, Mr. Temple, I had thought of keeping her, sir," the young man rejoined blandly, greatly flattered at having been specially singled out by the distinguished Mr. Temple. "But if you are thinking of buying my mare, I should be most delighted to consider it—if you will permit me—I will call upon you in the morning." This last came with elaborate effusiveness. "But you haven't had a drop of anything to drink, egad! Mr. Temple, nor you either, doctor! What am I thinking of! Come, won't you join me? The colonel's mixtures are——"

"Better wait, Mr. Willits," interrupted St. George calmly, and with the air of one conversant with the resources of the house. "Alec is just getting a fresh bowl of toddy." He had seen at a glance that Teackle's diagnosis of the young man's condition was correct.

"Then let us have a swig at the colonel's port—it's the best in the county."

"No, hold on till the punch comes. You young fellows don't know how to take care of your stomachs. You ought to stick to your tipple as you do to your sweetheart—you should only have one."

"——At a time," laughed Teackle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No, one *all* the time, you dog! When I was your age Mr. Willits, if I drank Madeira I continued to drink Madeira, not to mix it up with everything on the table."

"By Jove, you're right Mr. Temple! I'm sticking to one girl—Miss Kate's my girl to-night. I'm going to dance the Virginia reel with her." St. George eyed him steadily. He saw that the liquor had already reached his head, or he would not have spoken of Kate as he did.

"Your choice is most admirable, Mr. Willits," he said suavely, laying his hand confidingly on the young man's shoulder—"but let Harry have Miss Kate to-night. They were made to step that dance together."

"But she said she would dance it with me!" he flung back—he did not mean to be defrauded.

"Really?" It was wonderful how soft St. George's voice could be. Teackle could not have handled a refractory patient the better.

"Well, that is," rejoined Willits, modified by Temple's tone—"she is to let me know—that was the bargain."

Still another soft cadence crept into St. George's voice: "Well, even if she did say she would let you know, do be a little generous. Miss Seymour is always so obliging; but she ought really to dance the reel with Harry to-night." He used Kate's full name, but Willits's head was buzzing too loudly for him to notice the delicately suggested rebuke.

"Well, I don't see that, and I'm not going to see it, either. Harry's always coming in between us; he tried to get Miss Kate away from me a little while ago, but he didn't succeed."

"*Noblesse oblige*, my dear Mr. Willits," rejoined St. George in a more positive tone. "He is host, you know, and the ball is given to Miss Seymour and Harry can do nothing else but be attentive." He felt like strangling the cub, but it was neither the time nor place—nothing should disturb Kate's night if he could help it. One way to help it was to keep Willits sober, and this he intended to do whether the young man liked it or not.

"But it is my dance," Willits broke out. "You ask him if it isn't my dance—he heard what Miss Kate said. Here comes Harry, now."

Like a breath of West Wind Harry blew in, his face radiant, his eyes sparkling. He had entirely forgotten the incident on the stairs in the rapture of Kate's kisses and Willits was once more one of the many guests he was ready to serve and be courteous to.

"Ah, gentlemen—I hope you have everything you want!" he cried with a joyous wave of his hand. "Where will I get an ice for Kate, Uncle George? We are just about beginning the Virginia reel and she is so warm. Oh, we have had such a lovely waltz! Why are you fellows not dancing? Send them in Uncle George." He was brimming over with happiness.

Willits moved closer: "What did you say? The Virginia reel? Has it begun?" His head was too muddled for quick thinking.

"Not yet, Willits, but it will right away—everybody is on the floor now," returned Harry, his eyes in search of something to hold Kate's refreshment.

"Then it is my dance, Harry. I thought the reel was to be after supper, or I would have hunted Miss Kate up."

"So it is to be after supper," laughed Harry, catching up an empty plate from the serving table and moving to where the ices were spread. "You ought to know, for you told her about it yourself. This is an extra one."

"Then that's *my* reel," Willits insisted. "You heard what Miss Kate said, Harry—that's what I told you too, Mr. Temple," and he turned to St. George for confirmation.

"Oh, but you are mistaken, Langdon," continued Harry, bending over the dish. "She said she would decide later on whether to give you the reel or a schottische—and she has. Miss Kate dances this reel with me." There was a flash in his eye as he spoke, but he was still the host.

"And I suppose you will want the one after supper too," snapped Willits. He had edged closer and was now speaking to Harry's bent back.

"Why certainly, if Miss Kate is willing and wishes it," rejoined Harry simply, still too intent on having the ice reach his sweetheart at the earliest possible moment, to notice either Willits's condition or his tone of voice.

Willits sprang forward just as Harry regained his erect position. "No you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

won't, sir!" he cried angrily. "I've got some rights here and I'm going to protect them. I'll ask Miss Kate myself and find out whether I am to be made a fool of like this," and he made a quick movement toward the door.

Harry dropped the plate on the table and blocked the enraged man's exit with his outstretched arm. He was awake now—wide awake—and to the cause.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Langdon—not in your present state. Pull yourself together man! Miss Kate is not accustomed to be spoken of in that way and you know it. Now don't be foolish—stay here with Uncle George and the doctor until you cool down. There are the best of reasons why I should dance the reel with Miss Kate, but I can't explain them now."

"Neither am I, Mr. Harry Rutter, accustomed to be spoken to in that way by you or anybody else. I don't care a rap for your explanations. Get out of my way, or you'll be sorry," and he jumped to one side and flung himself out of the room before Harry could realize the full meaning of his words.

St. George saw the flash in the boy's eyes, and stretching out his hand laid it on Harry's arm.

"Steady, my boy! Let him go—Kate will take care of him."

"No! I'll take care of him!" exclaimed Harry excitedly—"and now!" He was out of the room and the door shut behind him before Temple could frame a reply.

St. George shot an anxious, inquiring look at Teackle, who nodded his head in assent, and the two hurried from the room and across the expanse of white crash, Willits striding ahead, Harry at his heels, St. George and the doctor following close behind.

Kate stood near the far door, her radiant eyes fixed on Harry's approaching figure—the others she did not see. Willits reached her first:

"Miss Kate, isn't this my dance?" he burst out—"didn't you promise me?"

Kate started and for a moment her face flushed. If she had forgotten any promise she had made it certainly was not intentional. Then her mind acted. There must be no bad blood here—certainly not between Harry and Willits, on a night like this.

"No, not quite that Mr. Willits," she answered in her sweetest voice, a certain roguish coquetry in its tones. "I said I'd think it over, and you never came near me and so Harry and I are——"

"But you *did* promise me," he interrupted. His voice could be heard all over the room—even the colonel, who was talking to a group of ladies raised his head to listen, his companions thinking the commotion was due to the proper arranging of the dance.

Harry's eyes blazed: Angry blood was mounting to his cheeks. He was amazed at Willits's outburst.

"You mean to contradict Miss Kate! Are you crazy, Willits?"

"No, I am entirely sane," he retorted, an ugly ring in his voice.

Everybody had ceased talking now. Good-natured disputes over the young girls were not uncommon among the young men, but this one seemed to have an ominous sound. Colonel Rutter evidently thought so, for he had now risen from his seat and was crossing the room to where Harry and the group stood.

"Well, you neither act nor talk as if you were sane," rejoined Harry in cold incisive tones, inching his way nearer Kate as if to be the better prepared to defend her.

Willits's lip curled: "I am not beholden to you, sir, for my conduct, although I can be later on for my words. Let me see your dancing card, Miss Kate," and he caught it from her unresisting hand. There—what did I tell you!" This came with a burst of indignation. "It was a blank when I saw it last and you've filled it in, sir, of your own accord!" Here he faced Harry. "That's your handwriting—I'll leave it to you, Mr. Temple if it isn't his handwriting."

Harry flushed scarlet and his eyes blazed as with a suppressed oath he stepped toward the speaker. Kate shrank back in alarm—she had read Harry's face and knew what it meant.

"Take that back, Langdon—quick! You are my guest but you mustn't say things like that here. I put my name on the card because Miss Kate asked me to. Take it back, sir—*now!*—and then make an humble apology to Miss Seymour."

"I'll take back nothing! I've been cheated out of a dance. Here—take her—and take this with her!" and he tore Kate's card in half and threw the pieces in Harry's face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harry lunged forward and raised his arm as if to strike Willits in the face—Willits drew himself up to his full height and confronted him. Kate shrivelled within herself, all the color gone from her cheeks. Whether to call out for help or withdraw quietly, was what puzzled her. Both would concentrate the attention of the whole room on the dispute.

St. George, who was boiling with indignation and disgust, but still cool and himself, pushed his way into the middle of the group.

"Now a word, Harry," he whispered in low, frigid tones. "This can be settled in another way." Then in his kindest voice, so loud that all could hear—"Teackle, will you and Mr. Willits please meet me in the colonel's den—that, perhaps is the best place after all, to straighten out these tangles. I'll join you there as soon as I have Miss Kate safely settled." Then he bent over her: "Kate, dear, perhaps you had better sit alongside of Mrs. Rutter until I can get these young fellows cooled off"—and in a still lower key—"you behaved admirably, my girl—admirably. I'm proud of you. Mr. Willits has had too much to drink—that is what is the matter with him, but it will be all over in a minute—and, Harry, my boy, suppose you come and help me look up Teackle," and he laid his hand with an authoritative pressure on the boy's arm.

The colonel had by this time reached the group and stood trying to catch the cue. He had heard the closing sentence of St. George's instructions, but he had missed the provocation although he had seen Harry's uplifted fist.

"What's the matter, St. George?" he inquired nervously.

St. George laughed in a light dismissing way, as he gripped Harry's arm the tighter. "Just a little misunderstanding, Talbot, as to who was to dance with our precious Kate. She is such a darling that it is as much as I can do to keep these young Romeos from running each other through the body, they are so madly in love with her. I am thinking of making off with her myself as the only way to keep the peace. Yes, you dear girl, I'll come back. Hold the music up for a little while, Talbot, until I can straighten them all out," and with his arm still tight through Harry's, the two walked the length of the room and closed the far door behind them.

Kate looked after them and her heart sank all the lower. She knew the feeling between the two men, and she knew Harry's hot, ungovernable temper—the temper of the Rutters. Patient as he often was, and tender-hearted as he could be, there flashed into his eyes now and then something that frightened her—something that recalled an incident in the history of his house. He had learned from his gentle mother to forgive affronts to himself; she had seen him do it many times, overlooking what another man would have resented, but an affront to herself, or any other woman was a different matter: that he would never forgive. She knew, too, that he had just cause to be offended, for in all her life no one had ever been so rude to her. That she herself was partly to blame only intensified her anxiety. Willits loved her, for he had told her so, not once, but several times, although she had answered him only with laughter. She should have been honest and not played the coquette: and yet, although the fault was partly her own, never had she been more astonished than at his outburst. In all her acquaintance with him he had never spoken rudely. Harry, of course, would lay it to Willits's lack of breeding—to the taint in his blood. But she knew better—it was the insanity produced by drink, combined with his jealousy of Harry, which had caused the gross outrage. Oh, why had she not told Willits herself of her betrothal and not waited to have surprised him before the assembled guests? It would have been fairer and spared every one this scene.

All these thoughts flashed through her mind as with head still proudly erect she crossed the room on the colonel's arm, to a seat beside her future mother-in-law, who had noticed nothing, and to whom not a word of the affair would have been mentioned, all such matters being invariably concealed from the dear lady.

Old Mrs. Cheston, however, was more alert; not only had she caught the anger in Harry's eyes, but she had followed the flight of the torn card as its pieces fell to the floor. She had once been present at a reception given by a prime minister when a similar fracas had occurred. Then it was a lady's glove and not a dancing card which was thrown in a rival's face, and it was a rapier that flashed and not a clenched fist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What was the matter over there, Talbot?" she demanded, speaking from behind her fan when the colonel came within hearing.

"Nothing! Some little disagreement about who should lead the Virginia reel with Kate. I have stopped the music until they fix it up."

"Don't talk nonsense, Talbot Rutter, not to me. There was bad blood over there—you better look after them. There'll be trouble if you don't."

The colonel tucked the edge of a rebellious ruffle inside his embroidered waistcoat and with a quiet laugh said: "St. George is attending to them."

"St. George is as big a fool as you are about such things. Go out, I tell you, and see what they are doing in there with the door shut."

"But my dear Mrs. Cheston," echoed her host with a deprecating wave of his hand—"my Harry would no more attack a man under his own roof than you would cut off your right hand. He's not born that way—none of us are."

"You talk like a perfect idiot, Talbot!" she snapped back. "You seem to have forgotten everything you know. These young fellows here are so many tinder boxes. There will be trouble I tell you—go out there and find out what is going on," she added, her voice increasing in intensity. "They've had time enough to fix up a dozen Virginia reels—and besides, Kate is waiting, and they know it. Look! there's some one coming out—it's that young Teackle. Call him over here and find out!"

The doctor had halted at the door and was now scrutinizing the faces of the guests as if in search of some one. Then he crossed the room rapidly, touched Mark Gilbert—(Harry's most intimate friend)—on the shoulder, and the two left the room.

Kate sat silent, a fixed smile on her face that ill concealed her anxiety. She had heard every word of the talk between Mrs. Cheston and the colonel, but she did not share the old lady's alarm as to any actual conflict. She would trust Uncle George to avoid that. But what kept Harry? Why leave her thus abruptly and send no word back? In her dilemma she leaned forward and touched the colonel's arm.

"You don't think anything is the matter, dear colonel, do you?"

"With whom, Kate dear?"

"Between Harry and Mr. Willits. Harry might resent it—he was very angry." Her lips were quivering, her eyes strained. She could hide her anxiety from her immediate companions, but the colonel was Harry's father.

The colonel turned quickly: "Resent it here! under his own roof, and the man his guest? That is one thing, my dear, a Rutter never violates, no matter what the provocation. I have made a special exception in Mr. Willits's favor to-night and Harry knows it. It was at your dear father's request that I invited the young fellow. And then again, I hear the most delightful things about his father, who though a plain man is of great service to his county—one of Mr. Clay's warmest adherents. All this you see, makes it all the more incumbent that both my son and myself should treat him with the *utmost* consideration, and this, as I have said, Harry understands perfectly. You don't know my boy; I would disown him, Kate, if he laid a hand on Mr. Willits—and so should you."

V

When Dr. Teackle shut the door of the ball-room upon himself and Mark Gilbert the two did not tarry long in the colonel's den, which was still occupied by half a dozen of the older men who were being beguiled by a relay of hot terrapin that Alec had just served, the younger gallants having either joined the ladies or betaken themselves off to the larger supper room which had just been thrown wide, and where brimming bowls of punch and other invigorating beverages were free from Temple's cautionary edicts.

That St. George's "cooling-off" process was not being put into practice within the den's four walls, was apparent from the absence of both belligerents and from the way the two young pacificators continued on past the serving tables, past old Cobden Dorsey, who was steeped to the eyes in Santa Cruz rum punch; past John Purviance, and Gatchell and Murdoch smacking their lips over the colonel's Madeira, until the two disappeared through a door leading first to a dark passage, then to a short flight of steps leading to another dark passage and so on through a second door which gave into a small room level with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground. This was the colonel's business office, where he conducted the affairs of the estate—a room remote from the great house and never entered except on the colonel's special invitation and only then when business of importance necessitated its use.

That business of the very highest importance—not in any way connected with the colonel—though of the very gravest moment was being enacted here to-night, could be seen the instant Teackle threw wide the door. St. George and Harry were in one corner—Harry backed against the wall. The boy was pale, but perfectly calm and silent. On his face was the look of a man who had a duty to perform and who intended to go through with it come what might. On the opposite side of the room stood Willits with two young men, his most intimate friends. They had followed him out of the ball-room to learn the cause of his sudden outburst, and so far had only heard Willits's side of the affair. He was now perfectly sober and seemed to feel his position, but he showed no fear. On the desk lay a mahogany case containing the colonel's duelling pistols. Harry had taken them from his father's closet as the party left the colonel's den.

St. George turned to the young doctor, who with Gilbert had just entered the room. His face was calm and thoughtful, and he seemed to realize fully the gravity of the situation:

"It's no use, Teackle," St. George said with an expressive lift of his fingers. "I have done everything a man could, but there is only one way out of it. I have tried my best to save Kate from every unhappiness to-night but this is something much more important than woman's tears, and that is her lover's honor."

"You mean to tell me, Uncle George, that you can't stop this!" Teackle whispered with some heat. Here he faced Harry, his eyes strained, his lips twitching. "You shan't go on with this affair, I tell you, Harry. What will Kate say? Do you think she wants you murdered for a thing like this!—and that's about what will happen."

The boy made no reply, except to shake his head. He knew what Kate would say—knew what she would do, and knew what she would command him to do, could she have heard Willits's continued insults but a moment before and in this very room while St. George was trying to make him apologize to his host and so end the disgraceful incident.

"Then I'll go and bring in the colonel and see what he can do!" burst out Teackle, starting for the door. "It's an outrage that——"

"You'll stay here, Teackle," commanded St. George—"right where you stand! This is no place for a father. Harry is of age."

"But what an ending to a night like this!"

"I know it—horrible!—frightful!—but I would rather see the boy lying dead at my feet than not defend the woman he loves." This came in a decisive tone, as if he had long since made up his mind to this phase of the situation.

"But Langdon is Harry's guest," Teackle pleaded, dropping his voice still lower to escape being heard by the group at the opposite end of the room—"and he is still under his roof. It is never done—it is against the code. Besides—" and his voice became a whisper—"Harry never levelled a pistol at a man in his life, and this is not Langdon's first meeting. We can fix it in the morning. I tell you we *must* fix it somehow."

Harry, who had been listening quietly, reached across the table, picked up the case of pistols, handed it to Gilbert, whom he had chosen as his second, and in a calm, clear, staccato tone—each word a bullet rammed home—said:

"No—Teackle, there will be no delay until to-morrow. Mr. Willits has forfeited every claim to being my guest and I will fight him here and now. I could never look Kate in the face, nor would she ever speak to me again if I took any other course. You forget that he virtually told Kate she lied," and he gazed steadily at Willits as if waiting for the effect of his shot.

St. George's eyes kindled. There was the ring of a man in the boy's words. He had seen the same look on the elder Rutter's face in a similar situation twenty years before. As a last resort he walked toward where Willits stood conferring with his second.

"I ask you once more, Mr. Willits," he said in his most courteous tones—(Willits's pluck had greatly raised him in his estimation)—"to apologize like a man and a gentleman. There is no question in my mind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that you have insulted your host in his own house and been discourteous to the woman he expects to marry, and that the amende honorable should come from you. I am twice your age and have had many experiences of this kind, and I would neither ask you to do a dishonorable thing nor would I permit you to do it if I could prevent it. Make a square, manly apology to Harry."

Willits gazed at him with a certain ill-concealed contempt on his face. He was loosening the white silk scarf about his throat at the time in preparation of the expected encounter. He evidently did not believe a word of that part of the statement which referred to Harry's engagement. If Kate had been engaged to Harry she would have told him so.

"You are only wasting your time, Mr. Temple," he answered with an impatient lift of his chin as he stripped his coat from his broad shoulders. "You have just said there is only one way to settle this—I am ready—so are my friends. You will please meet me outside—there is plenty of firelight under the trees, and the sooner we get through this the better. The apology should not come from me, and will not. Come, gentlemen," and he stepped out into the now drizzling night, the glare of the torches falling on his determined face and white shirt as he strode down the path followed by his seconds.

Seven gentlemen hurriedly gathered together, one a doctor and another in full possession of a mahogany case containing two duelling pistols with their accompanying ammunition, G. D. gun caps, powder-horn, swabs and rammers, and it past eleven o'clock at night, would have excited but little interest to the average darky—especially one unaccustomed to the portents and outcomes of such proceedings.

Not so Alec, who had absorbed the situation at a glance. He had accompanied his master on two such occasions—one at Bladensburg and the other on a neighboring estate, when the same ominous tokens had been visible, except that those fights took place at daybreak, and after every requirement of the code had been complied with, instead of under the flare of smoking pine torches and within a step of the contestant's front door. He had, too, a most intimate knowledge of the contents of the mahogany case, it being part of his duty to see that these defenders of the honor of all the Rutters—and they had been in frequent use—were kept constantly oiled and cleaned. He had even cast some bullets the month before under the colonel's direction. That he was present to-night was entirely due to the fact that having made a short cut to the kitchen door in order to hurry some dishes, he had by the merest chance, and at the precise psychological moment, run bump up against the warlike party just before they had reached the duelling ground. This was a well-lighted path but a stone's throw from the house, and sufficiently hidden by shrubbery to be out of sight of the ball-room windows.

The next moment the old man was in full run to the house. He had heard the beginning of the trouble while he was carrying out St. George's orders regarding the two half-emptied bowls of punch and understood exactly what was going to happen, and why.

"Got de colonel's pistols!" he gasped as he sped along the gravel walk toward the front door as the quicker way to reach the ball-room—"and Marse Harry nothin' but a baby! Gor-a-Mighty! Gor-a-Mighty!" Had they all been grown-ups he might not have minded—but his "Marse Harry," the child he brought up, his idol—his chum!—"Fo' Gawd dey shan't kill 'im—dey shan't! —*dey shan't!!*"

He had reached the porch now, swung back the door, and with a sudden spring—it was wonderful how quick he moved—had dashed into the ball-room, now a maze of whirling figures—a polka having struck up to keep everybody occupied until the reel was finally made up.

"Marse Talbot!—Marse Talbot!" All domestic training was cast aside, not a moment could be lost—"All on ye!—dey's murder outside—somebody go git de colonel!—Oh, Gawd!—somebody git 'im quick!"

Few heard him and nobody paid any attention to his entreaties; nor could anybody, when they did listen, understand what he wanted—the men swearing under their breath, the girls indignant that he had gotten in their way. Mrs. Rutter, who had seen his in-rush, sat aghast. Had Alec succumbed too, she wondered—old Alec, who had had full charge of the wine cellar for years! But the old man pressed on, still shouting, his voice almost gone, his eyes bursting from his head.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dey's gwinter murder Marse Harry—I seen 'em! Oh!—whar's de colonel! Won't somebody please—Oh, my Gawd!—dis is awful! Don't I tell ye dey's gwinter kill Marse Harry!"

Mrs. Cheston, sitting beside Kate, was the only one who seemed to understand.

"Alec!" she called in her imperious voice—"Alec!—come to me at once! What is the matter?"

The old butler shambled forward and stood trembling, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Yes, mum—I'm yere! Oh, can't ye git de colonel—ain't nobody else 'll do——"

"Is it a duel?"

"Yes, mum! I jes' done see 'em! Dey's gwinter kill my Marse Harry!"

Kate sprang up: "Where are they?" she cried, shivering with fear. The old man's face had told the story.

"Out by de greenhouse—dey was measurin' off de groun'—dey's got de colonel's pistols—you kin see 'em from de winder!"

In an instant she had parted the heavy silk curtains and lifted the sash. She would have thrown herself from it if Mrs. Cheston had not held her, although it was but a few feet from the ground.

"Harry!" she shrieked—an agonizing shriek that reverberated through the ballroom, bringing everybody and everything to a stand-still. The dancers looked at each other in astonishment: What had happened? Who had fainted?

The colonel now passed through the room. He had been looking after the proper handling of the famous Madeira, and had just heard that Alec wanted him, and was uncertain as to the cause of the disturbance. A woman's scream had reached his ears, but he did not know it was Kate's, or he would have quickened his steps.

Again Kate's voice pierced the room:

"Harry! *Harry!*"—this time in helpless agony. She had peered into the darkness made denser by the light rain, and had caught a glimpse of a man standing erect without his coat, the light of the torches bringing his figure into high relief—whose she could not tell, the bushes were so thick.

The colonel brushed everybody aside and pulled Kate, half fainting, into the room. Then he faced Mrs. Cheston.

"What has happened?" he asked sharply. "What is going on outside?"

"Just what I told you. Those fools are out there trying to murder each other!"

Two shots in rapid succession rang clear on the night air.

The colonel stood perfectly still. No need to tell him now what had happened, and worse yet, no need to tell him what would happen if he showed the slightest agitation. He was a cool man, accustomed to critical situations, and one who never lost his head in an emergency. Only a few years before he had stopped a runaway hunter, with a girl clinging to a stirrup, by springing straight at the horse's head and bringing them both to the ground unhurt. It only required an instantaneous concentration of all his forces, he said to himself, as he gazed into old Alec's terror-stricken face framed by the open window. Once let the truth be known and the house would be in a panic—women fainting, men rushing out, taking sides with the combatants, with perhaps other duels to follow—Mrs. Rutter frantic, the ball suddenly broken up, and this too, near midnight, with most of his guests ten miles and more from home.

Murmurs of alarm were already reaching his ears: What was it?—who had fainted?—did the scream come from inside or outside the room?—what was the firing about?—etc.

He turned to allay Kate's anxiety, but she had cleared the open window at a bound and was already speeding toward where she had seen the light on the man's shirt. For an instant he peered after her into the darkness, and then, his mind made up, closed the sash with a quick movement, flung together the silk curtains and raised his hand to command attention.

"Keep on with the dance, my friends; I'll go and find out what has happened—but it's nothing that need worry anybody—only a little burnt powder. Alec—go and tell Mr. Grant, the overseer, to keep better order outside. In the meantime let everybody get ready for the Virginia reel; supper will be served in a few minutes. Will you young gentlemen please choose your partners, and will some one of you kindly ask the music to start up?"

Slowly, and quite as if he had been called to the front door to welcome some belated guest, he walked the length of the room preceded by Alec, who, agonized at his master's measured delay, had forged ahead

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to open the door—closed it softly behind him, and once out of sight hurried down the path.

Willits lay flat on the path, one arm stretched above his head. He had measured his full length, the weight of his shoulder breaking some flower pots as he fell. Over his right eye gaped an ugly wound from which oozed a stream of blood that stained his cheek and throat. Dr. Teackle on one knee, was searching the patient's heart, while Kate, her pretty frock soiled with mud, her hair dishevelled, sat crouched in the dirt rubbing his hands—sobbing bitterly—crying out whenever Harry, who was kneeling beside her, tried to soothe her:—"No!— No!— My heart's broken —don't speak to me—go away!"

The colonel towering above them, looked the scene over, then he confronted Harry, who had straightened to his feet on seeing his father.

"A pretty piece of work, sir—and on a night like this! A damnable piece of work, I should say! Has he killed him, Teackle?"

The young doctor shook his head ominously.

"I cannot tell yet—his heart is still beating."

St. George now joined the group. He and Gilbert, and the other seconds, had, in order to maintain secrecy, been rounding up the few negroes who had seen the encounter, or who had been attracted to the spot by the firing.

"Harry had my full consent, Talbot—there was really nothing else to do. Only an ounce of cold lead will do in some cases, and this was one of them." He was grave and deliberate in manner, but there was an infinite sadness in his voice.

"He did—did he?" retorted the colonel bitterly. "*Your* full consent! YOURS! and I in the next room!" Here he beckoned to one of the negroes who, with staring eyeballs, stood gazing from one to the other. "Come closer, Eph—not a whisper, remember, or I'll cut the hide off your back in strips. Tell the others what I say —if a word of this gets into the big house or around the cabins I'll know who to punish. Now two or three of you go into the greenhouse, pick up one of those wide planks, and lift this gentleman on to it so we can carry him. Take him into my office, doctor, and lay him on my lounge. He'd better die there than here. Come, Kate—do you go with me. Not a syllable of this, remember, Kate, to Mrs. Rutter, or anybody else. As for you, sir—" and he looked Harry squarely in the face—"you will hear from me later on."

With the same calm determination, he entered the ball-room, walked to the group forming the reel, and, with a set smile on his face indicating how idle had been everybody's fears, said loud enough to be heard by every one about him:

"Only one of the men, my dear young people, who has been hurt, in the too careless use of some fire-arms. As to dear Kate —she has been so upset—she happened unfortunately to see the affair from the window—that she has gone to her room and so you must excuse her for a little while. Now everybody keep on with the dance."

With his wife he was even more at ease: "The same old root of all evil, my dear," he said with a dry smile—"too much peach brandy, and this time down the wrong throats—and so in their joy they must celebrate by firing off pistols and wasting my good ammunition," an explanation which completely satisfied the dear lady—peach brandy being capable of producing any calamity, great or small.

But this would not do for Mrs. Cheston. She was a woman who could be trusted and who never, on any occasion, lost her nerve. He saw from the way she lifted her eyebrows in inquiry, instead of framing her question in words, that she fully realized the gravity of the situation. The colonel looked at her significantly, made excuse to step in front of her, and with his forefinger tapping his forehead, whispered:

"Willits."

The old lady paled, but she did not change her expression.

"And Harry?" she murmured in return.

The colonel kept his eyes upon her but he made no answer. A hard, cold look settled on his face—one she knew—one his negroes feared when he grew angry.

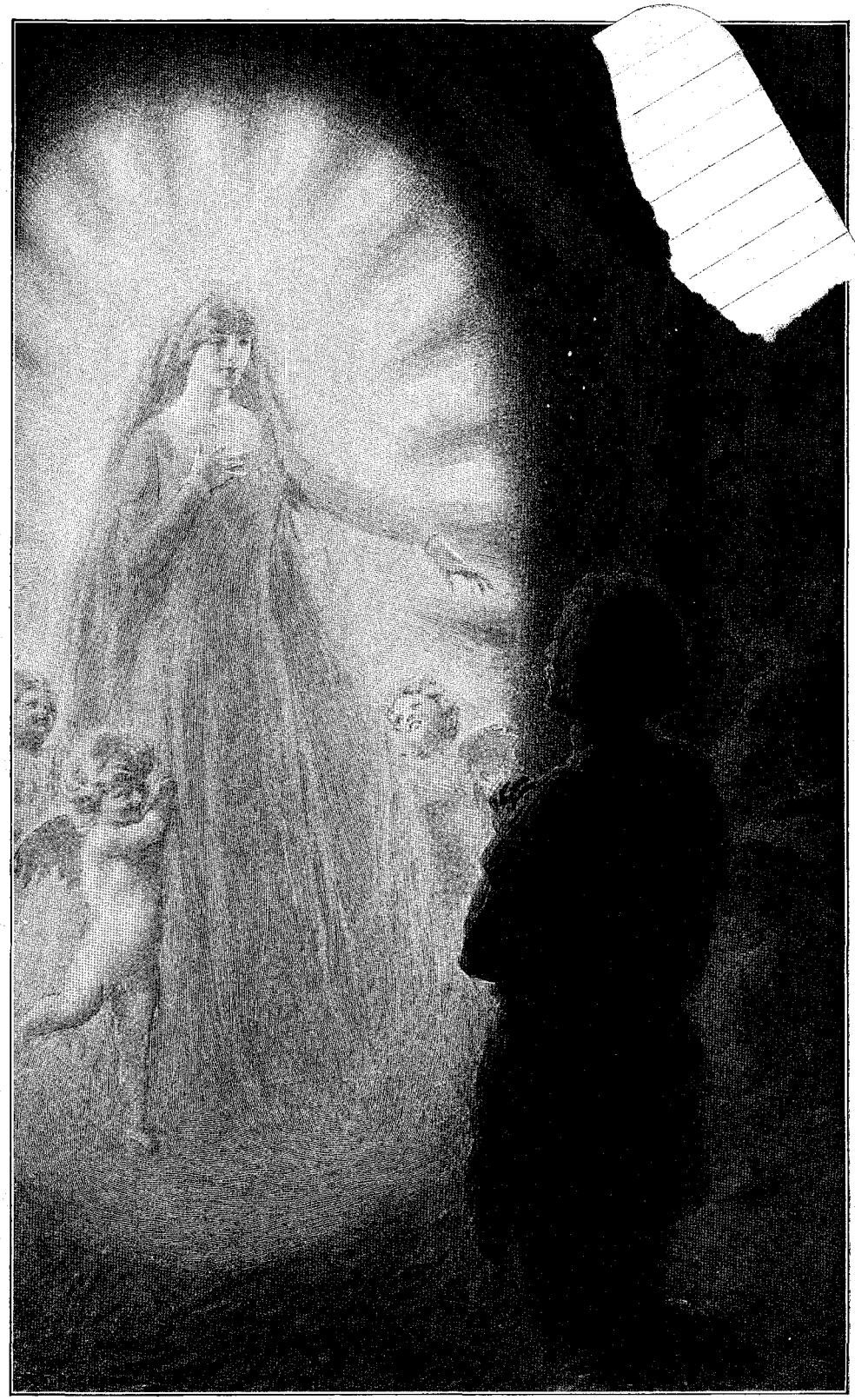
Again she repeated Harry's name, this time in alarm:

"Quick!—tell me—not killed?"

"No—I wish to God he were!"

(To be continued.)

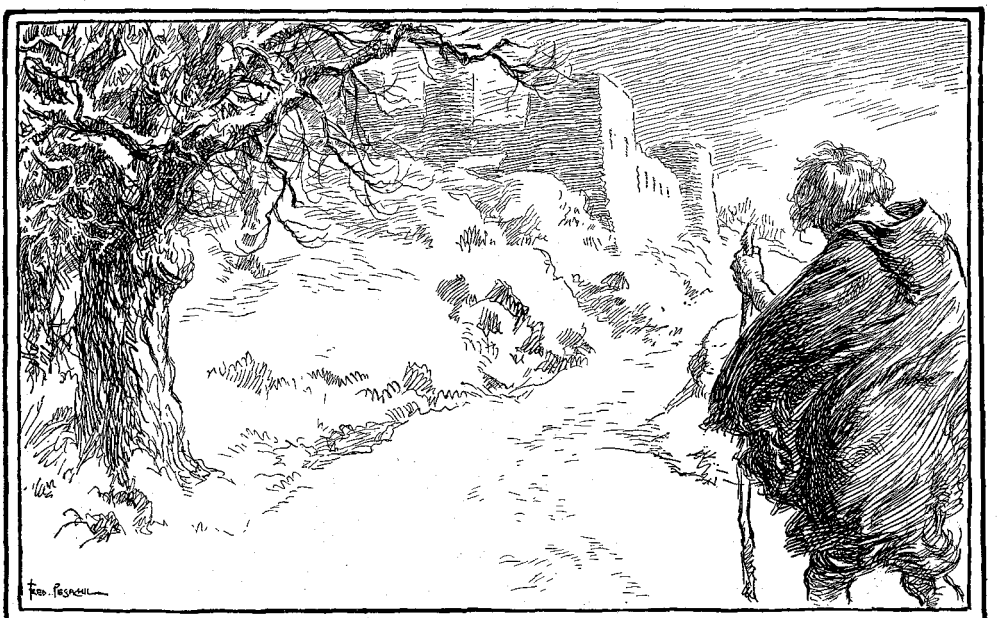
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Fred Pegram.

But wistful-sweet, while to her raiment sainted
Clung laughing cherubim. —Page 724.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Vision of Cædmon

By E. Sutton

DARK in the cow-byre 'neath the Saxon castle
He heard, amid the wind-gusts loud or low,
Rude glees, and harping, and the noise of wassail,
With lights along the snow.

"What dost thou, Cædmon?" at the open portal
One softly spake, and for a voice divine
His starting pulses knew it, for no mortal
Stood mid the breathing kine.

No shape was there; naught save a fragrance vying
For wonder with that voice, so golden-clear.
He knelt, and from his simpleness replying
As one that had no fear:

"Our Lady—if indeed thy grace hath lent her
"Sweet marvels, all unseen—I make my dule;
"They mock me, and for shame I may not enter
"The merry hall of Yule."

"Wherefore?" it said. "I tell no jest nor story,
"But sit and stare, or do unhandily."
"Darest thou no song?" then spake the viewless glory.
"Nay, Blessed One," said he.

"I who am but a neat-herd, though a freeman,
"So fear the hall and all the flouting ring,
"Had I the cunning of my lord's own gleeman
"I have no heart to sing."

Ceasing he heard, the raftered gloom beguiling,
Whispers, low childish laughter, tiny wings.
"Those be her little house-carles," thought he smiling,
"Like them that serven Kings."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They bear her robe and strewen heavenly flowers.
"Would I could see!" and lo! at his desire
A hollow clearness, rayed with iris-showers,
Dawned in the wretched byre.

Orbing Our Lady; not the Queen as painted,
Star-crowned and sceptred with a lily slim,
But wistful-sweet, while to her raiment sainted
Clung laughing cherubim.

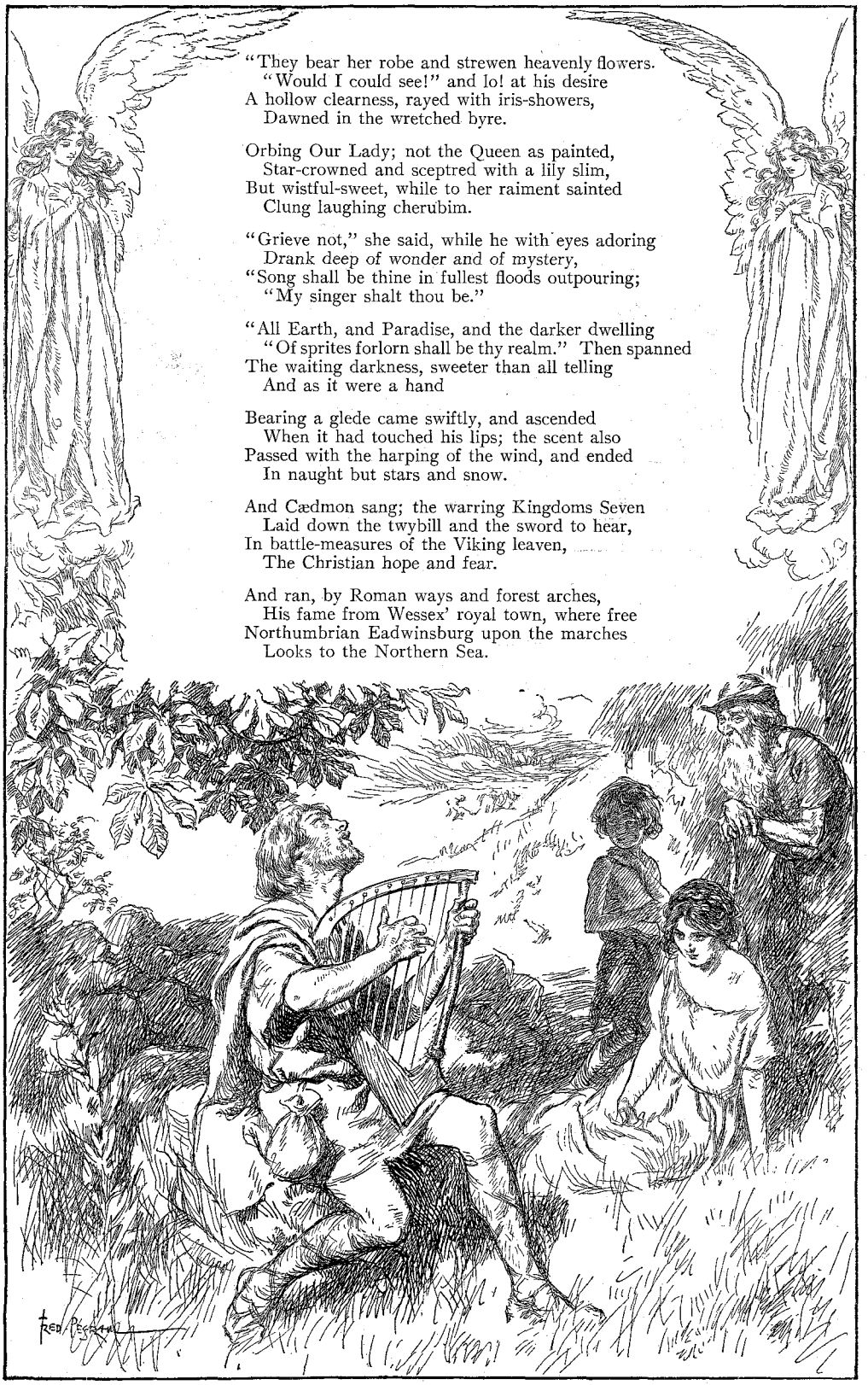
"Grieve not," she said, while he with eyes adoring
Drank deep of wonder and of mystery,
"Song shall be thine in fullest floods outpouring;
"My singer shalt thou be."

"All Earth, and Paradise, and the darker dwelling
"Of sprites forlorn shall be thy realm." Then spanned
The waiting darkness, sweeter than all telling
And as it were a hand

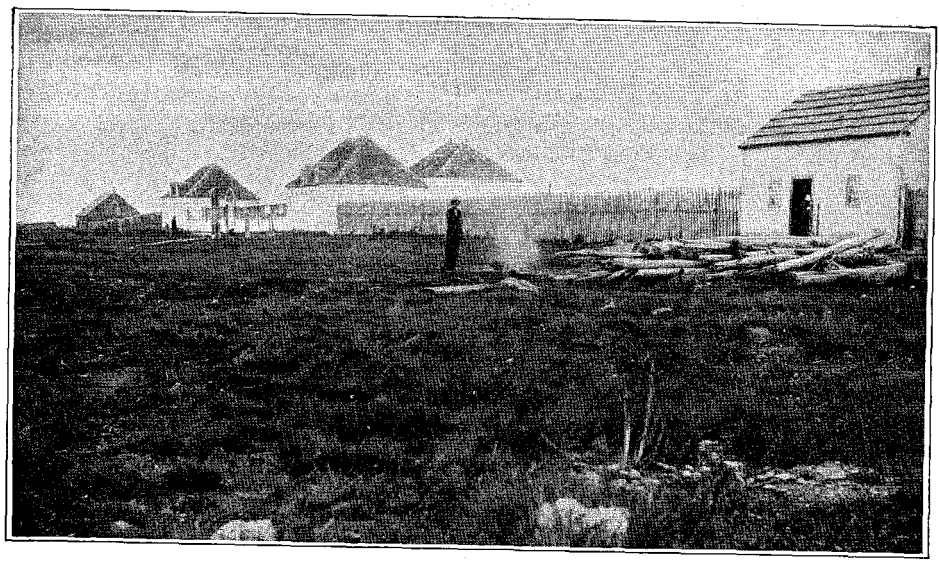
Bearing a glede came swiftly, and ascended
When it had touched his lips; the scent also
Passed with the harping of the wind, and ended
In naught but stars and snow.

And Cædmon sang; the warring Kingdoms Seven
Laid down the twybill and the sword to hear,
In battle-measures of the Viking leaven,
The Christian hope and fear.

And ran, by Roman ways and forest arches,
His fame from Wessex' royal town, where free
Northumbrian Eadwinsburg upon the marches
Looks to the Northern Sea.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fort Resolution in charge of Chief Trader Harding.

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

II.—THE LAND OF THE CARIBOU

XI.—FORT RESOLUTION AND ITS FOLK

EARLY next morning, Preble called on his old acquaintance, Chief Trader Harding, in charge of the post. Whenever we have gone to Hudson Bay Company officials to do business with them, as officers of the company, we have found them the keenest of the keen; but whenever it was their own personal affair, they were hospitality out-hospitalled. They give without stint, they lavish their kindness on the stranger from the big world. In a few minutes Preble hastened back to say that we are to go there to breakfast at once.

That breakfast, presided over by a charming woman and a genial, generous man, was one that will not be forgotten while I live. Think of it! After the hard scrabble on the Nyarling we had real porridge and cream, coffee with veritable sugar and milk, authentic butter, light rolls made of actual flour, unquestionable bacon and potatoes, with jam and toast—the really, truly things—and we had as much as we could eat! We behaved rather badly, intemperately, I fear; we stopped only when forced to it, and yet both of us came away with appetites.

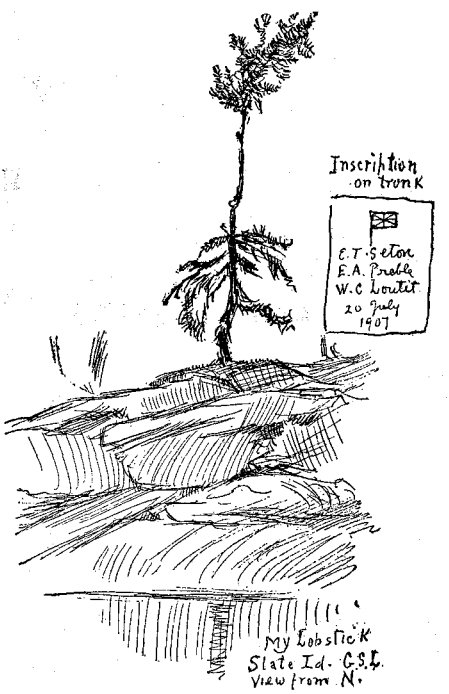
It was clear that I must get some larger craft than my canoe to cross the lake from Fort Resolution, and take the 1,300 pounds of provisions that I had sent ahead. Harding kindly offered the loan of a York boat, and with the help chiefly of Charlie McLeod, the white man, who is interpreter at the fort, I secured a crew to man it. But oh! what worry and annoyance it was. These Great Slave Lake Indians are petulant, inconsistent, shiftless, and tricky. Pike, Whitney, Buffalo Jones, and others

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

united twenty years ago in denouncing them as the most worthless and contemptible of the human race, and since then they have considerably deteriorated. There are exceptions, however, as will be seen by the record.

One difficulty was that it became known that on the buffalo expedition Bezya had received three dollars a day, which is government emergency pay. I had already agreed to pay the maximum, two dollars a day, with presents and keep. All came and demanded three dollars. I told them they could all go at once in search of the hottest place ever pictured by a diseased and perfervid human imagination.

If they went, they decided not to stay. In an hour they were back, offering to compromise. I said I could run back to Fort Smith (it sounds like nothing) and get all the men I needed at $1.50. (Since Fort Smith was nine days away, I should mortally have hated to try.) One by one the crew resumed. Then another bomb-shell. I had offended Chief Snuff by not calling and consulting him; he now gave it out that I was here to take out live muskox, which meant that all the rest would follow to seek their lost relatives. Again my crew resigned. I went to see Snuff. Every man has his price. Snuff's price was half a pound of tea, and the crew came back, bringing, however, several new modifications in contract.



Lobstick given to Mr. Seton on a slate island, Great Slave Lake.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

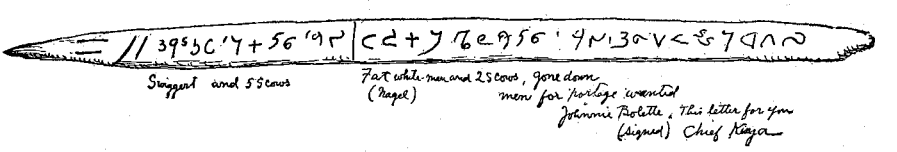
The following were secured, after they had received presents, provisions, and advance pay:

Weeso; the Jesuits called him Louison d'Noire, but it has been corrupted into a simpler form. "Weeso" they call it; "Weeso" they write it, and for "Weeso" you must ask, or you will not find him. So I write it as I do "Sousi," "Yum, etc.," with the true local color.

He was a nice, kind, simple old rabbit, not much use and not over-strong, but he did his best, never murmuring, and in all the mutinies and rebellions that followed he remained stanch, saying simply, "I gave my word I would go, and I will go." He would make a safe guide for the next party headed for Aylmer Lake. He alone did not ask for rations for his wife during his absence; he said, "it didn't matter about her, as they had been married for a long time now." He asked as presents a pair of my spectacles, as his eyes were failing, and a Marble axe. The latter I sent him, but he could not understand why glasses that helped me should not help him. He acted as pilot and guide, knowing next to nothing about either.

François d'Noire, son of Weeso, a quiet, steady, inoffensive chap, but not strong.

Y. (W.) C., a sulky brute and a mischief-maker. He joined and resigned a dozen


Swaggart and 55 cows
Fat white man and 25 cows, gone down (Rapel)
men for portage wanted
Johnnie Polette, This letter for you
(signed) Chief Kaya

Chipewyan inscription with interpretation.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The deathbirds, the storm, and the wolverine.

times that day, coming back each time with a new demand.

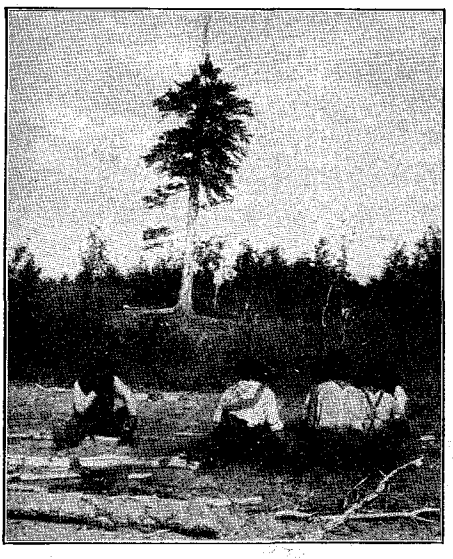
T. S., grandson of the Chief ——, a sulky good-for-nothing—would not have him again at any price. Besides the usual wages, tobacco, food, etc., he demanded an advance to support his wife during his absence. The wife, I found, was a myth.

F. T., a sulky good-for-nothing.

L. Beaulieu, an alleged grandson of his grandfather. A perpetual breeder of trouble; never did a decent day's work the whole trip. Insolent, mutinous, and overbearing, till I went for him with intent to do bodily mischief, then he became extremely obsequious. Like the rest of the foregoing, he resigned and resumed at irregular intervals.

Yum (William) Freesay (Frisé?) The best of the lot; a bright, cheerful, intelligent, strong Indian boy. He and my old standby, Billy Loutit, did virtually all the handling of that big boat. Any one travelling in that country should secure Yum if they can. He was worth all the others put together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The meal at the Lobstick, Pike's Portage.

This, then, was the crew that was to handle the York boat on the run of "three or four days" that should take me from Fort Resolution to Pike's Portage, and then portage my goods to the first lake. Of course, I have not reckoned in the certain individuals that joined and resigned a number of times before we set out.

Forcing ice on the Great Slave Lake.

XII.—THE SPEECH AND WRITING OF THE CHIPEWYANS

THESE Indians are still in the hunter and fisher stage; they make no pretence of agriculture or stock-raising. Except that they wear white man's clothes and are most of them nominally Roman Catholic, they live as their fathers did one hundred years ago. But there is one remarkable circumstance that impressed me more and more—practically every Chipewyan reads and writes his own language.

This miracle was inborne on me slowly. On the first buffalo hunt we had found a smoothened pole stuck in the ground by the trail. It was inscribed as herewith.

"What is that, Sousi?"

"It's a notice from Kiya that Swiggert wants men on the Portage," and he translated it as in the illustration.

Each of our guides in succession had shown a similar familiarity with the script of his tribe, and many times we found a few spideresque characters on tree or stone that supplied valuable information. They could, however, tell me nothing of its age or origin. Simply "we all do it, it is easy."

At Fort Resolution I met the Jesuit Fathers and got the desired chance of learning about the Chipewyan script.

First, it is not a true alphabet, but a syllabic; not letters, but syllables are indicated by each character; seventy-three characters are all that are needed to express the whole language. It is so simple and stenographic that the Fathers often use it as a rapid way of writing French. It has, however, the disadvantage of ambiguity at times. Any Indian boy can learn it in a week or two; practically all the Indians use it. What a commentary on our own cumbrous and illogical spelling, which takes even a bright child two or three years to learn!

Now, I already knew something of the Cree syllabic invented by the Reverend James Evans, Methodist missionary on Lake Winnipeg in the '40's; but Cree is a much less complex language, only thirty-six characters are needed, and these are so simple that an intelligent Cree can learn to write his own language in one day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In support of this astounding statement, I give, first, the thirty-six characters which cover every fundamental sound in their language, and then a sample of application (page 731). While crude and inconcise, it was so logical and simple that in a few years the missionary had taught practically the whole Cree nation to read and write their own language. And Lord Dufferin, when the matter came before him, during his northwest tour, said enthusiastically: "There have been buried in Westminster Abbey, with national honors, many men whose claims to fame were far less than those of this devoted missionary, the man who taught a whole nation to read and write."

These things I knew, and now followed up my Jesuit source of information.

"Who invented this?"

"I don't know for sure. It is in general use."

"Was it a native idea?"

"Oh, no; some white man made it."

"Where? Here or in the South?"

"It came originally from the Crees, as near as we can tell."

"Was it a Cree or a missionary that first thought of it?"

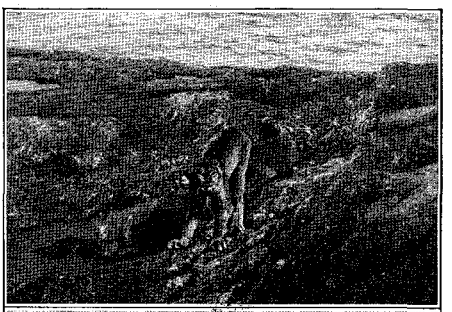
"I believe it was a missionary."

"Frankly, now, wasn't it invented in 1840 by Reverend James Evans, Methodist missionary to the Crees on Lake Winnipeg?"

Oh, how he hated to admit it, but he was too honest to deny it.

"Yes, it seems to me it was some name like that. 'Je ne sais pas.'"

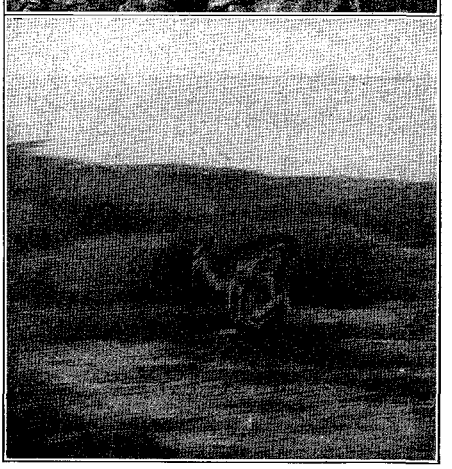
Reader, take a map of North America, a large one, and mark off the vast area bounded by the Saskatchewan, the Rockies, the Hudson Bay, and Arctic Circle, and realize that in this region, as large as Continental Europe, outside of Russia and Spain, one simple, earnest man, inspired by the love of Him who alone is perfect love, invented and popularized a method of writing, that in a few years—in less than a generation, indeed—has turned the whole native population from ignorant illiterates to a people who are proud to read and write their own language. This, I take it, is one of the greatest feats of a civilizer. The world has not yet heard of, much less comprehended, the magnitude of the achievement; when it does, there will be no name on the Canadian roll of fame



Snap shot No. 2.

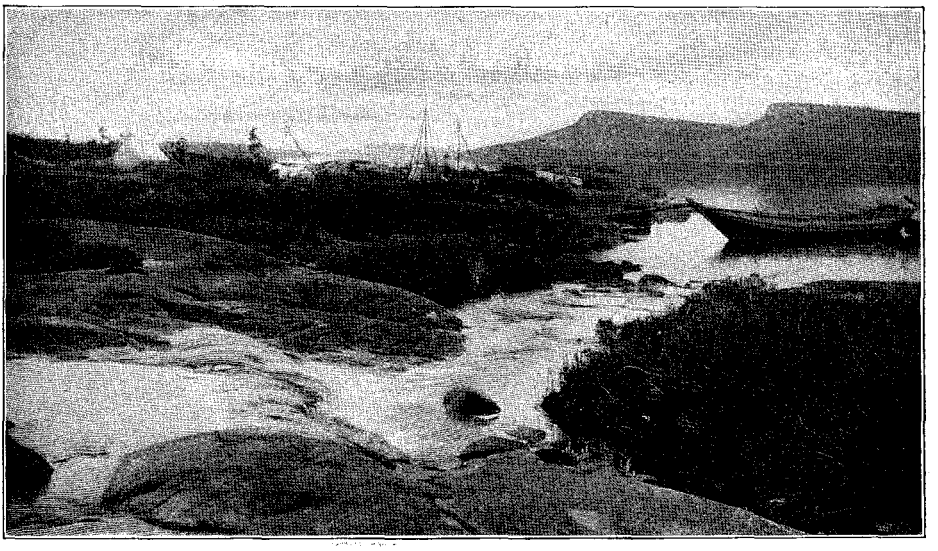
Snap shot No. 3.

Snap shot No. 5.



Snap shot No. 6.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



July Camp on the Great Slave Lake.

that stands higher or is blazoned more brightly than that of James Evans, the missionary.

XIII.—THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE LAKE

HITHERTO I have endeavored to group my observations on each subject. I shall now, for a change, give part, at least, of the Great Slave Lake voyage, much as it appears in my Journal.

"July 16, 1907. Left Fort Resolution at 9.40 A.M., in the York Boat, manned by 7 Indians and Billy Loutit, besides Preble and myself, 10 in all; ready with mast and sail for fair wind, but also provided with heavy 16-foot oars for head-winds and calm.

"July 17th. Rose at 6 (it should have been 4, but the Indians would not rouse); sailed north, through the marsh, with a light east breeze. At noon this changed to a strong wind blowing from the north, as it has done with little change ever since I came to the country. These Indians know little of handling a boat, and resent any suggestion. They maintain their right to row or rest, as they please, and camp when and where they think best. We camped on a sand-bar and waited till night, most exasperating when we are already behind time. Reached Stony Point Island at night, after many stops and landings. The Indians land whenever in doubt and make a meal (at my expense) and are in doubt every two hours or so. They eat by themselves and have their own cook. Billy cooks for us, *i. e.*, Preble, Weeso, and myself. Among the crew I hear unmistakable grumblings about the food. Which is puzzling, as it is the best the H. B. Co. can supply, the best they ever had in their lives; there is great variety, and no limit to quantity.

"Made 6 meals and 10 miles to-day, rowing 7, sailing 3.

"July 18th. I am more and more disgusted with my Indian crew; the leader in mischief seems to be young Beaulieu. Yesterday he fomented a mutiny because I did not give them 'beans,' though I had given them far more than promised, and beans were never mentioned. Still, he had discovered a bag of them among my next month's stores, and that started him.

"To-day, when sick of seeing them dawdling two hours over a meal, when there are 6 meals a day, I gave the order to start, Beaulieu demanded insolently, 'Oh! who's boss?' My patience was worn out. I said, 'I am, and I'll show you right now,' and proceeded to do so, meaning to let him have my fist with all the steam I could get back of it. But he did not wait. At a safe distance he turned and in a totally different manner said, 'I only wanted to know: I thought maybe the old man (the guide); I'll do it, all ri, all ri,' and he smiled and smiled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh! why did not I heed Pike's warning and shun all Beaulieus; they rarely fail to breed trouble. If I had realized all this last night, before coming to the open lake, I would have taken the whole outfit back to Resolution and got rid of the crowd. We could do better with another canoe and 2 men, and at least make better time than this (17 miles a day).

"July 19th. I got up at 4, myself, talked strong talk, so actually got away at 5.30. Plenty grumbling; many meals to-day, with many black looks and occasional remarks in English, 'Grub no good.' Three days ago these men were starving on one meal a day, of fish and bad flour; now they have bacon, dried venison, fresh fish, fresh game, potatoes, flour, baking powder, tea, coffee, milk, sugar, molasses, lard, cocoa, dried apples, rice, oatmeal, far more than was promised, and all *ad libitum* and the best that the H. B. Co. can supply, and yet they grumble. There is only one article of the food store to which they have not access, that is a bag of beans which I am reserving for our own trip in the north when weight counts for so much. Beaulieu smiles when I speak to him, but I know he is at the bottom of all mischief.

"To-day they made 6 meals and 17 miles.

"July 20th. Rose at 4; had a row on my hands at once. The Indians would not get up till 5, so we did not get away till 6.20. Beaulieu was evidently instructing the crew, for at the third breakfast, altogether (but perhaps 2) shouted out in English, 'Grub no good.'

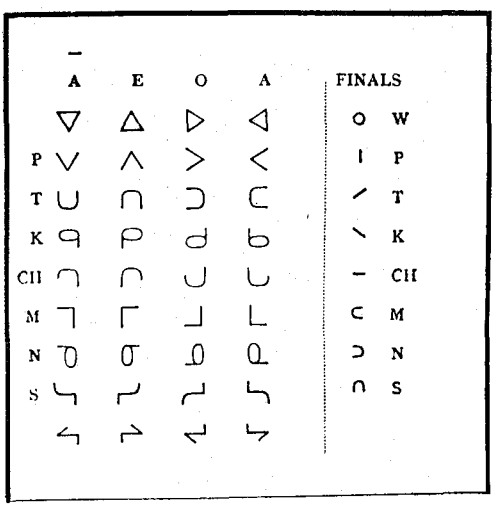
"I walked over to them, asked who spoke, no one answered; then I said, 'See here, boys, when I hired you to take me to Pike's Portage, I agreed to pay $2.00 a day and feed you pork, flour, tea, sugar and tobacco. In addition I have given you pemmican, milk, dried apples, cocoa, etc. I never promised you any beans, and I have none to spare and am not eating them myself. There is only one way for you to get your pay, that is by the paper I give you to be presented to the H. B. Co., when you get back to Fort Resolution. Without that paper you can get nothing, and you will get only so much as it calls for. The next one of you that grumbles or shirks, I will suspend for that day, and he will be docked so much in the paper.

"'I didn't promise you beans, but will say now that if you work well, I'll give you a bean feast once in a while.'

"They all said in various tongues and ways, 'That's all ri.' Beaulieu said it several times and smiled and smiled.

"If the mythical monster that dwells in the bottom of Great Slave Lake had reached up its long neck now and taken this same half-breed son of Belial, I should have said, 'Well done, good and faithful monster,' and the rest of our voyage could have been happier.

SYLLABARIUM



A dot gives a "w" sound

EXAMPLES.

atokwa pimatisiw

maskanaw astumitik

makwach ustootin

pimachehewam kakwi

The syllabic alphabet of the Cree language.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At noon, that day, Billy announced that it was time to give me a lobstick or tree monument; a spruce was selected on a slate island and trimmed to its proper style, then inscribed:

E. T. Seton
E. A. Preble
W. C. Loutit
20 July
1907

"Now I was in honor bound to treat the crew. I had neither the will nor the wish to give whiskey. Tobacco was already provided, so I seized the opportunity of smoothing things by announcing a feast of beans, and this, there was good reason to believe, went far in the cause of peace.

"At 1.30, for the first time, a fair breeze sprung up, or rather lazily got up. Joyfully then we raised our mast and sail. The boys curled up to sleep, except Beaulieu. He had his fiddle and now he proceeded to favor us with 'A life on the ocean wave,' 'The Campbells are coming,' etc., in a manner worthy of his social position and of his fiddle. When not in use, this æsthetic instrument (in its box) knocks about on deck or under foot, among pots and pans, exposed in all weathers; no one seems to fear it will be injured.

"At 7 the usual dead calm was restored. We rowed till we reached Et-then Island at 8, covering two miles more, or 32, in all, today. I was unwilling to stop now, but the boys said they would row all day Sunday if I would camp here, and then added, 'and if the wind rises to-night we'll go on.'

"At 10 o'clock I was already in bed for the night, though of course it was broad daylight. Preble had put out a line of mouse traps, when the cry was raised by the Indians, now eating their 7th meal, 'Chimpalle Hurra chilla quee'—('Sailing wind, Hurra boys!')

"The camp was all made, but after such a long calm, a sailing wind was too good to miss. In 10 minutes every tent was torn down, and bundled into the boat. At 10.10 we pulled out under a fine promising breeze; but alas for its promise! At 10.30 the last vestige of it died away and we had to use the oars to make the nearest land, where we tied up at 11 P. M."

That night old Weeso said to me, through Billy, the interpreter, "To-morrow is Sunday and that, therefore, he would like to have a prayer-meeting after breakfast."

"Tell him," I said, "that I quite approve of his prayer-meeting, but also it must be understood that if the good Lord sends us a sailing wind in the morning, that is His way of letting us know we should sail."

This sounded so logical that Weeso meekly said, "All right."

Sure enough, the morning dawned with a wind, and we got away after the regular sullen grumbling. About 10.20 the usual glassy calm set in and Weeso asked me for a piece of paper and a pencil. He wrote something in Chipewyan on the sheet I gave, then returned the pencil, and resumed his pilotic stare at the horizon, for his post was at the rudder. At length he rolled the paper into a ball, and when I seemed not observing, dropped it behind him overboard.

"What is the meaning of that, Billy?" I whispered.

"He's sending a prayer to Jesus for wind." Half an hour afterward, a strong *head* wind sprang up, and Weeso was severely criticised for not specifying more clearly what was wanted.

XIV.—CROSSING THE LAKE—THE LYNX AT BAY

On the morning of July 27, when half a mile from Charleton Harbor, one of the Indians said "Cheesay" (lynx), and pointed to the south shore. There on a bare point, a quarter of a mile away, we saw a large lynx walking quietly along. Every oar was dropped and every rifle seized, of course, to repeat the same old scene; probably it would have made no difference to the lynx, but I called out, "Hold on there! I'm going after that 'cheesay.'"

Calling my two reliables, Preble and Billy, we set out in the canoe, armed, respectively, with a shot-gun, a club, and a camera.

When we landed the lynx had gone. We hastily made a skirmishing line in the wood where the point joined the mainland, but saw no sign of him; so concluded he must he hiding on the point. Billy took the right shore, Preble the left, I kept the middle. Then we marched toward the point, but saw nothing. There were no bushes except a low thicket of spruce, some twenty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feet across and three or four feet high. This was too dense to penetrate standing, so I lay down on my breast and proceeded to crawl in under the low boughs. I had not gone six feet before a savage growl warned me back, and there, just ahead, crouched the lynx. He glared angrily, then rose up, and I saw, with a little shock, that he had been crouching on the body of another lynx, eating it. Photography was impossible there, so I took a stick and poked at him; he growled, struck at the stick, but went out, then dashed across the open for the woods. As he went, I got photograph No. 1. Now I saw the incredible wonder I had heard of—a good runner can outrun a lynx. Preble was a sprinter, and before the timber, two hundred yards off, was reached, that lynx was headed and turned; and Preble and Billy were driving him back into my studio. He made several dashes to escape, but was out-manœuvred and driven onto the far point, where he was really between the devils and the deep sea. Here he faced about at bay, growling savagely, thumping his little bobtail from side to side, and pretending he was going to spring on us. I took photograph No. 2 at twenty-five yards. He certainly did look very fierce, but I thought I knew the creature, as well as the men who were backing me. I retired, put a new film in place, and said:

"Now, Preble, I'm going to walk up to that lynx and get a close photo. If he jumps for me, and he may, there is nothing can save my beauty, but you and that gun."

Preble, with characteristic loquacity, said "Go ahead."

Then I stopped and began slowly approaching the desperate creature we held at bay. His eyes were glaring green, his ears were back, his small bobtail kept twitching from side to side, and his growls grew harder and hissier as I neared him. At fifteen feet he gathered his legs under him, as for a spring, and I pressed the button, getting No. 3.

Then did the demon of ambition enter into my heart and lead me into peril. The lynx at bay was starving and desperate. He *might* spring at me, but I believed that if he did, he never would reach me alive. I knew my man—this nerved me—and I said to him, "I'm not satisfied; I want him to fill the finder. Are you ready?"

"Yep."

So I crouched lower and came still nearer and at twelve feet made No. 4. For some strange reason, now, the lynx seemed less angry than he had been.

"He didn't fill the finder; I'll try again," was my next. Then, on my knees, I crawled up, watching the finder, till it was full of lynx. I glanced at the beast, he was but eight feet away. I focused and fired.

And now, oh, wonder! that lynx no longer seemed annoyed; he had ceased all growling and simply looked *bored*.

Seeing it was over, Preble says, "Now where does he go? To the museum?"

"No, indeed," was the reply; "he surely has earned his keep; turn him loose. It's back to the woods for him." We stood aside, he saw his chance and dashed for the tall timber. As he went, I fired the last film, getting No. 6, and, so far as I know, that lynx is alive and well, and going yet.

XV.—PIKE'S PORTAGE

PART of my plan was to leave a provision cache every hundred miles, with enough food to carry us two hundred miles, and thus cover the possibility of considerable loss. I had left supplies at Chipewyan, Smith, and Resolution, but these were settlements; now we were pushing off into the absolute wilderness, where it was unlikely we should see any human beings but ourselves. Now indeed we were facing all primitive conditions. Other travellers have done the same thing about storing food, but there are three deadly enemies to a cache—weather, ravens, and wolverines. I was prepared for all three. Water-proof leatheroid cases were there to turn the storm, dancing tins and lines will scare the ravens, and for wolverines the tree was made unclimbable by the addition of a necklace of charms in the form of large fishhooks, all nailed on with points downward. This idea, borrowed from Tyrrell, has always proved a success; and not one of our caches was touched or injured.

Here we had a sudden and unexpected onset of blackflies. They appeared for the first time in numbers, and attacked us with ferocity that made the mosquitoes seem like a lot of baby butterflies in comparison. However much we may dislike the latter, they at least do not poison us or convey disease (as yet) and are repelled by thick cloth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. The blackflies attack us like some awful pestilence walking in darkness, crawling in and forcing themselves under our clothing, stinging and poisoning as they go. They are, of course, worst near the openings in our armor, that is, necks, wrists, and ankles. Soon each of us had a neck like an old fighting bull walrus; enormously swollen, corrugated with bloats and wrinkles, blotched, bumpy and bloody, as disgusting as it was painful. All too closely it simulated the ravages of some frightful disease and for a night or two the torture of this itching fire kept me from sleeping. Three days fortunately ended this blackfly reign and left us with a deeper sympathy for the poor Egyptians, who on account of some other bodies' sins were the victims of plague of flies.

But there was something in the camp that amply offset these annoyances; this was a spirit of kindness and confidence. Old Weeso was smiling and happy, ready at all times to do his best, blundering about the way, which he had seen only once and that when he was young, but his blunders did not matter since I had Tyrrell's admirable maps. Billy, sturdy, strong, reliable, never needed to be called twice in the morning. No matter what the hour, he was up at once and cooking the breakfast in the best of style, for an A1 cook he was. And when it came to the portages, he would shoulder his two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds each time. Preble combined the mental force of the educated white man with the brawn of the savage, and although he was not supposed to do it, he took the same sort of loads as Billy did. Mine, for the best of reasons, were small, and consisted chiefly of the guns, cameras, and breakables, or occasionally, while they were transporting the heavy stuff, I acted as cook. But all were literally and figuratively in the same boat, all paddled all day, ate the same food, worked the same hours, and, imbued with the same spirit, were eager to reach the same far goal. From this on, the trip was ideal.

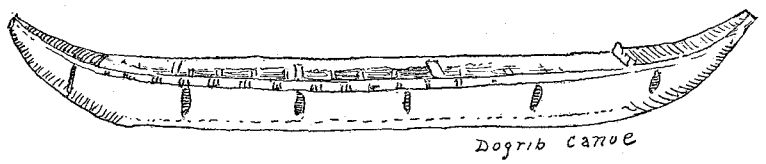
We were three and a half days covering the eight small lakes and nine portages (thirty odd miles) that lie between the two great highways, Great Slave Lake and Artillery Lake, and camped on the shore of the latter on the night of July 31.

Two of these nine lakes had not been named by the original explorers, I therefore exercised my privilege and named them respectively "Loutit" and "Weeso," in honor of my men.

The country here is cut up on every side with caribou trails; deep-worn like the buffalo trails on the plains, with occasional horns and bones; these, however, are not so plentiful as were the corresponding relics of the buffalo. This, it proved, was because the caribou go far north at horn-dropping time, and they have practically no bones that the wolves cannot crush with their teeth.

Although old tracks were myriad-many, there were no new ones. Weeso said, however, "In about four days, the shores of this lake will be alive with caribou." It will show the erraticness of these animals when I say that the old man was all wrong; they did not appear there in numbers until many weeks later, probably not for eight or nine.

(To be continued.)



From Mr. Seton's sketch-book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DEFEAT AND A VICTORY

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON
Brigadier-General U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

JIGUANI

NEARLY five months had passed since the victory of Guaimaro, and in this time the forces of Garcia had roamed at will through the provinces of Oriente and Camaguey. Large convoys escorted by formidable bodies of Spanish troops moved slowly along the main roads, carrying supplies to the isolated garrisons of the interior, and were harassed and fought from the time of starting until their return. Occasionally a column unhampered by transport would sally out on operations, and move ponderously for a week or so from town to town, but was never for a moment out of sight of the Cubans, who fought it or not as seemed most expedient. Now and then a band of guerillas, well mounted and thoroughly familiar with the country, would dash by night out of one of the larger garrisons and raid through the country, cutting up such small bodies of insurgents as they might encounter, and making a specialty of hunting out our hospitals and murdering the helpless wounded found in them. These detestable wretches were more mobile than the insurgents themselves, their horses being better fed, and usually managed to return to their home stations. When they were run down, however, it was a fight to the death, quarter being neither asked nor given. On one occasion Major Pablo Menocal, a brother of the chief of staff, while scouting with eighty insurgent cavalry in the Holguin district, encountered a band of sixty guerillas on a raid. He formed line before being discovered and made a furious mounted charge. The guerillas fought desperately, but were driven back into a barb-wire fence and annihilated. Not one escaped, and there were no wounded when it was over. In this encounter both sides had gone back to the days of the Crusades, as not a shot was fired, the long machete doing it all. But Menocal's victory cost him heavily in killed and wounded.

During this period no attacks had been made on Spanish towns, however, but early in March the order had gone forth for a part of the troops in the province of Oriente to concentrate near the town of Jiguani, in the Bayamo district of that province. The days of hardship and hunger had come with a vengeance. The thousands of Cuban families living in the "bush," off the lines of operations of the enemy's columns, were eking out a miserable existence. All the able-bodied men being in the war, the women and children could barely raise enough vegetables to keep off starvation. Clothing could not be obtained at any price, and it was no uncommon sight to see women who had been gently reared whose raiment consisted of a patchwork of gunny sacks, while children of both sexes went as naked as they were born. And day and night they lived in terror of the raids of the merciless guerillas. The insurgent forces were barefooted and clothed in rags and tatters, and were always hungry. In this desolated and starving country the question of feeding the more than four thousand men about to be concentrated for the coming campaign was one that taxed the resources of our leaders to the utmost. The remnants of the great herds of cattle that a few months before had been grazing on the plains of Camaguey were gathered up and driven over the long road to the east of the Cauto. Pack trains scoured the country, taking from the miserable people the last sweet potato, ear of corn, or banana that could be found. The prefects, officers of the civil government, were ordered to bend every energy to the task, and did their work thoroughly. In a short time all the units ordered to take part in the coming operations were on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

move, and, it being in the dry season, the concentration was rapidly effected, and by the 10th four thousand two hundred of us, well armed but ragged and hungry, were in camp. On the first night after our arrival in the camp we Americans indulged ourselves in a picturesque poker game, some one having found a deck of cards. Gathered about a rubber blanket stretched on the ground, the necessary light being furnished by a few candles stuck onto bayonets, and revolver cartridges being the chips, we played far into the night, an audience of Cubans watching every move. I suppose we might have been in better business, but our recreations were certainly few enough.

No time was to be lost, so the whole force marched toward Jiguani and surrounded the town. By this time we Americans were seasoned campaigners, and had been under fire so many times that going into battle awakened no emotions in our breasts, and we went about the necessary preparations with scant thoughts as to what might happen to us individually. We had seen so much of death and misery that we were in a way hardened, and I believe had become the victims of a sort of fatalism, thinking that the war would last for years and that our chances of seeing home again were pretty small. It did not seem important when the end came or how.

We now had with us a gun that had not been used in the sieges described in the two previous articles, a twelve-pounder Driggs-Schroeder naval landing gun, one of the inventors of which was the present Admiral Schroeder of the United States Navy. This gun came near to the field-piece type, having a long barrel and high velocity. It, of course, could not be packed, but was drawn by mules. Like the guns that we already had, it used fixed ammunition, but unlike them, dispensed with the nuisance of the friction primer, the pull of the lanyard causing a bolt to descend through the breech block and fire the cartridge. This weapon had been purchased with funds raised by Cuban residents of Key West, known among Spanish-speaking people as Cayo Hueso, and so came to be known by that name. We always spoke of it as "Cayo Hueso," just as we would have applied the name to an animate being.

The town of Jiguani was much larger than any we had heretofore attacked, being a local commercial centre of importance. The garrison was about eight hundred strong, consisting mostly of infantry, but with a detachment of artillery and a troop of guerillas. The strongest work, and the one that was really the key to the whole situation, was a very substantial two-story masonry fort known as *El Castillo*, the Castle. This was situated on the end of a ridge, about eighty feet above the streets of the town, and was surrounded by formidable trenches and wire entanglements, both of which extended for some distance along the ridge to the northward. Very near the fort, in fact almost under its walls, was a small earthen redoubt. In the upper story of the Castle was an eight-centimetre Krupp gun and on the roof was the heliograph station, used in communicating with the town of Bayamo. Around the town was the usual circle of blockhouses, about a dozen of them, connected by barb-wire fences and surrounded by trenches and entanglements, while in the town itself were several well-fortified barracks and other buildings.

Besides Cayo Hueso we had a Hotchkiss twelve-pounder and a two-pounder, the former being our old friend of Cascorra and Guaimaro, and the latter the gun that had riddled the church on the last day at Guaimaro. The ridge, on one end of which stood the Castle, extended for a considerable distance in a north-westerly direction, and eight hundred yards along it from that work we selected the position for our battery, or rather for the most of it, as it was realized that against these masonry walls one might as well use a bean-shooter as the smaller Hotchkiss. On the night of the 12th a strong parapet with overhead cover and embrasures for two guns was constructed at the principal position, and on the south side of the town, in easy range of several of the blockhouses, a smaller one for the two-pounder. I took command of the main battery and assigned the smaller one to Cox, who had Janney with him, while Jones, Latrobe, Joyce, and Pennie were with me.

When dawn came, on a beautiful but very hot day, the Castle loomed big before us, while down to our right about five hundred yards was a blockhouse, and beyond that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a like distance another. The town was in easy range below us to the right front. The more than four thousand insurgent infantry and cavalry were all about the place, the strongest lines being near us on the north side. Down in the town we could hear the calls of sentries, the crowing of roosters, and the barking of dogs. If the garrison had discovered our gun positions they made no sign. Our guns were loaded and pointed and we sat about waiting for orders. These came just after sunrise, and old Cayo Hueso with a crash sent a shell that made a beautiful burst on the identical spot at which it had been aimed on the side of the fort. We realized that now we had something of a gun. In a couple of seconds the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder let fly and scored a hit, and then we heard away beyond the Castle the bark of the little gun stirring up the blockhouses. We sent in two more shells, both of them bursting against the stone walls without penetrating. The projectiles from the Driggs-Schroeder would have breached the wall in a hurry but for the fact that their fuses were so sensitive that they burst before the full effects of their blows could be felt. At this time we saw a cloud of smoke puff from a port-hole in the upper story of the Castle, and soon heard a rumble as of a train crossing a bridge, followed by the swish of a shell as it rushed past us so close that the blast of air was very perceptible. It missed the left end of the parapet about two feet, and slashed through the tree growth behind us with a noise like a runaway team, cutting off branches and tearing up things generally. A regiment of our infantry had been halted a couple of hundred yards behind us at the foot of the slope, the drop of which just about coincided with the angle of fall of the shell. The result was that the projectile landed among them and burst with a very impressive crash. There was no panic, but the men were quickly ordered out of the dangerous locality, but not until another shell just clearing our parapet had burst among them. We had, in the meantime, sent in a couple more, and the fight was fairly on. We were on the point of concentrating the fire of both guns on the port-hole with the hope of disabling the Krupp, when our attention was called to flashes of light from the top of the fort, the heliograph undoubtedly sending news of the attack to Bayamo, to which station General Linares was known to be en route from Manzanillo with a strong column. The heliograph must be disabled first, and I took a careful sight with Cayo Hueso. The shell cleared the top of the fort, and there was borne to our ears the sound of its explosion in the fields beyond the town. The second shot hit the top of the fort in a perfect line and the smoke of the explosion completely obscured the instrument and the men working it. We thought the job was done, but with superb nerve the operators stuck to their post and the smoke of the explosion had barely drifted away when we again saw the little flashes. The next shell was a centre shot, striking the roof right at the instrument, exploding and making a clean sweep of everything. But the two gallant fellows had not died in vain, for Bayamo had the news. In the meantime the Krupp was sending in its compliments as fast as it could be loaded and fired. The shooting was uncomfortably good, but we had to ignore it for the time. One shell made a square hit on the parapet but exploded without penetrating, disarranging the scenery quite a bit, however. Others would barely clear us and burst in the woods behind after cutting down a few trees, while some fell a few feet short, bursting on the stony ground and showering us with pieces of iron and rock splinters. We fired a few more shells against a particular part of the wall where we hoped by a number of hits to breach it and make a big gap, but in vain. Our shells burst too easily, and we longed for solid shot. The fuses could not be removed, being in the bases of the shells. About now the same thing happened to the twelve-pounder Hotchkiss that had befallen one of those guns at Guaimaro. A defective cartridge was fired, there was a stream of flame from the vent, and a shell stuck hard and fast half-way to the muzzle. It may be said in passing that three months were required to remove it. So now it was Driggs-Schroeder *versus* Krupp on even terms. It was a pretty fight, and with a large and appreciative audience, as owing to the fact that both gun positions were well elevated above the surrounding country everybody in the town and probably half of those in the Cuban lines could see the result of every shot. The enemy's gun did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not seem to be so accurate as ours, but its shooting was by no means wild, every shell coming in close, and an occasional one making a hit on the parapet. At a burst of smoke from the Castle the one of us on lookout would call out "Down," and every one, no matter what he might be doing, would throw himself flat on the ground. In a couple of seconds the shell would strike and burst, and then we would leap to our feet and try to give them a couple before they could fire again. The discovery was made that by watching carefully we could discern the enemy's shells up in the air when about half-way to us, and several times when we saw that they had a line on the parapet we succeeded in avoiding them by quick jumping to either the right or left. Before the day was over we had become quite expert in judging the shells and getting out of the way of them. The gun that they were being fired from was a Krupp of one of the older models and of low velocity compared with ours, or this could not have been done. A man would have had to get a mighty early start to dodge a shell from Cayo Hueso, even if he could see it.

For a time we paid no attention to the Krupp other than to avoid being hit by its shells, and confined ourselves to trying to breach the wall below it by hammering a particular spot, knowing that if we succeeded the gun and its detachment would be involved in the catastrophe. But the Spaniards' shooting was becoming better and better, and it was only a question of time until they would land a shell on our sole remaining big gun and take from us the last chance of victory. The Krupp must be put out of action. Very careful sight was taken at the port-hole, which was about four feet in diameter, and the shell struck the lower sill, the smoke of the explosion completely obscuring the embrasure. We hoped that the gun had been disabled, but vainly. But the thing that opened our eyes to possibilities was the fact that this shot loosened some of the masonry where it struck, we having seen some of the fragments fall to the ground. In a minute or so came another shot just as the lanyard of our piece was about to be pulled. The customary dive to cover or vigorous side-stepping took a couple of seconds, and then we sent one straight home. Instead of the usual burst on the outside of the wall a torrent of smoke poured from the embrasure, and the sound of the explosion of our shell was muffled. This shot disabled the Krupp for several hours, and as was subsequently learned killed or wounded all but one of the twelve men serving it. This hit was greeted by a tremendous outburst of cheering from all the Cubans who could see it from the lines about the town. The gun having been disposed of, we determined to go about tearing down the fort in a systematic manner. There was one little matter that required our attention first, however. Although we had heard considerable infantry firing on the south side of the town, there had not been a great deal directed against us with the exception that the blockhouse below us to our right front had kept up a persistent and annoying peppering of our position. We were partially protected from this fire by the lay of the land, but determined to endure the nuisance no longer. Three shots did the business, and sent the survivors of the garrison on a run toward the town, we speeding them up with a shell after they had got a good start. We were so much above them that their trenches had been but little protection, as we could fire right down into them.

The next shot was fired at the lower sill of the embrasure of the Castle, and went as true as if it had been fired at pistol range. Half a wagon-load of masonry fell to the ground and some of it rolled down the hill slope. This brought another outburst of cheering. From that time we fired very slowly and carefully, planting the shots alternately two feet to the left of or below the ever widening gap, until soon practically the whole corner of the fort had been shot away, and we could see a great pile of debris on the ground. The structure was by this time abandoned and so weakened that it was deemed inadvisable to waste on it any more of our precious ammunition. So we gave our attention to some of the blockhouses and the fortified buildings in the town, more as an object lesson to their defenders than for any other purpose. During all of this time there were occasional bursts of infantry fire against us, and in one of them General Garcia's chief engineer officer who was returning to headquarters from a visit to us was killed.

It was known that it was the general's plan to make a night assault, but several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of us now went to him and pleaded hard and earnestly in an endeavor to induce him to storm the ridge at once, pointing out that the Castle was abandoned and that the men in the trenches could be so distracted by the shells that we could send in on them at the rate of four a minute that they could be overcome by mere weight of numbers. It was argued that to a certainty nearly the whole length of the ridge would be occupied in force as soon as darkness came on, a thing that could not be done in daylight as our battery would be on an extension of the left flank of a line so formed and would rake it from end to end. The general discussed the matter freely, but was unyielding, being convinced that the darkness would be of more advantage to him than to the enemy, as the assaulting line could make considerable headway before being discovered. Furthermore, his orders had been already promulgated and any change in them now might lead to confusion and misunderstanding. It was a terrible and costly mistake, but mighty few men have waged war without making more grievous errors of judgment.

By ten o'clock the day was dragging and it seemed that there would be but little more for us to do than at the appointed time fire the signal for the assault. We could hear Cox's two-pounder barking away and there was some infantry fire of a desultory nature. The heat was terrific, and we were suffering greatly from thirst, water not being obtainable. Latrobe, who had remained in the position all day though very ill from pernicious malaria, was pretty well done for, but stuck it out. A few yards to the left of the parapet was a tree the shade of which was very inviting, and I went over and sat down under it, leaning against the trunk. In a short time I felt something bite the back of my neck and discovered that a lot of little black ants were skurrying up and down, and so shifted my position away from the tree a foot or two.—Not two seconds later a bullet hit the trunk at a point where it would have gone through my body. I suppose I should be a friend of ants, but am not.

And so the hours dragged on until about three o'clock, when, no one being on lookout, we heard the boom of the old Krupp, and a shell passed close over us. Leaping to our feet, we saw a cloud of smoke over the small redoubt near the Castle. The Spaniards had removed the injured gun from the fort after the shot entering the embrasure had disabled it, repaired the damage and mounted it in the small earthwork. Hot, thirsty, and hungry as we were, we sprang to Cayo Hueso to begin anew the artillery duel. The enemy's new gun position was infinitely better than his first, as the piece would be shoved up so that only its muzzle appeared over the low parapet of the redoubt, the recoil after firing carrying it down to safety. Time and again we tried to dismount the gun, but to no avail. It was loaded before being placed in the firing position, so that it was exposed for only the couple of seconds necessary to take aim. If we fired on the appearance of its muzzle, which could usually be detected by means of glasses, the gun had been fired and had recoiled to cover before our projectile could reach it. Every one of our shots struck the redoubt at the exact spot or landed in it on a perfect line, and a score of times, as we saw the Krupp's position fairly buried under a shower of earth, we cheered wildly and congratulated ourselves on having put it out of business. But as certain as fate in a few moments the black muzzle would reappear for an instant and be followed by a puff of smoke. Our gun, already being loaded and aimed, would be fired, and we would run into the open in order to be able to the more easily jump out of the way of the shell. As our parapet had by this time been badly battered, and all the enemy's shots were aimed at it in the hope of dismounting our gun, the open was much the safer place. There was one thing that impressed itself on our minds, and that was that side-stepping shells from a breech-loading rifle at eight hundred yards range was no business for rheumatics. Joyce finally got tired of these jumps to the open and announced that he was going to stand his ground. So when the next warning yell came he sat down with his back to the parapet. The shell landed squarely on the top, and burst about two feet above his head. Joyce was fairly covered with a few shovels full of earth, and a couple of fragments fell in his lap. He arose very deliberately and began to brush his clothes, remarking in a bored way that it was no way to treat a man who had gone to the trouble to dress neatly for this occasion. But the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next time he accompanied the rest of us. In front of our parapet about ten feet, and just enough to the left of Cayo Hueso's line of fire not to be injured by its blast, stood a young palm tree about twenty feet high. Shells had barely missed it many times, and we had speculated on the probability of it surviving the battle, but now its turn came, it being struck about three feet above the ground and cut down. The shell exploded from the force of the blow and threw fragments all over Jones and myself, we having jumped to the left when we saw where it was going to strike. This bootless duel kept up until nearly dark, each gun trying in vain to dismount the other. The Spanish gun was quite safe owing to its ability to kick down a slope to cover, but how old Cayo Hueso went through that day without being wrecked is a most unaccountable thing. Certainly fifty shells struck or passed within fifteen feet of it.

In due time orders were received to aim the gun at the ruins of the Castle while it was still sufficiently light, and to fire at exactly ten o'clock. This shot, like the last one at Guaimaro, was to be the signal for the assault. We of the artillery had almost reached the limit of endurance from heat, thirst, and hunger, and dragged ourselves down to camp for a scanty meal, but not for sleep. For there was to be no sleep for human beings at Jiguani that night except for the poor fellows whose bodies in a few short hours were to litter the streets of the town and the slopes of that fatal ridge.

About half-past nine, it now being very dark, we returned to the scene of our grilling day's work and awaited the appointed hour. Without exception we had forebodings of disaster, and well we might, for the commanding officer of this post was the one who had made such a game fight against us at Cascorra six months before. The assault was to be made by about two thousand men. On our right twelve hundred under various leaders were to capture the blockhouses and trenches on the north side and enter the town from that direction. The assault on the ridge and Castle was under the general direction of General Enrique Collazo, who had at his disposal eight hundred men. Of these, six hundred and fifty under Augustin Cebreco were to go up the side of the ridge on our left, while one hundred and fifty under Lieut.-Col. Chas. Hernandez were to assault the Castle direct up the south end of the ridge, directly opposite the side that we had been battering. This officer, one of the bravest and most capable in the insurgent forces, is well known to many Americans, having been subsequently Director of Roads and Posts during the period of intervention. General Collazo in person accompanied Hernandez's detachment. What we had feared happened. As soon as darkness came on half of the garrison had quietly moved up from the town and occupied the southern half of the ridge in a close line.

As for the last half hour before the assault at Guaimaro, the silence after the uproar of the day was oppressive. At last our watches marked ten o'clock. I stepped over to Cayo Hueso and pulled the lanyard, and before the crash had died out of our ears a shell bursting against the walls of the Castle lighted up the ruins for an instant. We climbed up on the parapet and strained our ears for the first sound. For a moment the silence was absolute, and then down to our left where Cebreco's men were waiting we could hear a noise like that made by a drove of cattle breaking through brush. Then we made out a few commands and immediately afterward heard a great roar of yells and cries of "*Adelante, Adelante, Arriba, Arriba,*" as they broke into the open and started up. In an instant the whole south half of the ridge was lit up as if by a thousand fire-flies, and a moment later we could make out Cebreco's front by the flashes of the rifles of his men, as firing rapidly and yelling like madmen they pressed up the slope. But it was more than they could endure, and soon they threw themselves on the ground and kept up a fire fight with the Spaniards on the summit, two hundred yards above them. While this uproar was going on the twelve hundred men on our right carried all the blockhouses on their front and reached the shelter of the buildings of the town. In the face of a murderous fire Hernandez rushed his men up the south end of the ridge to within a stone's throw of the trenches around the Castle and for seven terrible hours held on to the position gained. We artillerymen sat on our parapet listening in awed silence to the hellish uproar and wondering whether it would ever end. It must be remembered that the nearly three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thousand Spaniards and Cubans using breech-loaders, the most of them magazine rifles, could do as much firing in a specified time as ten times their number armed with the muzzle-loaders of our Civil War days. We thought that through the din we could make out the drumming of machine-guns, but I have never learned whether the Spaniards were supplied with them on that occasion or not. But this could not last forever. Cebreco's men began to give up some of the more advanced positions they had reached and to retire down the slope at the foot of which they were re-formed. The fighting in the town after the Cubans penetrated it and began to attack the barracks added to the pandemonium of sound, and we saw flames shooting up from houses that had been fired either accidentally or intentionally.

Although Cebreco had been repulsed the day was by no means lost, as the insurgents had the upper hand in the town and Hernandez was hanging on like grim death to the ground he had gained. And now came the disaster, and from a most unsuspected source. A messenger from the scouts watching the Bayamo road raced into camp with the news that Linares's big column was close at hand and would arrive shortly after daybreak. To be caught as we were, with all our forces scattered about the town and with many of them inside it, would spell inevitable defeat. General Garcia was in an agony of suspense as to what he should do, but finally sent officers to call in all the troops and to concentrate them at daylight at a certain nearby point. Cebreco's men and the two thousand that had not taken part in the assault were easily got at, and began their march through the inky darkness. The withdrawal of the men who had penetrated the town was naturally a problem of great difficulty, as they had scattered to loot or were engaged in isolated fights. The first messenger sent to Hernandez was killed in trying to reach him. After waiting for hours, and wondering why he did not come in, the general sent another, who at five o'clock in the morning gave Hernandez his orders, and that courageous officer withdrew with the handful that remained to him. Before daylight it was all over, and we brought the guns back to the general rendezvous.

The sun rose over a sorrowful scene. Our wounded were everywhere, the few surgeons doing what they could to alleviate their sufferings. Our gray-haired and much-loved chieftain sat apart with bowed head, his grief being made the more poignant by the receipt of information to the effect that Linares's column was still miles away, a force of guerillas scouting on his front having in the darkness been mistaken for the main body, so that his withdrawal had been unnecessary. In general, the Cuban scouting service was excellent. In nearly two years I heard of but two false reports being brought in, and this was one of them.

Our losses were heavy. Of one hundred and fifty men, Hernandez had twenty-four killed, and of course many more wounded, although the proportion of killed to wounded was unusually large because of the fact that some of the wounded lying for hours under fire were hit several times. His losses reached nearly seventy per cent., but for hours that must have seemed endless he had held his men to their work just outside the impenetrable barb-wire entanglements and had withdrawn only under orders. Cebreco lost twenty per cent. in killed and wounded. The losses in these two commands, combined with those of the twelve hundred who had entered the town, brought the total up to about four hundred, just a few short of the losses of Lawton's division of more than six thousand Americans at El Caney.

VICTORIA DE LAS TUNAS

Nearly six months had passed since our futile attack on the town of Jiguani. Garcia's forces, more hungry and more ragged than ever and considerably reduced by battle casualties, continued to range the *Departamento del Oriente*, harassing Spanish convoys and columns sent out on operations and maintaining a sleepless vigilance about all the garrisoned towns. The enemy had long ceased to leave the protection of his forts and blockhouses in columns of less than three or four thousand men, except that the guerillas from time to time ventured out on brief raids. The march of nearly four thousand of us to the Bay of Banes to meet the third expedition of the filibuster *Laurada*, the fight between the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With superb nerve the operators stuck to their post.—Page 737.

After the Bay of Banes expedition the various organizations of Garcia's force had scattered to their respective districts and had engaged in minor operations against the enemy whenever he ventured outside the towns. In August orders were issued for a concentration in order to attack the town of Victoria de las Tunas, in the northern part of the province of Oriente and very near the Camaguey line. This place was far stronger than any we had yet attempted to take, but had the fatal weakness that the town, which lay on a perfectly level plain, was dominated on the south side by a low ridge within easy artillery range. Doubtless the Spaniards would have been glad to include this ridge in their line of defence but this would have made it so long that with the garrison available it could not have been strongly held at any one point. The garrison consisted of about eight hundred infantry, a detachment of artillery with two Krupp field-pieces, and a troop of forty-seven guerillas. This force was distributed among twenty-two defensive positions. The outer line consisted of nineteen *fortines* or blockhouses of the usual type and a large brick building which had been a cavalry barrack, and was known as the *Cuartel de la Caballeria*. This structure, the first to be attacked, lay directly south of the centre of the town. Inside the outer line of the defences, and at the north-west corner of the town, was the *Cuartel de la Infanteria*, or infantry barracks, a massive masonry building about two hundred feet long and having extending southward from its west end an L about sixty feet in length. At the north-east corner of the town was the Telegraph Fort, a two-story brick structure surrounded by a brick

Cubans and the Spanish gun-boat *Jorge Juan*, anchored close to shore, the encounters with General Luque's powerful column sent to take the expedition referred to, the blowing up by means of a mine of a small Spanish gun-boat on the Cauto River, resulting in the death of every one of her crew of thirty-four, the all but successful attempt on a transport at the entrance to the Bay of Banes, our disastrous attack on the town of Sama, and many other stirring events cannot be told here. Suffice it to say, however, that this expedition of the *Laurada*, the largest that reached the island during the insurrection, brought us a new weapon, the newly invented Sims-Dudley dynamite gun, one Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, one Colt's automatic gun, three thousand five hundred rifles with nearly three million cartridges, a considerable supply of artillery ammunition, some medical stores, and such sundries as dynamite and machetes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wall five feet high, this wall enclosing something less than an acre of ground. Many buildings were loop-holed, and everywhere were trenches and barb-wire entanglements.

The insurgent organizations affected by this concentration order aggregated about five thousand eight hundred men. Of these about two thousand were held some distance south of the town to watch the road to Bayamo, a like number under Rabi being to the eastward to watch Holguin, from which point relief was most likely to come. In case a relieving column should issue from either of these places the appropriate force was to make a delaying fight until the other could join it. The troops that were to make the attack on the garrison consisted of eighteen hundred men under the direct command of our chieftian.

We had six guns, as follows: One Sims-Dudley dynamite gun, our old friend, Cayo Hueso, two Hotchkiss twelve-pounders, and two two-pounders of the same make. On this occasion a dynamite gun was for the first time to be used in war. The projectile of this weapon consisted of a cylindrical brass case about two inches in diameter and eighteen inches long, containing a bursting charge of five pounds of nitro-gelatine, the whole shell weighing ten pounds. A small charge of smokeless powder was used to compress the air by means of which the projectile was expelled from the gun. The powder charge, of course, could not act directly on this explosive, or the gun would have been blown to atoms at the first shot. The initial velocity of the piece was low, only about six hundred feet per second, so that it had to be fired at a considerable elevation for all but very short ranges. The projectile was easily deflected by wind, so that at the longer ranges it was difficult to do good shooting. The shell could easily be seen in the air, resembling a swallow in flight. Against earthworks and massive buildings the gun was not of much

To the dynamite gun was given the honor of leading the ball.—Page 744.

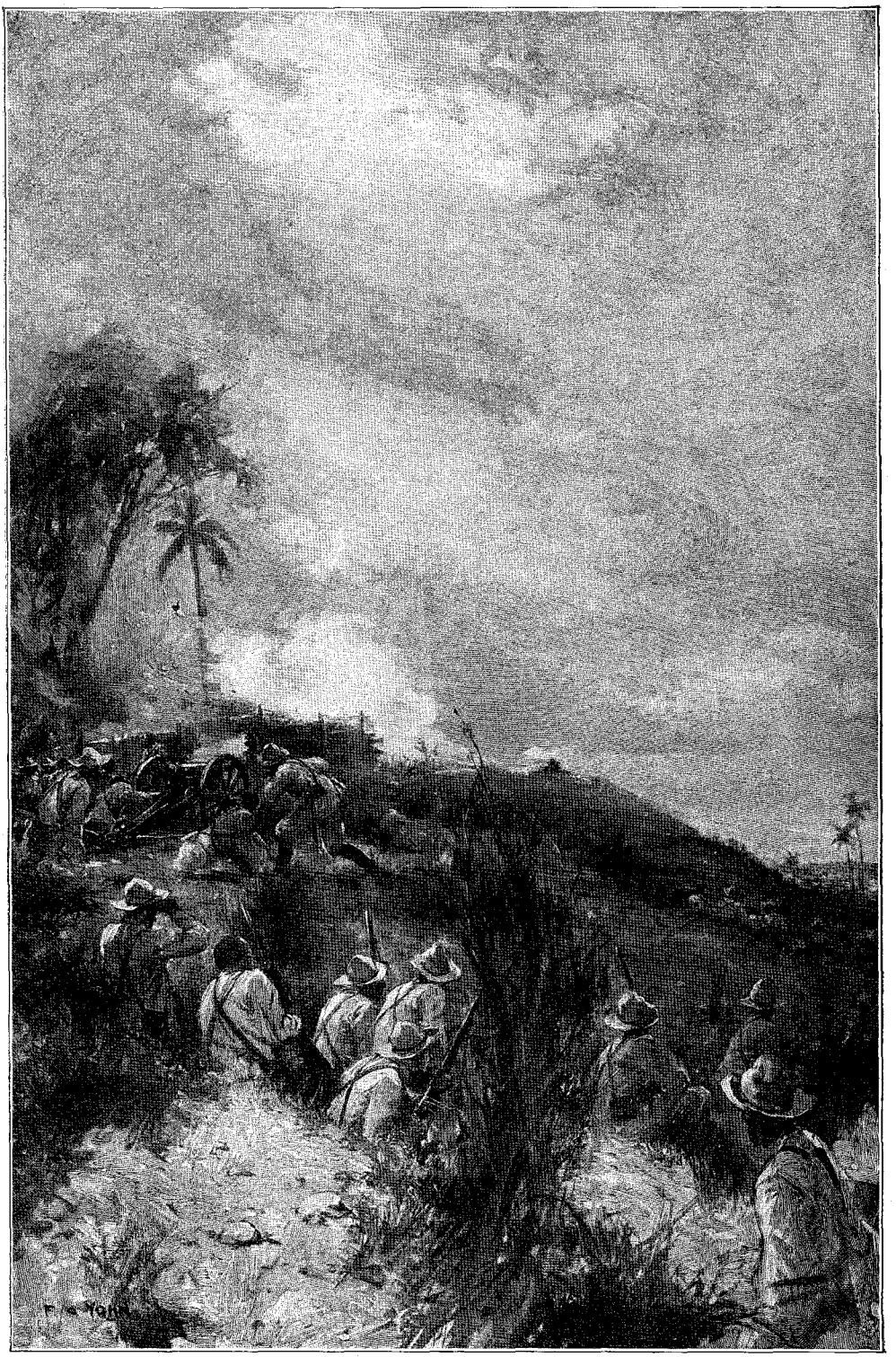
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use other than for its terrifying effect, but it blew blockhouses and the weaker class of buildings to rubbish in a few shots.

On August 27th the Cubans began closing in about the town. The Spaniards were on the alert, and on a couple of occasions sent shells from their battery at groups of men who exposed themselves. On the night of that day our artillery parapets were constructed. On the low ridge south of the town five hundred yards from the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* and about equally distant from the *Concepcion fortin* to the east of it, was our main position, a parapet about sixty feet long. No head cover was made, as we had learned from experience that it could not long survive the blast of our own guns. The parapet was made with the greatest care, as it was known that it would have to withstand a very severe artillery fire. In this position were placed the dynamite gun, the Driggs-Schroeder rifle, and the two Hotchkiss twelve-pounders. Half a mile to our right was constructed another battery, with two two-pounder Hotchkiss guns, to bear on some of the lighter blockhouses. This battery was commanded by Jones, who had with him Pennie and a number of Cubans. The larger battery was under my personal command, and I also did the sighting of the Driggs-Schroeder. Janney and Devine, with a number of Cubans, had the two Hotchkiss twelve-pounders. Four young Cubans who had come down to the island on the Roloff expedition had been assigned to the artillery with the rank of lieutenant. These were Portuondo, Poey, Marti, and Sedano. The former had charge of the dynamite gun. Joyce had returned to the United States on leave, and so was not with us, while Latrobe, having been appointed to the staff of General Collazo, was in the force to the eastward, and so missed the fight.

We all went to our respective positions early in the night and remained there watching the construction of the cover behind which we were the next day to fight. When daylight came on the morning of the 28th the mists rose slowly from the level plain on which the town was built and disclosed a scene of absorbing interest. Five hundred yards to our front and about thirty feet below us lay the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* with its trenches and maze of barb-wire entanglements. Seven hundred yards beyond it loomed the masonry walls of the far stronger *Cuartel de la Infanteria*. Twelve hundred yards to our right front was the Telegraph Fort, with the main part of the town directly in line. Blockhouses were everywhere. There was absolute silence, and not a sign of life was to be seen. General Garcia had established his head-quarters on the reverse slope of the ridge about sixty yards to the right rear of our position. Colonels Menocal and Garcia remained the greater part of the day in the battery. At last the former gave the word to open on the *Cuartel de la Caballeria*. The guns had been already loaded and pointed, and to the dynamite gun was given the honor of leading the ball. There was no little uneasiness as to what would happen when this uncanny weapon was fired, and there was not much of a tendency to stand too close to it. When the lanyard was pulled the gun gave what sounded like a loud cough, and jumped a little. We were in some doubt as to whether it had gone off or not, but looking toward the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* saw a most astounding spectacle. A section of the brick wall was blown in, making a hole large enough to have admitted a good sized truck, while the sound of a dull explosion was borne to our ears. A cloud of dust and fragments of the wall rose fifty feet in air and descended in a shower on the roof. We raised a great cheer, which was taken up and re-echoed by our people all about the town. For the moment we stood so spellbound and exultant over the results of this shot that we all but forgot the other guns, but only for the instant. The dust was still settling down over the scene of the explosion when every man rushed to his place, and the other three guns crashed out, making a wall of smoke in front of our position. Then we heard the cracks of Jones's two-pounders to our right. In no time the battle was fairly on. From the various forts and blockhouses came a crackling sound that soon swelled almost to a roar, and in less than a minute a big puff of smoke rose from a gun pit about two hundred yards beyond the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* and a little to its right, and almost instantly a shrapnel burst in front of our parapet, showering it with fragments and bullets. Then came a puff of smoke and a boom from another pit near the first one, and a second shell barely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Battle of Jiguani.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cleared our heads, bursting a few yards to the rear. For the time we paid no attention to the enemy's guns, but continued to fire on the cavalry barracks. While the shells from our rifled breech-loaders made very respectable holes in the walls, those from the dynamite gun created havoc, every shot blowing quantities of bricks and roofing tiles high in the air. Very wisely, the garrison had vacated the building after the first shot, and now from the trenches around it maintained on us a hot and persistent fire. The barrack having been wrecked in short order, there was nothing to be gained by a further bombardment of its ruins, and we aimed at the trenches with the double purpose of throwing shells into them and of breaking up the wire entanglements immediately in front. Our elevation above them made it comparatively easy for us to burst shells right in the trenches, and as we were using so many guns, and at so short a range, the Spaniards could not keep up firing and save themselves by squatting down on the flash of a gun. The result was that we fairly smothered the fire of the hundred men in those trenches, and turned our attention elsewhere. All of this time we were being pelted by shells as fast as two Krupp breech-loaders could be served. Shells were bursting all about us, and occasionally one would wreck a portion of the parapet. I hope it will not be taken as unseemly boasting, but as stating an absolute fact when I say that far from feeling any uneasiness we were as cool as cucumbers, and considered that we were having the time of our lives. But it had taken participation in a good many stiff fights to bring us to such a state of mind. Above the noise of our own fight we could not now hear the reports of Jones's guns, but could see the puffs of smoke from them as they engaged the Telegraph Fort and the blockhouses in its vicinity. Shortly after our fight had begun it had developed that the weeds on our front were interfering with the sighting of the guns. I considered cutting them out of the way a soldier's and not an officer's job, and called on several of the rank and file, but they were so slow in responding that Janney ran out into the open and with his machete did the work utterly oblivious of the bullets and shells that were coming in thick and fast. At this time something went wrong with the breech mechanism of one of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounders, and for the time being we were reduced to three guns in the main battery. The enemy's guns must now be attended to, or we would soon have no parapet left, and there was much uneasiness lest a shell should strike the dynamite gun while it was loaded and blow up the whole battery and everybody in it. So we switched our fire from the trenches around the cavalry barracks to the gun pits, but as soon as the shells began to strike around them both pieces were dragged out of action and hidden behind nearby buildings. To our right front, and distant only five hundred yards was the Concepcion blockhouse, the garrison of which had with a strange fatuousness remained inside the structure instead of taking to the trenches, and were firing rapidly from the port-holes of the lower story. But their time came quickly. The dynamite gun was dragged from behind the parapet in order that it could be brought to bear, and careful aim taken. When it gave its characteristic cough we saw the projectile sail gracefully through the air and strike the blockhouse squarely in the centre. The shell penetrated and burst inside, killing every one of the sixteen defenders. The structure was all but demolished, portions of the roof being blown a hundred feet in air.

One of the few Americans serving with the Cubans and not attached to the artillery, was Louis Napoleon Chapleau, who had the rank of lieutenant-colonel. As his name would indicate, Chapleau was of French descent, and he had all the characteristics of his race. He was volatile and dashing, and had made a reputation for dare-devil exploits. The Americans whose service under Garcia antedated mine knew him well, but I had not met him until the Bay of Banes campaign. On this occasion he was with some infantry just to our right. When he saw the disaster to the Concepcion blockhouse he took his cue and waited for no orders. With about fifty men he rushed it under a hot fire from the trenches around the cavalry barracks. There was not room for all his men in the trenches, and so Chapleau and some of them fought on the outside, exchanging shots with those who now opened on them from several positions. Chapleau, himself, using a rifle and encouraging the men with him, received a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wound that cut a blood-vessel in his neck. He was brought back under fire and attended by a surgeon attached to General Garcia's head-quarters. The general with his staff was only a short distance to the right rear of our battery, and as soon as it was learned that Chapleau had been brought in wounded I stepped over to inquire as to his condition. There I saw the general and his staff, standing uncovered and with bowed heads, while the blood gushed in torrents from the wounded man's throat, drenching the surgeon who was attempting in vain to stop its flow. Chapleau, perfectly conscious, was muttering, "It is finished," "It is finished," "It is all over," his voice growing gradually weaker until his head sank down on his breast, and another brave man had died a soldier's death. The scene just described is such a one as we have all seen on the stage in melodramas and military plays, and have always thought overdone and unreal. But within a stone's throw was a battery in action, and as Chapleau sank into the last sleep with the silent and uncovered men about him, the last sounds he heard were the booming of its guns and the crackle of the Mausers and the whistling of their bullets, while the wisps of smoke blowing back from the battery gave a setting that could not be had on any stage.

The men who had taken the Concepcion blockhouse held on to it until the end, although under heavy fire from time to time. The fast work had heated our guns until I believe eggs could have been fried on their barrels, and it was necessary to suspend fire for awhile, this being feasible as we thought we had scared the Krupp guns out of the fight. Our parapet was badly shattered and at one end nearly demolished, but was still serviceable. The only thing that had saved us was that the enemy had used shrapnel as well as common shell, and these former, often bursting by means of time fuses in front of the parapet, had done it but little damage. While we were resting, allowing the guns to cool and taking stock of the wreckage, to our great surprise the Krupps reopened on us from a new position somewhat in rear of the old gun pits, and we went for them in a hurry. Portuondo landed a shell from the dynamite gun

All firing was suspended until the sad procession of a hundred or more, weeping and wailing and wringing their hands, had passed.—Page 749.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

With cries of *"Al machete,"* rushed into the barb wire.—Page 750.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

squarely under one of them. The explosion killed every man serving the piece and completely wrecked it, shattering the carriage and one wheel. After the surrender we examined this gun with the greatest interest. One peculiar fact was that the minute fragments of the thin brass case that contained the bursting charge had been blown into the steel barrel so hard that they remained there and made it look as if it had been inlaid with gold. The other gun "dusted" for cover before we could hit it, and a little later fired several shots from the streets, but never more than one from the same place. Finally it was removed to a pit near the Telegraph Fort, and from time to time fired on us until it met its fate from old Cayo Hueso. We now began to take shots at the various forts and blockhouses, giving every one two or three in order to get the ranges of all, and then deliberately destroyed several of the latter. It was now discovered that the dynamite gun could not be depended on for work at over nine hundred yards range, as its velocity was not sufficient to make it accurate. Several shots from it fired at the Telegraph Fort fell on the roof of the hospital, which was in direct line, and, as we afterward learned, created a panic among the sick and wounded. At this juncture some one called attention to what seemed to be a white flag flying from the roof of one of the buildings of the town. By a mere coincidence the Spanish infantry fire died down at the same time. Captain Cardenas of the staff mounted his horse, and holding aloft a white flag, rode into the town, passing within a few rods of the wrecked *Cuartel de la Caballeria*. Cardenas was allowed to enter unopposed, and upon inquiring as to the meaning of the flag found that no one had seen it until he pointed it out. It was discovered that a Chinese shopkeeper, hoping that the emblem of his country might save him from our shells, had hoisted this work of art, which was a black dragon on a white ground. The trouble with his flag was that it was very old, and the dragon had washed out to such a degree that it could be detected only by minute inspection. The Spanish commander had it hauled down at once. The officers crowded about Cardenas and inquired as to the nature of the terrible bombs that were being thrown against their defences, and were told that they were from a dynamite gun. It seems that they had never heard of the weapon. The Spanish commander took advantage of his interview with Cardenas to ask for permission for all the women and children to leave the town. This was granted, and all firing was suspended until the sad procession of a hundred or more, weeping and wailing and wringing their hands, had passed over the ridge just to the right of our battery, at which they cast frightened glances. They were the families of Spanish residents and of the guerillas. It was a sight to unnerve the best of us.

We now fired slowly and carefully at the two strongest positions, the *Cuartel dela Infanteria* and the Telegraph Fort. The walls of the former were too strong for our shells, which burst on the outside, though we managed to do damage by landing several on the roof. The latter was exceedingly hard to hit except on its upper portion because of the hospital being in direct line. The remaining Krupp now opened on us from excellent cover and a well-screened position near the Telegraph Fort, and did good shooting, the gun detachment evidently being cooler than they had been while fighting at the shorter ranges. To dismount this gun had to be the work of the Driggs-Schroeder, as it was beyond the range of the dynamite gun and better shooting would be required than could be done with the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder. I aimed a number of shots very carefully, and though every burst seemed to be right on the spot, it would be only a moment until another flash would presage the coming of a shell. It will be recalled that at Jiguani we had taken pride in our ability to get out of the way of the shells from the Krupp used there, but these guns were of much higher velocity. At the ranges at which they had been fought earlier in the day the shell would follow the flash so quickly that one scarcely had time to move, but now at twelve hundred yards one could dive to cover if he lost no time. Immediately after sighting Cayo Hueso I had been climbing part-way up on the parapet to the windward of the smoke to observe the effects of my own shots. Whenever in this position I saw the flash of the enemy's gun I would yell "Down!" and would drop into one of the short ditches with the others. Finally I took a foolish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notion that this getting down with such haste looked undignified, and that I would do no more of it. So when the next flash came I gave the warning cry and stood my ground. A couple of seconds later I was literally hurled backward through the air for fifteen or twenty feet, landing on my head and shoulders and being half buried under earth and poles, and at almost the same instant heard the explosion of the shell. I heard Menocal cry out, "My God, he is cut in two!" and a second or so later was half drowned under a deluge of filthy water. Colonel Garcia had picked up a bucket containing the water in which the sponge used in swabbing out one of the guns from time to time had been dipped, and had poured it over me. About a year ago I inquired of him as to the object of this well-meant attention and was informed that it had been the only thing handy, and that water is always good for people. This having been the color and consistency of printers' ink, I certainly was not a very inspiring object when helped to my feet, and was not fit to appear in polite society without a change of raiment and a bath. The shell had pierced the parapet about two feet from me, and had burst some twenty feet beyond. But my revenge was coming, and in about two shots more the offending gun was dismounted and the enemy left without artillery.

It was well on in the afternoon of a wild and stirring day when Menocal told me that the trenches around the cavalry barracks were to be assaulted and that the guns would support the attack until the last moment. Owing to the close and accurate work required, the dynamite gun could not be used, but Janney took one of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounders, and I the Driggs-Schroeder. The assault was to be made by the Victoria Regiment, and was to be led by Col. Carlos Garcia of the staff. This organization, about three hundred strong, had lain all day in a shallow draw, two hundred yards in front of us and three hundred from the position to be attacked. For hours the shells of the artillery duel had swished only a few feet over their heads. For a few moments we shelled the trenches as rapidly as the guns could be served. I heard some one cry out, "There they go!" and saw two lines of men emerge from their cover and rush toward the front, yelling like madmen and firing with great rapidity. The next moment was certainly the most intense in the lives of any of us serving the guns. The slightest mistake might result in landing a shell among our own people. I know that, inured as I was to scenes of war, I fairly shook with excitement, and kept saying to myself, "Keep cool, keep cool." In a very short time the charge reached the maze of entanglements. Our shells, plunging at the rate of three a minute from each gun into the trenches, were demoralizing the defenders to such an extent that they could do but little firing, but from a trench on its right the attacking regiment was brought under a hot flank fire at seven hundred yards range, and suffered severely. A number of the officers having been shot down, and it seeming impossible to get through the entanglements, some confusion arose. The men began to bunch up and lie down. Of course our shells, barely clearing their heads and bursting thirty yards in front of them, did not add to their equanimity. It looked as if the gallant attack must fail, and that it was only a question of drawing out those who could be saved from the wreck, when Menocal and two other officers of the staff mounted their horses and at a dead run rode into the charge, actually coming within thirty or forty yards of the trenches before their horses all went down killed and Menocal had his leg shattered. But the other two officers, with Colonel Garcia and those of the regiment, rose to their feet and with cries of "*Al machete*," rushed into the barb wire. The men followed their lead, and with their machetes began to hack frantically at the wires, and in a few moments had cut their way through. We had continued our artillery fire until this time, but now were glad to cease. The Spaniards took advantage of the opportunity to escape while the Cubans were getting through the entanglements, and under cover of the ruins of the building reached the town, and were distributed among the other defences. They had left behind a very considerable number of killed and wounded.

All of us Americans, in common with many of our Cuban comrades, were suffering from a very severe form of malaria, and took it as a matter of course that about every other day we were to go through the racking experience of a burning fever with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its accompanying delirium and the depressing chill in which it seemed that every man was trying to shake his teeth out. At this juncture I felt mine coming, and knew that in a short time I must be unconscious and delirious, and so turned the battery over to Janney, and led by my faithful orderly, fifteen-year-old Sergeant Cecilio Betancourt, stumbled back to the head-quarters camp, distant half a mile. During my ravings, while imagining I was another person, I could hear a long-continued roar of infantry fire punctuated by cannon shots. Finally came the welcome unconsciousness, and when I awoke late at night there were no people near except Sergeant Betancourt and my striker, Juan Gonzalez. About ten o'clock I felt able to mount my horse, and riding back to the artillery position found that all the guns were gone. A few men who happened to be in the vicinity informed me that they had been taken into the town. We rode down past the ruins of the *Cuartel de la Caballeria*, making inquiries from persons encountered en route, and I finally rejoined my command. The roar heard during my delirium was occasioned by the Spanish sortie, made in an attempt to retake the works lost and probably with the intention if successful of sweeping over the artillery position. The attack had been repulsed after severe fighting. There was more or less desultory firing going on all of the time, the Cubans having loop-holed a number of the houses to facilitate their operations against those of the Spanish works that had not yet been taken. The whole force of insurgents, with the exception of those men stationed to escape on the north, were now in the town in the shelter of the houses. The capture of the cavalry barracks and the Concepcion blockhouse had opened the chain of defences on the south side, and the insurgents in making their entry had taken by assault a number of the blockhouses adjacent to these two works on either side. So there had arisen a peculiar situation, in that the remaining defences, which included two of the strongest works, were to be attacked from the interior of the town instead of from its outside.

There would be no use for the guns until morning, so, hungry, tired, and sick, we sank down on pavements or on brick floors to get what rest we could. The only one of us artillery officers hit during the day was Lieut. Francisco Sedano, killed late in the afternoon.

With the breaking of day on the 29th we began prospecting for positions from which to attack the remaining forts. The strongest work was the *Cuartel de la Infanteria*. Its masonry walls were three feet thick, loop-holed, and defended by two hundred men. The main business street of the town could not be crossed by us, being swept by the fire of this work at one end and by that of the Telegraph Fort at the other, so that in our operations we were confined to the south half of the town. No building could be found from which a fire could be delivered that would strike the walls of the big barrack at right angles, so we were obliged to content ourselves with a warehouse distant from it one hundred and fifty yards, but so situated that our shells would strike the walls at an angle of thirty degrees, a most serious disadvantage, as much of the force of their blows would be lost. The ammunition of the Driggs-Schroeder was nearly exhausted, and as it was thought best not to try to use all the guns, embrasures were made for two, the dynamite gun and one of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounders. The latter had to be made very large, as the barrel of the piece was not long enough for the muzzle to clear the wall, which would have been shattered by the blast. The guns had to be dismounted to get them through the doorway, but by ten o'clock were in position. The protection was the best we had ever fought behind, we being perfectly safe from infantry fire except for such bullets as might come through the port-holes. But we had a sneaking fear lest the enemy had another Krupp up his sleeve. If he had, it would have been over with us in short order, as the walls of the warehouse could have been breached very quickly. The breaking through of the port-holes for our two guns had been the signal for a hot fire from the line of loop-holes in the great barrack which loomed up across two vacant lots. We kept under cover and allowed this spurt to die out and then gave it to them. I had had a small observation port-hole cut for myself, and saw the two projectiles strike. The Hotchkiss shell glanced from the wall, and then burst. That from the dynamite gun made a terrific explosion but the result was about the same as would be caused by throwing an egg

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against a house. There was a fine spatter and nothing else. Not a stone was displaced by either shot. But the moral effect of the explosions of the nitro-gelatine bombs was in time to do the work. The defenders of the building poured such a fire against our embrasures that the greatest care had to be used in serving the guns. Immediately on being discharged each piece would be dragged out of danger, loaded, and carefully run into position again. A moment's respite in the fire would give the few seconds necessary to take aim. On the smooth concrete floor the Hotchkiss cut the most astounding antics. In spite of brake ropes it would recoil clear to the opposite wall, and once turned over and bent the sight, which we had got into the bad habit of not removing for each shot. And so it went on all of a long, tiresome, and dreary day. From illness and hunger and as a result of the exhausting work of the preceding day, we were in a half-dazed condition, and could keep on our feet with difficulty. Yesterday had been my day with the fever, and to-day some of my comrades took their turn, and sank on the floor to let it work its devilish will. For the several reasons given our fire was exceedingly slow. During the day we got in twenty-eight shots from the dynamite gun and about forty from the Hotchkiss. The most of our fire had been concentrated on certain spots in the hope of weakening the wall, but to no avail. Several of the stone columns in front of the building were shattered, and toward the last some shells from the dynamite gun, landed on the roof by most careful aiming, had terrified the defenders by showering them with tiling and broken timbers. Devine, becoming disgusted with the work of the artillery, borrowed a Mauser and spent an hour or two at a loop-hole of his own, sharpshooting at those of the enemy. More or less infantry fire between the Spaniards and Cubans at other positions had taken place during the day, but at no time reached any great volume.

At last night came again to give us some rest and sleep, and we stretched ourselves on the hard floor. About ten o'clock it seemed that the Spaniards in the barrack had been struck by some sort of a panic, probably believing that the Cubans were about to assault, and opened a terrific fire. This was taken up by the Telegraph Fort and the uncaptured blockhouses. This stirred up the Cubans, and they began to reply, and for an hour or two both sides kept up a most shocking waste of ammunition. We of the artillery listened to the uproar for awhile, and then went to sleep in the midst of it.

When daylight came again the fight had lasted forty-eight hours, but the end was near at hand. Very early in the morning a soldier had escaped from the *cuartel* and brought to Colonel Menocal the information that he was an emissary from his comrades, who had come to the conclusion that they had reached the limit of human endurance. They were in sore straits from hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and their nerve had been completely shattered by the explosions of the nitro-gelatine bombs. The commander and the other officers would fight to the end, but if he would take possession at daybreak they would throw down their arms. It was evident that they were not made of the stuff of the defenders of Cascorra or of Baler in the Philippines. But they knew the situation to be absolutely hopeless, and did not propose to be sacrificed to save the honor of their officers.

The sun had not yet risen when a few officers, including Janney and myself, left the warehouse and walked into the open. We felt a bit ticklish as we approached the grim line of loop-holes, but no flash came from them, and at a run we went over the mound of earth protecting the great gateway. The door swung open and the haggard and wasted men, barely able to stand, threw down their arms, while their officers looked on in helpless astonishment. But they accepted the inevitable, and made no resistance.

I was so hungry that I had pretty nearly lost all regard for the proprieties, and made a quick run for the kitchen, a Spanish soldier showing me where the officers' provisions were kept. The first thing I found was some sausages in cans, and cutting one of these open by one blow of my machete, began to get at the contents in the most primitive way imaginable. I saw two Spanish officers looking at me with disgust plainly evident on their features, but feeling sure that I would never meet them socially, went on appeasing my hunger.

During the night the insurgents had penetrated the north part of the town by running a trench six feet deep across the main street, swept by the fire of the two strongest works,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and swarming into the houses had opened fire on the two blockhouses occupied by the local detachment of guerillas. The defenders of these two positions saw the fall of the *Cuartel de la Infanteria*, and knew that it was only a question of time until the deadly dynamite gun from the shelter of near-by houses would blow their flimsy blockhouses to bits. They were in a terrible position, as they could not expect the quarter given the Spanish regulars. Their captain came out to ask what terms would be given them. The laconic reply was, "The same that you have given the helpless wounded in our hospitals." It was merely a choice of the form of death, so they marched out, threw down their arms, and to their credit met their fate with courage. They were cut down with the machete. It was a shocking spectacle, but it was retributive justice if there is such a thing, for these men had never known what mercy was. Other blockhouses, garrisoned by regulars, now gave up one by one, and at eight o'clock only the Telegraph Fort held out. Its brick walls would quickly yield to our artillery, and Menocal and I went to select a gun position. This was found in the residence of the surgeon of the garrison, a brick building directly across the street.

And now occurred a lamentable tragedy. Lieut.-Col. Angel Guardia, only twenty-four years of age, had obtained some liquor from one of the looted stores, and had taken several stiff drinks. Tired and famished as he was, the stuff had gone straight to his brain and converted him into a mad man. He walked boldly out into the street within fifty feet of the walls of the fort, began flourishing his machete and cursing the Spaniards, telling them that they had murdered his father in the Ten Years War and that he wanted nothing better than to get at them. The unfortunate man's comrades called to him and begged him to come back. The Spanish officers pleaded with him to return, stating that they did not wish to kill him. But he was lost to all reason. Finally a sharp command rang out from behind the brick wall, fire spurted from the loop-holes, and the poor fellow fell riddled with bullets. He was the last man killed at Las Tunas. It speaks well for General Garcia's sense of justice that he did not hold the commander of the Telegraph Fort to account for this incident.

We of the artillery, gathered in the parlor of the residence of the surgeon, breached the wall from the inside and looked through at our expected target, distant only sixty feet. Men had been sent to bring up a gun, and while we were waiting Captain "Barney" Bueno of the staff sat down to the piano and played the Bayames, Yankee Doodle, and the Washington Post March. A lot of our men were sprawled about the floor looking at the pictures in some French periodicals. Outside there was still some exchange of rifle shots. The Spanish commander knew that we had him in a trap, and rather than have his men uselessly slaughtered, hauled down his flag, and at nine o'clock the fight was over, having lasted without cessation for fifty-one hours. To say that we were glad of the end, but mildly expresses our feelings.

It was a good piece of work, the best the Cubans ever did. They had gone at the thing right, pressed every advantage, hung on like grim death, and made no serious mistakes. We had captured two Krupp guns, both disabled, with some ammunition for them, fifteen hundred rifles, there having been stored in the town a number in excess of the needs of the garrison, more than a million cartridges, some real food, and most precious of all, seven hundred and fifty pounds of quinine. The day was spent in resting and sleeping and the night in feasting and rejoicing. Salvador Cisneros, the aged president of the provisional republic, with his cabinet, had arrived from Camaguey during the siege, and we artillery officers had the old patriot to dinner as our special guest. Our cooks outdid themselves in getting up a fine meal from some of the captured food supplies.

For a couple of hours in the afternoon we roamed about the town admiring the havoc wrought by our shells. The streets in places were littered with timbers, brick, and tiling, while shell fragments were everywhere. Our guns standing in the street were surrounded by Spanish officers, who took the most interest in the dynamite gun. They were a fine, game lot of fellows, and were generous enough to express a high opinion of the service of our artillery. It is a pleasure to state that they and their men were well treated. It was impossible for the Cubans to feed them, and the Spanish authorities would recognize no parole given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the insurgents, so they were marched to near-by garrisons, turned in under the flag of truce, and in a short time were in the field against us.

General Garcia showed his appreciation of his artillery officers by promoting all of them one grade, so that I became a lieutenant-colonel, the highest rank I held in the insurgent service. Our first sergeant was a negro as black as night. He was a brave and faithful fellow and had long ago deserved promotion in the organization in which he had served, but our chief had feared that we Americans would resent such action. But Las Tunas settled it with us, and we went to the general in a body and said we would be glad to have him as a fellow officer. He was glad to comply, and it was my pleasant task to surprise the gallant soldier by handing him his commission as second lieutenant.

After so many years I cannot give the losses suffered by both sides. They were very considerable, but not excessive, so much of the fighting having been under cover. Naturally the Spaniards got the worst of it, owing to the effect of artillery fire on some of their flimsy defences. They had about two hundred killed and wounded.

The end was still nearly a year in the future, when American intervention put a finish to this destructive war. How it would have terminated had it not been for intervention is a question which it is about as futile to discuss as it is to waste words over the old controversy as to whether our own forefathers would have won their fight for independence without the assistance of the French. Had the Spaniards succeeded in carrying out all over the island the policy of concentration of the Cuban population which they were able to enforce in certain districts, it is quite possible that in the course of time the war would have ended owing to the extermination of the people. After the cattle had been destroyed we in the field were dependent for subsistence on what could be raised by the thousands of women and children cultivating small patches of ground far back in the woods, where the Spanish troops seldom went. But Spain, too, was fast being worn out by the drain on her resources, and there were at home mutterings of revolution. In Havana and Matanzas provinces the insurgents in the field were pretty well used up and were being chased from pillar to post. In Pinar del Rio and Santa Clara it was about give and take, while we of the eastern two provinces of the island had the decided upper hand, and if we wanted a fight had to look for it.

Owing to the not very efficient assistance rendered our army by the insurgents during the Santiago campaign, there has grown up among our people an idea that they never did any fighting to amount to anything and that their efforts were bent entirely to the destruction of property. There were two things that the insurgents did especially well, one being their scouting and the other the keeping of records. After the close of the war a commission of which Maximo Gomez was president revised the rolls of the army, and after long and patient investigation made its report. This shows that from first to last 53,774 individuals served in the insurgent forces as officers or men. Once incorporated in this force, so far as a native-born Cuban was concerned, there was no getting out except by death, desertion, or absolute disability. The few foreigners in their service could quit whenever they wished. The result of this holding every man to service was that the great majority of them were in the field until the end. It is estimated that at the time of the intervention there were still about 35,000 actually under arms. Of the total number serving in the war, 3,437 died of disease and 5,180 were killed in action or died of wounds. As to these latter, their names, the organizations to which they belonged, the engagements in which they were killed or mortally wounded and the dates thereof, are to-day in the files of the national archives at Havana, and cannot be disputed. The killed and died of wounds of the land forces of the United States, as taken from official records, in four of our wars were as follows: War of 1812, 1,877; Mexican War, 1,721; Spanish War and Philippine insurrection, in round numbers 1,300—a total of 4,898. It is difficult from data that I have consulted to segregate the losses in the last two wars named, for the reason that a number of organizations suffered losses in both wars and I have never seen any table which separates, for instance, losses suffered in fighting the Spaniards in the Philippines and in the same organizations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighting the insurgents a few months later. For the Spanish War, however, the battle fatalities were approximately 300 and for the Philippine insurrection 1,000. So we arrive at the astonishing fact that not quite fifty-four thousand Cubans in three years of war had more battle fatalities than the several hundred thousand Americans who fought in the four wars named. Could anything more be said on that subject? There are no data to show the battle losses in the American Revolution, but no one who is reasonably familiar with the history of that struggle believes that anything like five thousand men were killed in action or died of wounds in that war. It is not that there were any great battles in the Cuban insurrection, for there were not; but for that matter neither were there in the other wars named. There were no engagements in the Cuban insurrection of the magnitude of Bemis Heights or the Brandywine, and no siege to compare with Yorktown, but there was almost no limit to the number of encounters that in numbers engaged and in casualties exceeded many of the engagements of that war, the names of which are familiar to every American school-boy. For swift marching and almost continuous fighting there was nothing in the American Revolution that approached Maximo Gomez's great march of more than six hundred miles from east of the Cauto River to the very environs of Havana, striking column after column of Spanish troops sent to intercept him. There was more fighting on that one march than in our whole War of 1812. Throughout the whole struggle it was the vast number of engagements in which from five hundred to four thousand men were engaged on either side that finally made up that fearful percentage of casualties, almost unprecedented in modern wars.

There were many faults on both sides, so far as the conduct of the war was concerned. The Cubans did not take full advantage of the great superiority that their mobility gave them, and having won a success they seldom followed it up properly. They took poor care of their arms, wasted ammunition in battle, and too often were not dependable under fire. One of their chief faults was that one never knew just what they were going to do. At times they would go to pieces with no reason, and at others stand up to their work manfully and fight splendidly. The Spanish soldier was brave, patient, and by no means the inhuman brute that he has been made out to be, but he had little heart in the war and was always getting yellow fever and other undesirable things. The Spanish strategy was all wrong. They tied up in the garrisoning of unimportant towns and *trochas* tens of thousands of men who had better have been left in Spain. If they had held only a few places on the coast as bases of operations, and had covered the country with fifty thousand mounted troops, they would have kept us on the jump. But their ponderous columns of infantry, hampered by transport, wore themselves out in aimless marches along the main roads, to find finally that the Cubans were all about them, shooting into the column front, flank, and rear, only to desist when they thought they had had enough of it.

I believe that fair-minded Americans who will familiarize themselves with the history of Cuba's two great struggles for independence and consider the tremendous sacrifices made by the people of the island will want to see the young republic endure. I am sure that is the attitude of the few of their countrymen now surviving who shared with the patriots the dangers, the hunger, and other privations of the final struggle.

A pleasant sequel of my own service came a few years ago when I was the guest of honor at a banquet given in Havana by my old comrades of the revolution. The present Cuban minister to the United States, Gen. Carlos Garcia, was toastmaster, and at the table were eighty-one former insurgent officers, one of them being the present president of the republic. Sixty-five had been old comrades of the *Departamento del Oriente*. It was hard to realize that those well-groomed men in evening dress were the worn and wasted men who had led the Cubans at Cascorra, at La Machuca, and many another good fight, and had stormed the ridge at Jiguani and led their men through the wire entanglements at Victoria de las Tunas, or were the same comrades, always kindly and considerate, who in the grim days of hunger always saw that the American *mambis* got their share when food strayed into camp. That one evening of reminiscence and good fellowship was pay enough for it all.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL

By G. B. Lancaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

THE left-hand corner seat near the window commanded the best view in the lounge. From it Strickland could rake the full stretch of the hotel corridor, the stairs, the glassed-in balcony that took the rays of the winter sun, and—when he stretched that long neck of his—a triangle of Swiss mountain scenery, with snow-heights and jagged pines and fret-work chalets, just exactly as you see it in the guidebook.

One forenoon from his corner seat Strickland saw the green-aproned porter bearing a battered suit case and an old army great-coat down the corridor. The suit case was marked R. A. G. and, in conjunction with the great-coat, told Strickland a whole three-years' history in one eye-blink.

"Good Lord!" he said. "They're together yet, then! And here! Well, that does beat the universe."

The man next him asked questions, and Strickland gave answer piecemeal, with his cigar going out and his eager eyes watching the corridor.

"I saw them last in Malay . . . and in Madagascar before that. And once on the Australian diggings. Windham's a retired captain of some native Indian regiment. He was invalided out of it, but I've seen his eyes when a troop goes by. Deuce knows what Gary is, except that he's the most lovable fellow the Lord ever made—and the wildest. But Windham sticks to him. We called them David and Jonathan out in Malay."

The man next him indicated that he had heard those names before, and saw the new-comers pass with some disappointment. Windham was light-built and spare. He walked with a limp and his military mustache was turning gray. But he had the litheness of a cat, and the tenacity of an ant, and Gary was the only living thing which had ever bounced Windham. Gary followed, with his blue eyes roving and his big body swinging carelessly. His lips were puckered into a whistle and his crisp curly hair was roughened. The man next Strickland grunted.

"Your Gary is a pretty tough proposition," he said. "And there are some jolly girls here. I think we are going to have what our waiter calls 'some excitements.'"

"The little White Girl can beat them all hollow," said Strickland. "But no one's had the wit to find it out yet. Gary will, or he's not the man he used to be."

But it was Windham who found it out first. And this was the very next morning in a little low smelly village shop where Windham tried to explain in execrable French and fluent Hindostani and curt English that he wanted nails—many nails—hammered into his boot heels, and two assistants and the proprietor told him in polite German-Swiss that they could not guess what the Herr desired.

Then the little White Girl spoke at Windham's elbow.

"Perhaps I could make them understand," she said.

Windham whipped round with a sharpness learned in places where a man's life is regulated by the crook of the trigger-finger. Then he uncovered. She was so little and light and young in her close-fitting sweater and round white cap; but the red lips and the dark eyes under the straight brows were more demure than nature made them.

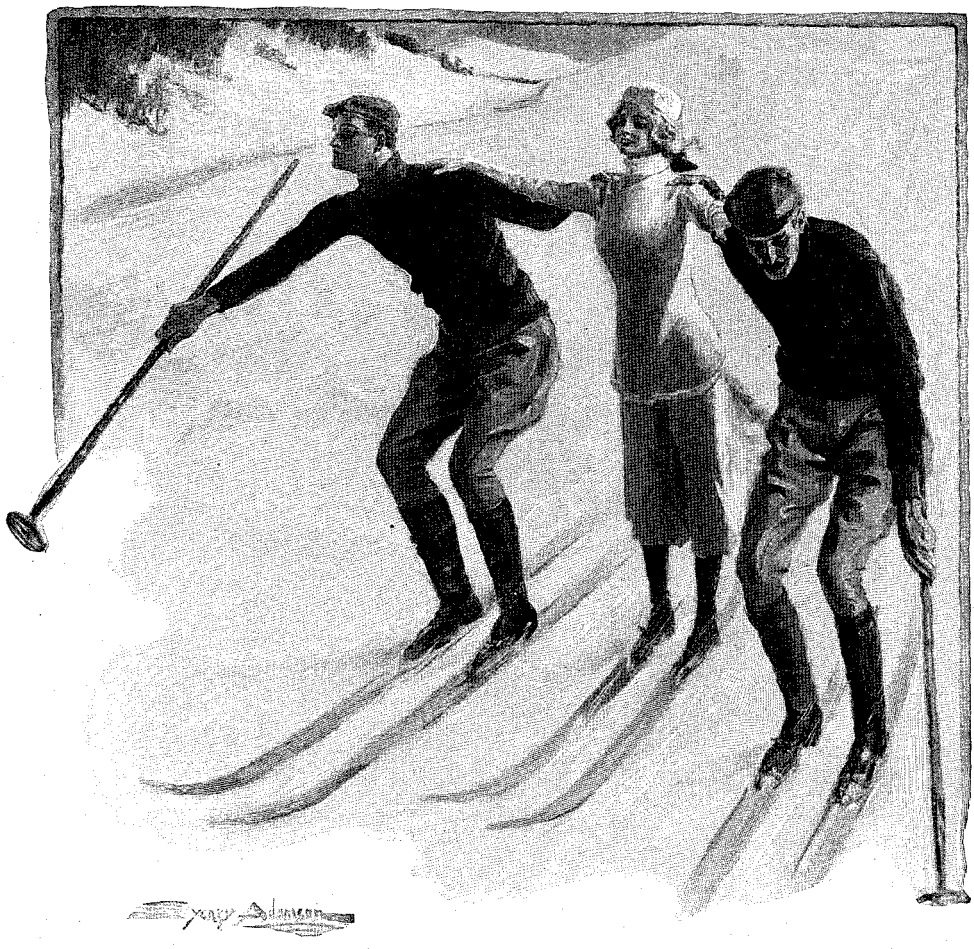
"You heard?" he said, suspiciously.

"I——"

"They thought I wanted a chiropodist at first," said Windham, helplessly. "Now they think it's a lunatic asylum. There's only one sentence on boots in this confounded conversation book, and it says, 'I have very big feet.' A fellow couldn't go about saying that, could he?"

"Of course not," she said, gravely, but Windham saw the flash of a dimple somewhere. "Suppose I try."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



They skied . . . always with the little White Girl in the middle.—Page 758.

She wielded the rough patois in a sweet decision that brought fulfilment on the jump. Then they went out to the keen good air and the run of sunlight on the snow, and the jangle of sleigh-bells and the merry laughter of children.

Windham dragged her toboggan and his own up the hotel slope, and he talked to the little White Girl as he had not often talked to a woman in his life. But she was so eager, so interested, with her big eyes and parted lips and the quick ecstatic movements of her hands. Windham caught himself watching for that dimple and feeling honored among men when it came; and when he turned into the lounge at last, and dropped down beside Strickland for a smoke, he discovered, with a shock of dismay, that he had laid bare for the little White Girl's inspection several of his very intimate thoughts.

"So you've discovered the little White Girl," remarked Strickland. "What has Gary been about to let you get inside running?"

"The little White Girl?"

"We call her that here. She never wears color. Doesn't need it, either. She has been here a week, and the other women don't take to her—or her aunt. I don't wonder, for the aunt is the limit, and the little girl's too pretty. But she isn't having a very good time."

"We'll alter that," said Windham with sudden daring. And in two days he and Gary did it. They tobogganed down the runs, three at a time, with waving caps and a rollicking joy in the danger. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skied and skated and climbed mountains, always with the little White Girl in the middle. They joined moonlight tailing-parties where the runners hummed on the crisp snow and it was necessary for Windham or Gary to hold the little White Girl very closely at the curves. Windham began to lie awake o' nights after these excursions. It was better than sleep to remember her blown-back hair on his face and the quiver of her eager young body in his arms.

One day a girl called the two 'David and Jonathan with a hyphen,' and Gary carried the joke to the little White Girl. Windham heard and was angry, but the little White Girl looked down on Gary meditatively.

"I shall call you Scylla and Charybdis," she said.

Gary straightened himself with a jerk. He was buckling her skies.

"What in the land——"

The little White Girl nodded her head. It was a way she had, and it invested her for the moment with a sweet intentness.

"You are both so very interesting and so dangerous, you know. If a girl doesn't fall in love with one she's bound to do it with the other. I'm quite safe, of course, because I love you both. But others may not be so cosmopolitan as I am—or you?"

Then she glided swiftly down the slope, with her long skies running smoothly and her mischievous laughter flung down between the men as a challenge. Gary drew his last strap-buckle up, steadied himself, and shot after her. For the first time in six years he had utterly forgotten Windham.

"Oh, I don't know what to do. I'm afraid. I don't know what to do."—Page 760.

"If you've thrown down the gauntlet, you little girl," he said, exultingly, "you'll find me on hand to pick it up."

From that day the hyphen ceased to join David and Johnathan. Strickland had spoken naked truth when he said that Gary was wild—"wild; but the most lovable man God ever made." Swiftly, imperceptibly, the little White Girl began to know it. Firstly she laughed at herself, for she understood something of the world and of the people of it. Then she grew frightened, and snubbed Gary, and sat out many dances with Windham, and let him take her down the hotel slope on an autobob, and knock the skin off her elbow in an upset.

Before dinner that night Gary came to Windham's room.

"I've heard about your cursed carelessness," he said. "You might have killed her. D'you hear? You might have killed her, dear little girl."

"Rot," said Windham tersely. The calf of his leg was scarified and his head was aching. Besides, he knew already that he might have killed her.

"You'll not take her on that brutal thing again," said Gary.

"I shall do as I damned please," said Windham.

A silence dropped that seemed wide as the earth to the two. Windham limped over to the window. Something reminded him that he had never sworn at Gary before. That same something asserted that the odds were heavy he would do it again. On the slope below two little Swiss girls,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with old-woman dresses and loaves of bread under their arms, slid downward on toboggans. Their cry of "Achtung" came up to Windham, mixed with the jangle of sleigh-bells, the sound of a distant band on the rinks, and the solemn boom from the monastery tower. The jagged snow-tops stood sharp and clean against the rose and opal of sunset, and down the valley, where the mists drew, red eyes opened drowsily as though waked from sleep. Then Gary said:

"I say, you're walking lamer, old chap."

"A bit." Windham's gratitude rushed into words. "Lost some skin myself. I —I saved her all I could, Gary."

"I know." Gary lit a cigarette carefully. "I was a brute, old man. But I do think no end of that little girl."

"You think no end of about ten little girls a year."

"This one's different."

"They are all different."

Gary laughed.

"You unbelieving Jew," he said, and went out.

But Windham stood long at the window. In these last six years Gary had ripped many holes in the universe, and Windham had mended them. He had asked nothing better of life than the permission to do it. Now—he leaned his forehead on the glass, shutting his eyes. For the rush of thought made him sick and giddy. If Gary ripped another hole here and called on Windham to mend it!

"I . . . can't," said Windham in his throat. "Oh, God! . . . I can't."

For two days this dread took the sap out of his life and held him apart from the whirl around him. He walked for long hours on the mountains, and their white solitudes spoke to him, telling him that he was a man in his strength and that he desired the little White Girl more than anything else in heaven or earth. Then he came through the chill keen dusk to the quiet graveyard around the monastery and stood there, seeking the peace that he could not find.

It was very still by the gray walls beyond the town lights. On either side the crucifixes stood up in black rows through the snow. In the little open chapel of the dead two lights flickered. Over the mighty shoulder of the mountain behind it one star lay, big and glorious. It linked the dead of earth and the quick of heaven

"I did not come to speak to you," he said. "I came to do that."—Page 761.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opened his eyes suddenly to see Gary's face between him and the tent roof.—Page 763.

together, explaining the infiniteness of life, and drawing the sting out of Windham's trouble. And then, down the track from the toboggan runs, between the silent crucifixes, came the little White Girl, alone.

She did not see Windham until she was close upon him. Then she said "Oh," catching her breath in a sob.

"Where's Gary?" demanded Windham, suddenly stern.

"He . . . he went the other way." Then she gripped Windham's arm. "Oh, I don't know what to do. I'm afraid. I don't know what to do."

"Tell me," said Windham.

"I—how can I? But . . . I must know. He says he loves me."

"Yes?" said Windham.

"And—it's just a fortnight, and I know nothing about him, really. You know. Do you—do you think I could let myself care?"

"Let yourself?"

"Now I could forget. In a little while I—I shan't be able to forget. Ah . . . which should I do?"

"That's your business and his. Ask him."

"I can't. You know . . . when he looks at me . . . and touches me . . . I can't think. And I must think. There's nobody to look after me but myself. Aunt is no use."

The words broke on a sob. Windham was silent. Against the white snow the crucifixes stood up very black, very clear.

"He's your friend," whispered the little White Girl. "You know him better than any one."

"Yes."

"Then tell me . . . can I trust him? Does he always mean what he says?"

"To me. Yes."

"But . . . to a girl?"

"How should I know? Ask him!"

"You must know. Have there ever been other girls . . . ? Has he . . . done this often before?"

How often Windham could not remember. Through Gary's gay uncaring life it had been more times than many. But since Judas betrayed his Friend no man has done this thing lightly.

"Most men do. That needn't make a difference."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It would to me. If I cared . . . and he forgot me. Oh . . . tell me! Do you think he'd be true to me?"

In the chapel of the dead the lights flickered. Above the hill the big star was burning yet. Darker shadows drew up in the graveyard and against the monastery walls. Somewhere down the valley a herdsman was jodelling, making wild music that tugged the heartstrings. Windham never moved.

"Tell me! Do you think he'd be true?"

Those black crucifixes . . . and Gary's frank laugh and frank eyes . . . and the little White Girl whose life hung in the balance. . . .

"No," said Windham.

Across the silence drifted no sound. The flickering dead-lights burnt down into blackness. The little White Girl spoke.

"Thank you. I'm afraid I have been very cruel to you."

"Cruel?" Windham laughed. "You don't know what you have been. How should you? When you tell Gary tell him all that I said."

"Oh . . . but . . . "

"Don't you understand? You owe me that much now."

"I don't understand. But . . . I will tell him."

She went down toward the lighted streets of the village, and Windham stumbled into the monastery chapel and dropped on a seat with his head bent down to the bookboard. He was cold—numb with cold. But he did not know it. All unsuspecting he had come suddenly upon his Gethsemane. He had trodden through it as he believed an honorable man should do. But the journey had taken him into the outer desert of thorns and blinding sand, and never in this world or the next would there be any going back.

Very long he sat there, unmoving. He did not know when more lights leaped out above the altar; when a monk passed up the side-aisle, brushing him with black garments; when, obeying the tolling bell, a half-score villagers drifted in for the midnight service.

Then—sudden, strong, majestic—the chant of the monks clashed into the silence. The sound brought Windham to his feet, with pulses hammering in his ears. All down the dim church the altars glimmered out faintly. Either side the crucified Christs hung, patient, in shadow. Up the aisle the people knelt, in ones, in twos. And opposite stood Gary; Gary, looking straight ahead to the altar; Gary, with hands gripped on the rail and grim lips set.

Windham did not look again. He heard the sonorous Latin chants peal out with that fibre of unrest in them which belongs to the hearts of men who have pruned away earthly desires, earthly loves, earthly joys. He heard the music shake to passion and die to deadness, and the rustle of garments as the monks went out. He heard the people rise softly, and tiptoe down to the doors. He saw the lights fade by one and one, until in all the church were left only one candle burning on a side-altar and two men who had been friends.

Then Gary trod across the aisle.

"I did not come to speak to you," he said. "I came to do that."

The open-handed slap on Windham's face made an echo that ran along the walls. And then Gary swung on his heel and went out with quick crisp steps.

Next day the battered suit case and the old army coat left the sunny hotel on the mountain slope. But they did not go together. Strickland saw, and he sought the little White Girl.

"You have come between the finest friendship I ever knew," he said. "I hope neither of them will forgive you."

But, although she was a woman, the little White Girl was wiser.

"It is not me whom they will never forgive," she said.

Strickland had the opportunity of testing the truth of this some two years later, when he sat with Windham in an Indian shack up in North-west Canada, and waited for the dawn. There was snow from the door to the mountain crests, even as had been when he last met with Windham across the seas. But Windham wore the uniform of a mounted police officer these days, and the last flicker of his youth was gone before the direct uncompromising alertness that marked him as a commander of men.

Cunningly, over their pipes, Strickland strove to lead the talk back to the little White Girl and all that she had meant in two men's lives. But the lever of Windham's will side-tracked him each time, and the long night dragged itself into a frozen pink dawn leaving Gary's name still un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spoken. Then, beyond the shack end, the sledge dogs roused to bark in savage eagerness, and Windham looked at his watch.

"Good business," he said. "Hope he's brought decent dogs."

"The man himself doesn't seem to worry you any. If I had to go where you're going with only one human being to see me through I guess I'd take rather particular interest in that human being."

"Why so? All hired men are alike. They do as they're told—or you make them do it. He's got dogs with fight in 'em by the sound, I think."

Then some one hammered on the shack door, thrust it open, and walked in.

It was Strickland who came to his feet with an oath. Windham sat still. But on his left cheek he believed that the two-year-old slap from this man's hand was yet throbbing. He looked Gary between the eyes.

"Are you the man sent up from Wesbikow?" he asked.

"Yes." Gary's face had gone suddenly hard as his voice.

"I start in an hour. Can you be ready?"

To Strickland the short silence was explosive with possibilities. Gary was unshaven and ragged. Suffering, cold, hunger, thirst had drawn lines on his face and struck the gay impudent light from his eyes. Beside him Windham looked an insensate steel-cold machine of the law. Between the two betrayal, insult, broken love made a barrier head-high.

"Yes," said Gary. Windham turned on his heel.

"You'll find my kit packed in the corner," he said. "My sled's outside."

Later Strickland watched from the shack as the two pulled out on the long trail where the icy hummocks and the frozen muskegs would greet them. Gary led, tramping the way out, with the swinging arms and stooped shoulders of the snowshoe lope. Windham followed, keeping the two dog-trains in the trail with keen eyes and voice. They breasted the slope where a few naked poplars showed grayly; loomed big on its crest for a moment and passed over. They were gone into the silent places that know the secrets of men's hearts and lives and guard them well.

Strickland shrugged his shoulders.

"A hundred-mile trip in this weather to bring the fear of the law to a mining-camp," he said. "I wonder which of those two will be needing the law on himself 'fore they get there."

It is probable that the same thought had entered into each man. For that one smite of Gary's hand had wiped out of Windham all but a bitter hate, and those half-score sobbing words from the little White Girl were a corroding acid in Gary's blood.

But day by day they faced the bleak distances and the stinging blizzard together. Night by night they slept in the twelve-by-twelve tent together. The earth was flat and desolate, white as a dead face, and pockmarked with bare scrub and rock outcrops. Their breath blew out before them in white clouds, and hung on their hair and mustaches in little icicles that clinked. Gary's hands got frost-bitten in beating the stiffened tent into folding position, and the pain kept him awake at nights. The old wound in Windham's thigh was a wearing agony. But they spoke no word of all this to each other. They spoke little at all, except when Windham, tramping beside the flagging dogs, cursed when one lay down suddenly and knotted the team into a snarling inferno, or when Gary, defiant of the silent woods wrapped in their white mummy clothes, raised a reckless song through cracked and frozen lips.

Then evil days came on them. Smiting blizzards out of the Arctic held them crouched in their tent for many hours at a time. Food ran low. Two dogs died, and the remainder weakened swiftly. Gary realized the probable end of all first. For youth was hot in him still, and his limbs were strong. He looked across at Windham stumbling and reeling as he faced the stinging ice wind. He looked at the crawling dogs, and the sleds, with the lightened loads that yet were too heavy. And he felt his young blood rebel at thought of death here; death with Windham to know that he suffered; death with no living soul to grieve for him ever.

That night Windham's brain also jumped to the truth. And thereafter the two men watched each other furtively, like dogs circling before they clinch in fight. Once, when the Northern Lights made the midnight sky and the white shadowed earth into a quivering pale mystery of glory Gary got up, gathered his kit and the food-bags together, and went out, never looking at Windham. But a half-hour later he came back. The old worn strings of memory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tugged too hard. And yet, at sight of Windham, the new hate sprang up again.

The cold grew more terrible. The moan of the ice-pack, uneasy about the feet of the pole, seemed to sound in their throbbing ears. The dogs, great hulking huskies, turned into starved devils that the men watched with unflinching eyes. But they pulled; they pulled until they fell in the lines and lay dead, and their mates, with slinking shame and sidewise looks, crawled round and ate them.

And thereafter the two white men reeled on alone through the solitudes, dragging the sleds, enduring to the utmost, seeking neither pity nor help one from the other. For, through gray day, black night, or pale dawning the wraith of the little White Girl walked between them, holding them apart.

Then, little by little, the brute that lives in each soul waked, craving the animal needs of food and warm drink, of fire and the companionship of kind. Death dogged them, nearer, nearer. There were hours when Windham longed to turn his face and reach his arms to her. There were times when Gary, feeling the fever of life leap yet along his veins, would have cried out in utter fear, in wild prayers. But, for sake of their pride and hate, each man was dumb.

One morning Windham fell in the trail and lay there. Gary, dragging the sled which held little but the tent that meant life, heard the ceasing of the snow-shoe crunch, and halted. But he did not turn, and in a moment he went on again. Sound, sense, feeling dredged out of him. He walked, but he did not know it. Red on his strained blind eyeballs pictures of the past glowed vividly. There was no little White Girl in those pictures. Only Windham: Windham who had never failed him but the once; Windham who had been mate of his through good days and evil. Suddenly he halted, thinking he felt Windham's arm about his shoulder, Windham's voice in his ear, using the old affectionate words.

"Windham," he cried. But the sound fell back to him in the echoless silence. Then he turned and beat back to certain death and to Windham. Windham, dreaming of summer and honey-bees and Gary's laugh in an English garden, opened his eyes suddenly to see Gary's face between him and the tent roof. He reached out with groping hands.

"I—was wanting you, old boy," he said.

Gary's hands shut on his. There was silence until Windham spoke again.

"I could have married her. She told me so later. But I never wanted her after that night."

"Nor I," said Gary, briefly.

"You . . . meant more," whispered Windham. "That is why I—hated you so."

"I know," said Gary.

Later Windham turned as though struck by a sudden knife.

"Gary," he cried. "I had to do it. God knows I had to do it."

"I know," said Gary again. Brain-sight, heart-sight were clear to him now. They were his reward for the supreme sacrifice.

"Some one else'll do my work," said Windham, drowsily. "They can always shift up another pawn. Gary . . ."

"Yes, old man."

"She was the only woman who ever came into my life. But . . . you meant more."

Gary was shivering with more than the cold and the tension. He was looking at this friendship which surely was sanctified still. For Windham had laid the love of his man's life on its altar and Gary had brought his own life there to crown it. He stooped to Windham's ear.

"Windham. We never hated each other. We always loved each other best of all."

"Passing the love of woman," murmured Windham.

When Strickland met Gary afterward in southern Alberta his curiosity prompted him to ask questions. Gary answered briefly. Then he looked straight at Strickland.

"The Indians helped me bury him where they found us," he said. "But I've sent over to have a tablet put up to him in the little church down in Surrey. He was a Surrey man, you know. That'll tell you what you want to know."

The inscription, when Strickland came to read it, was brief. But it told him what he wanted to know.

Beneath Windham's name and the date of his death was written:

"For he loved his friend 'passing the love of woman.' "

Strickland rubbed his nose and grunted.

"The little White Girl was wrong after all," he said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE are indications that life is longer than it used to be. Actually, some vital statisticians assure us; as indeed it ought to be to justify the increased pother the sanitarians and apostles of prevention are making. But effectively, I now mean, in the prolongation of the period of activity during which a man may expect good work of himself. For most rational people who have learned how to get the most out of life are of the mind of the industrious Anthony Trollope, as expressed in his sixty-second year: "For what remains to me of life, I trust for my happiness still chiefly to my work, hoping that, when the power of work be over with me, God may be pleased to take me from a world in which, according to my view, there can be no joy." Whoever prolongs the power of doing and enjoying his work beyond what is commonly accepted as the time-limit, gives encouragement to his juniors and survivors.

The Lengthening of Life

Surely the time-limit has been extended. The "grand old men" of the nineteenth century were effective for a term beyond the experience of their predecessors or the expectations of their contemporaries. Near the close of the eighteenth century Washington deprecated the presidency of the new United States, because of his "advanced season of life," at fifty-six! At the close of the seventeenth, Dryden fixed the limit of activity for a poet at sixty: "His remaining years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest." It is a strange saying to a generation which remembers the *cruda senectus*, the green old age, of Tennyson and Browning.

The artist we have lately lost in his eightieth year, after he had been the "Dean of American Sculptors" for two decades, points the same cheering moral of the prolongation of the working life. It was precisely that sixtieth birthday after which, according to Dryden, there was only "stubble" for him to reap, that Quincy Ward spent with a friend, to whom he humorously professed that he had looked in the glass that morning with the expectation of suddenly finding a piece of bleared and shrivelled antiquity, like "She," the Haggard heroine, who was then at the height of her vogue; and then more seriously bewailed the inroads of the advancing years upon his art. His host, eagerly controverting this, asked him if he were unaware that everything he did was better than the last thing. (The "Greeley" had then just been set up.) The senescent sculptor answered, with that particular blend of modesty and candor which was so characteristic and so takingly attractive: "Well, yes, I do feel that."

Well might he have felt that. For it may be questioned by those who have the opportunity of judging his assembled product, whether the work he was to do, for the twenty years of life and work that were to remain to him, after the arbitrary dead-line of productive activity had been passed, was not at least the artistic equivalent of the work of the forty years before. It was almost ten years after, and close to the scriptural limit of life itself, that, in the crowning of the "Dewey arch," so far from reaping "stubble," he showed a power of decorative composition which he had had no opportunity of exhibiting before, and which students of his previous work had not inferred or suspected. And there were to come, also, the pediment of the Stock Exchange, the Sheridan, the Belmont, and the Hancock.

Whatever the comparative value of these later things, without any question they were high successes so far as the artist himself was concerned, and maintained his interest in life, that "joy" of Trollope's which alone to Trollope made life worth living. They maintained it to the very end. On his death-bed, between the paroxysms of physical pain, his talk and his thought were of the two unfinished works he was leaving. The progress of one he followed in almost daily photographs. Expressing to a sculptor-friend his anxiety about the other, this friend volunteered to visit it and report, and, two days before the author's death, reported that the execution was perfect, and the result one of the world's great equestrian statues. "Then I am happy," was the artist's reply, and the ambassador's reward. Who could desire for himself, on the eve of his eightieth birthday, a fairer ending?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT was the late Ferdinand Brunetière who first emphasized the importance of the study of the several literary species, and who traced the influences under which each of these species tended to develop. He confined his investigation to the expansion of these typical forms in French literature; and no student has attempted as yet to do for English what he did for French. The field is fertile and it is only waiting for its laborer. The evolution of English tragedy has recently been traced by one American scholar, it is true; and the slow development of the short-story has attracted several students. But the essay has not yet tempted any investigator; and half a dozen other literary species are still awaiting their historian. This is the more to be wondered at since a firm grasp on the characteristics of these species and sub-species is very helpful to the student of the masterpieces of literature. To apprehend the peculiar characteristics of that strange Elizabethan type which is differentiated as the "tragedy-of-blood" is to be better equipped to understand certain aspects of "Hamlet" which conformed to this type. And to seize the special individuality of the so-called "sentimental-comedy" of the mid-eighteenth century is to be prepared to perceive more clearly the freedom and vigor of "The Rivals" and of "She Stoops to Conquer."

The "Blue Bird" as a Féerie

Apparently very few of those who have delighted in the "Blue Bird" of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, whether in the study or on the stage, have seized the significance of the class to which the author has deliberately assigned it. On his title-page M. Maeterlinck has declared that the "Blue Bird" is a *féerie*. Now, he did not use this term at random. He wanted it to be taken literally. He desired to have his play judged as belonging to a species the limitations and the possibilities of which are clearly understood by French dramatic critics. It will not do to translate *féerie* merely as "fairy-play." No doubt the "Blue Bird" is a fairy-play, but then a true *féerie* is a fairy-play of a special kind—of a kind illustrated by a long sequence of examples, performed in the Parisian theatres during the nineteenth century. That ardent annalist of dramatic art, the late Francisque Sarcey, was accustomed to single out a piece called "Pied de Mouton" as the type of a true *féerie*.

Now, what are the characteristics of the *féerie* which distinguish it from other stage-plays? First of all, it is a spectacular piece, the plot of which affords abundant opportunity to the scene-painter and the costume-designer, to the musician and the ballet-master. Then, its plot is extremely simple and practically identical in its elements, however varied in its episodes. The hero is to go in search of something; he is to be helped by a good fairy or a beneficent genius who bestows on him a talisman of some sort—the cap-of-invisibility or the shoes-of-swiftness, or what-not; he is thwarted for a while by the evil genius, the bad fairy, who is aided and abetted by one or more minor characters, the villains of the piece. And furthermore the hero is accompanied on his wanderings and through all the multiplex adventures of his quest by a faithful retainer who is ready to die in his defence, and who is often also the low-comedy character of the piece. The hero goes into many strange places in his effort to accomplish his single purpose; he meets with all sorts of people; he gets into all sorts of dangers, from which he is preserved either by his faithful follower or by the talisman or by the direct intervention of the good fairy.

These are the elements of the *féerie* as Sarcey discovered them in "Pied de Mouton," and in countless other spectacular pieces made on the same pattern by adroit Parisian playwrights for the Porte Saint Martin and the Châtelet. The same characteristics are even discoverable, nearly all of them, in "Round the World in Eighty Days," which the ingenious Dennery made out of Jules Verne's moving tale of geographical adventure. And these characteristics are plainly visible in the "Blue Bird." The little hero goes in search of the feathered biped, and the good fairy gives him a talisman. He is accompanied by the faithful friend, the *Dog*, and by the comic character, *Bread*. The evil genius is *Night*, and the villain who intrigues against him is the hypocritic *Cat*. What distinguishes the "Blue Bird" from "Pied de Mouton," and "Round the World in Eighty Days," is merely that it was composed by a man of letters instead of a hack playwright, and that it has a meaning and a moral underlying and sustaining its spectacular effects. It is the work of a writer who commands not only the invention of the playwright, but the imagination of the poet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

AUTHORITY IN ART CRITICISM

BURNE-JONES once wrote concerning art criticism that he couldn't see why a fellow should be paid for saying what he thought about another fellow's work. The sentiment will appeal strongly to the average painter, but before we decide that art criticism is a needless profession let us recall that there is nothing at all odd about paying for an opinion in a matter of taste. Opinions are willingly and generously paid for in such trades as wine-making, millinery, building, medicine, law—paid of course on the assumption that the opiner is competent and his judgment of value. What Burne-Jones's protest really means is not that it is impertinent to give an opinion on a work of art or inherently ridiculous to pay for such an opinion, but that these verdicts are always bad. Here he expressed a prejudice that is widely shared by those who know what they like and admit no argument concerning taste. Such people together with the artists will usually say that the art critics differ hopelessly among themselves, can have little to say worth the hearing of a serious person, and when they are most charming and persuasive prevail not by the force of their judgments on art, but by the mere seductiveness of their literary style. The profession, then, is parasitic and rests upon a pretence. The sensible man enjoys the pyrotechnics of the art critic simply as he would the gyrations of any other charlatan who had the gift to amuse. Jules Breton, a most downright person, whether as man or artist, writes of Théophile Gautier: "He disguised his opinions so well under the magic of his amazing style, that you had to read between the lines to divine his preferences."

The answer to this charge is that writers of Gautier's type are not, properly speaking, critics at all. One goes to them for keen emotions, for enchanting phrase, for the flavor of their personality, realizing that all these quite separate and legitimate pleasures may have rather little to do with the work of art which is their immediate occasion. The true critics necessarily must write well, otherwise no one would hearken, but must also accept a self-effacing role. Their business is to keep near the matter in hand. With critics like Gustave Geffroy, Charles Morice, D. S. MacColl, or W. C. Brownell, you are never in doubt what they mean nor where their admirations lie. Other modern writers of rhapsodic sort may be cultivated or eschewed, according to one's sense that the rhapsody is good or bad. For that matter, the distinction between orderly criticism and merely impulsive comment has to be made all along the line. Every practiced reader knows that he is delightfully unsafe with Carlyle and Ruskin, while relatively safe with Matthew Arnold and Lowell. In short, there is vague and ornate writing about art, just as there is pyrotechnical literary criticism, or, for that matter, vague and ornate painting. In all cases one must discriminate and take the product for what it is. The best art criticism, whether in the sturdy generalizations of Sir Joshua Reynolds or in Fromentin's sensitive analysis of Dutch and Flemish masterpieces, is simple and definite enough to suit the proverbial wayfaring man.

How the conception of the critic as the jackpudding of æsthetics arose it is not difficult to see. The study of painting and sculpture lies pretty far from the interests of the average cultivated man, and is accordingly invested with the suspicion bred of mystery. A theatre-goer he is likely to be, perhaps a lover of music; critical opinion on these arts finds him prepared and responsive. But very few men, relatively speaking, go to the picture shows, and they are generally quite content with the formula that knowing nothing at all about the matter they do know what they like. Of the art critic or expert most people never hear except when he is in trouble. A Whistler compiles a selection of conflicting views under the title "Out of their own mouths shall ye judge them," and the jibe is chuckled over for a matter of a generation by those who have never seen a Whistler nor read a gallery notice. A great museum director buys as antique an object later exposed as false, and thousands of us rejoice greatly over the folly of the wise. In short most of us never hear of the expert or critic except when some mischance has made him ridiculous. Of his normal work we know nothing, and our distrust based merely on his sensational failures is worth no more than as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declaration that marriage is a failure would be if drawn from the sole evidence of the divorce courts.

No one has suffered more sorely from this ugly trick of judging from a single instance than Ruskin. It is safe to say that most of the artists of to-day know him simply as the perpetrator of a testy and unfair phrase about a quite unimportant picture by Whistler. One of the most effective critics of his century is likely to go down to posterity pilloried as a ridiculous person. The relatively illiterate will recall that once he lost his temper, while only the judicious will care to know that he opened the eyes of his generation to the tender stateliness of Giotto, to the swift and restless appeal of Botticelli, to the romantic charm of Carpaccio, and the magnificent passion of Tintoretto. It was Ruskin who most keenly saw the meanness and insipidity of early Victorian painting, and rightly bade men value the splendor of Turner and the strenuous idealism of the Pre-Raphaelites. In the light of his entire accomplishment the Whistler nocturne and the unhappily cited "pot of paint" sink into insignificance. In recalling an untoward incident that were well forgotten, I have wished to show that even the most vulnerable and erratic of modern critics on the whole served his time well. The marvel and the pity is that a single notorious indiscretion outweighs such a life-work. It is a comment on the isolated condition of art criticism that those who have never read a page of Ruskin, rejoice that Whistler brought him to court and gained the trophy of a farthing damages. Art criticism is still under the disadvantages of being judged by its catastrophes.

The remedy for prejudice is better acquaintance, and the art critic must patiently wait for a time when other successes will be open to him than those of scandal. But doubtless an impediment to good understanding would be removed if he could make it plain that as regards authority his profession varies in no degree from the learned professions generally. It has suffered from an assumption that it claims a dogmatic authority, and the critic has been represented as a rather fatuous person who pontificates concerning taste. Now as a matter of fact criticism offers precisely the authority that sensible men acknowledge in other connections. In law, medicine, frequently in engineering; in education, sport, and a score of practical concerns we lack absolute authority, and act simply on a reasonable consensus of competent opinion. Our most serious steps are taken on no other warrant. The pathologist can tell us beyond a cavil that tubercles are in our tissues, but we go to Egypt, Arizona, the Adirondacks, or make our wills, according to the advice of two or three physicians who manage to agree. We know that they may originally have differed, but believe that in a rough way they have united in the best opinion that we are likely to get. Constantly we act on such working consensus of competent opinion. Our great financial operations seldom admit of scientific demonstration. One tries what the board of directors recommends. Even in theology we lack dogmatic sanction. Probably few churches could hold together if the clergy were held to a uniform interpretation of the creed. We require merely that for working purposes they agree. In short every bit of our business, save the very small portion that falls under the exact sciences, is conducted simply by the guidance of experienced persons sufficiently united to offer what we call the best professional opinion. We act not on certainties, for even the best professional opinion may err, but on probabilities. We know that the advice of the expert is fallible but take it all the same, for we know also that it is the best we can get. Now precisely this degree of authority is offered by art criticism. The best trained members of the profession are in essential agreement on most and the more important matters brought to their judgment The common opinion that these arbiters of taste are habitually at odds with each other would not survive an honest comparison of their written criticisms. An ignorant person promoted to critical responsibility may emit ridiculous opinions; so may a quack doctor. A competent critic under journalistic stress may blunder. Whistler mocked consumedly one such unfortunate for mistaking lithographic fac-similes (technically transfers) of drawings for original chalk sketches. The error affected no artistic issue. Occasionally a hurried surgeon sews up forceps and sponges in a patient; for such mishaps we do not condemn the art of surgery.

As it happens the newspaper critics of New York have recently been subjected to a severe test. The sale of the Yerkes collection forced upon them the appraisal of about two hundred paintings of many schools and periods, from the masters of the Renaissance to those of yesterday. Included in the collection were old copies posing as originals, works of scholars ascribed to their masters, with a certain num-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber of pictures wildly misattributed. Concerning these pictures there was practically no critical literature, many appeared for the first time; so the newspaper writers were compelled to attempt discriminations usually left to experts of the several schools. The conditions of the work permitted only two or three short visits to the galleries. If under these difficulties the newspaper critics came to any sort of working agreement, we must admit first that their profession is sufficiently authoritative, next that with longer time for study their agreement would have been closer, and finally that, had not journalists but connoisseur specialists been involved, the differences would presumably have been slighter. I have been at the pains to compare the opinions of the critics of the New York *Sun*, *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Evening Post*, choosing these four papers because they allow to their critics a full and free expression of opinion. As to nineteen pictures judged to be the finest there was a very satisfactory agreement. Four pictures received all the votes, eleven pictures received three votes *nem. con.*, and the remaining four received three against a single dissent, which in but one instance affected authenticity. If there was a working consensus as to the best pictures so there was as to the dubious ones. In ten instances of the more ambitious attributions, which were said to be those of Mr. Yerkes himself, two, three, or four critics sounded the note of warning. And summing up the entire matter, sixty-three pictures out of two hundred were selected for especial praise or warning. In fifty-three instances at least two of the jury agreed, and in but eight of these cases was there a single dissenting voice. Of a hopelessly paired vote there was no instance. In short these four critics under conditions which precluded consultation, and for the most part even knowledge of each other's work, and dealing somewhat hastily with new material, arrived at a working consensus in five cases out of six. Can it honestly be maintained that four lawyers, physicians, clergymen, engineers, statesmen, or captains of industry reporting independently on a very complicated matter would have done better?

On this showing art criticism has no apologies to make to the other professions. Its authority is precisely like theirs; its appeal to common-sense equally strong. The art critic, whatever the impression to the contrary, lays no claim to esoteric qualifications. Unlike the poet, he is not born, but made. His curiosity in the direction of art determines his vocation, the rest is training and experience. His plea to the layman is merely this: "I have studied and lived with certain beautiful things that I think it is to your interest to enjoy. I have made it my aim to pick out the real things from the sham, the finer from the poorer. Such experience as I have gained in these pursuits is at your disposal. Other critics at certain points will surely differ from me. If you are going deeply into questions of artistic value you will need the opinion of many critics, and will learn to use these counsellors where they are strong and to allow for their foibles where they are weak. But the case for you probably is simpler —namely: In matters of artistic taste can the experience of a trained man serve you, or are you entirely contented with your present sense that you know what you like? My business is to help you to like the better things, the things that thousands of cultured persons have found worth while. My authority, if we really must use these big words, rests merely on that accumulated experience and enjoyment of which I happen to be the spokesman. But of course if you are wholly satisfied with the art you now like and with that which, unaided, you are going to like in the future, you naturally will not need my professional services, and we have only to part friends. Merely do my profession the justice to admit that because you individually feel no need of it, it is not necessarily a calling inherently superfluous or ridiculous."

This, I take it, is about the position the average art critic would assume when asked the nature of his authority. It differs in no respect from the attitude of the self-respecting doctor or lawyer toward his public. The profession of art criticism has suffered from being regarded as a thing apart, and quite as much from those friends who have imputed to its adequate probable judgments pontifical authority as from those enemies who have represented it as the easy refuge of phrase-mongering charlatanry.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED